OLD AND NEW.

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THE complete re-adjustment of our political parties is now the most pressing public duty of American citizens.

It may be that even the old party names will not survive the revolution which is impending.

There is nothing in the outlook to cause alarm; though, of course, it causes anxiety, like every other important change in the government of the nation.

It is, on the whole, fortunate, that the change of party lines will be made with less regard to individual men, and their claims or wishes, than has sometimes been necessary. We have had personal contrasts between Washington and Jefferson, between Jackson and the second Adams, between Webster and Clay. No persons now occupy so prominent a position before the country at large as did any one of these.

In surveying the materials out of which the new parties will be formed, the most important remark is one which the professional politicians never make, and which they do not understand: it is the suggestion, obvious to all other persons, that there are more than a million voters now in the country, to whom the events of 1861 are almost as much matters of history as those of 1649. The politicians by profession do not see this, and do not believe it. They continue, therefore, to offer war candidates and war issues as giving the most taking "cries" for a canvass. But that Young America which was twelve years old in 1861, and is twenty-five years old to-day, thinks all this a very old story, and that the people who repeat it are very old fogies.

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In truth, the military reputations made by the war have not been of the most satisfactory kind. The first general of the war proves to be afraid of the — second. Those diplomatic officers who learned their diplomacy in the field have not crowned themselves with olive so easily as with laurel. Gen. Sickles, Gen. Badeau, and even Gen. Schenck, have hardly won such reputation as the civilian diplomatists of the same period, — say Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Washburne, or Mr. Read. There has grown up in the country, in view of such contrasts, an undoubted desire to choose men for their merits in peace, rather than for their courage in war. Whoever attempts to guide or to follow the public opinion of the nation will succeed in proportion as he bears in mind this desire. The young voters of the country will assert their consciousness of the new position. If the old managers do not gracefully recognize it themselves, and, in their new arrangements, show that they remember that Richmond has fallen, why, so much the worse for the old managers.

Meanwhile the country itself, in every walk of its material industry, and in its development in those nobler lines of life for which material industry leads the way, is a new country, and needs, at a thousand points, new appliances, and a new policy. The emancipation of the blacks made a new South. Already its great staple of cotton is produced in quantity equal to the wildest hopes of the traitors, who, in the interests of cotton, made war in 1861. But the higher life of the new South — its internal communications, its manufactures, and especially its education and its social refinement — are still to be provided. The South exhausted itself at the bidding of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his friends; and at this moment it is nearly bankrupt. In the same great changes there has grown up a new West. It is not the Pacific Railroad only which opens up to settlement regions scarcely discovered before. Every fifty miles, as the traveller passes from south to north on the west of the Mississippi, brings him to a new line of railroad, pressing its westward way into the wilderness. A production of food is the consequence, in amounts such as were never known before since corn was planted. That food is needed by all the world beside; and, unless the constitution and government of the nation are broad enough and powerful enough to arrange for the carriage of that food to the sea, why, the constitution and government of the nation must be re-arranged.

The new political party which is to succeed must recognize these three certainties of our present life, — Young America, the new South, and the new West. It is to be hoped that the men who try to lead it may also give some attention to some details which spring directly from a condition of affairs so strange.

If they will observe that in history the central government, while it fills much space in the chronicles of the time, is really led and swayed by the national life, and does not sway it nor lead it, they will learn something which is very necessary, but often unknown. The journey of Lewis and Clarke was much more important to this country than any of Mr. Jefferson's intrigues in the years while they made it; but he did not think so then. Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston were much more important at that same moment than either of these three men; but, all through those years, Jefferson and his cabinet supposed that they were the most important people in the country. There is, however, perhaps not one man in the country at this moment who could tell at the moment, who that cabinet was. This single illustration belongs to a principle which is always at work. The Treasury thinks it controls the finances of the country: the truth is, the Finances control the Treasury. The Post-Office Department thinks it carries the news of the country; and yet the Western Union Telegraph laughs the Post-Office to scorn. The Secretary of the Navy used to say in his annual report, that he sent out cruisers in winter "to assist the vessels of the merchant marine on our inclement coast;" but this became too absurd, so much more likely was the merchant marine to assist our "gallant navy."

But these are old illustrations, it is said: "the country is larger now, and stronger." Undoubtedly it is larger. But if because larger, it needs a stronger government, it is also so much larger, that it can and will turn that government over its finger when it chooses. It is not, as we have said, the people whose names are in the newspapers all the time, who are the really important people. It is the Fultons and the Livingstons, not the Jeffersons and the Randolphs. Grant that the current expenses of the government have risen from two million dollars to one hundred and fifty million. The country has increased, in the same time, from seven hundred thousand square miles to four million; from three million people to nearly forty million; and those people are, on an average, much richer than they were then. Those people are governing themselves. A great many of them, who do not know nor care who is Secretary of State, or who is chief clerk of the non-committal office, are, all the same, inventing new steamboats, and discovering new worlds. Now, the prosperity of the country depends on the success and prosperity of the people; and if the non-committal office and the circumlocution office will let them alone, without tinkering their tariffs, or improving their currency, why, they are much more skilful in controlling the bureaus than the bureaus are in advising or assisting them.

Just in proportion as the new ruling party can make up its mind to remember that it is only one of many creations of the people of America, and that they have many other creatures, or representatives, by which they use their power for good or evil, will the new party have a chance to be permanent.

The new assignment of parts is the consignment into obscurity, not undeserved, of most of the men who have managed the party machinery on all sides for the last ten years. These men are but a set of scene-shifters, and scarcely more, if one compares them with the Garricks and Kembles for whom they work, and who in healthy times hardly know their names. As the new set come to their duty, — not unnecessary, though sometimes underground, — it may be that the country will take one step more toward a wider separation between State and National politics. To ask for a complete separation is too much. To insist on some separation is but to support the essential principles of the Constitution.

The State of Massachusetts, for instance, may be divided at home as to the administration of the Hoosac Tunnel; but why should its divisions on the tunnel appear in a vote in Congress as to the duty on wool? The State of Illinois has to be very careful as to the regulation of grain-elevators; but why should a division as to elevators appear in a vote in Congress on the lighthouses of the Gulf of Mexico? To govern a State at home by the distinctions of national politics is simply to say that you will govern it badly. To govern the nation on the resultants of the discords of State politics is to say, as simply, that you will govern the nation badly. It is clear enough, that, in this matter, the interests of voters and of officers appear to be different from each other; for the most able men in political life will always be looking forward to national service: but, on the whole, the local administration is the matter of the more pressing importance to the citizens of a State. It is of more import to the citizen of New York that that city shall be purely and strongly governed, than it is that the administration at Washington shall be strong and pure; but, by a law which we have not yet escaped, the national government is almost always stronger and purer than the government of that city.

If every State held its local elections but once in four years, and if it held them on the year after the presidential election, we suppose that a considerable independence of State politics, particularly in the larger States, might be secured. It is certain that those States which can inaugurate any wise measures for separating their local politics from their national politics will be the States to secure the best staffs of public servants both at home and at Washington.

The general reader is apt to form an impression, wholly unfair and incorrect, as to the amount and quality of the work done in Washington. This mistake springs from the sensational character of most of the abbreviated Washington reports. Thus it may be, that, for five or six hours, the House of Representatives plods on through difficult and delicate work, arranging very important details of legislation. In the midst of this, there may be a rapid passage of wits between two old gladiators who have an old score to settle. The lazy or tired reporter — indifferent, perhaps, to the real interest of the country — knows that his principals want something dramatic, and, rousing to his work, sends off every word of the repartee, and a good many additions. The next morning's newspaper in Washington Territory or in Aroostook announces, with full headings, another passage at arms in Congress; and the innocent reader, who knows nothing of any thing else, is taught to suppose that this skirmish was the business of the day. In such ways, Congress becomes the worst abused body in the country. The truth is, that the two houses embody men of great ability, — many men of the purest character, and broadest statesmanship, and who are in every way competent to the duties which they have to discharge. The truth is, also, that they get through a great deal of hard work every year that nobody ever thanks them for. The *work* of Congress indeed *never* appears in any newspaper reports. It is done by quiet gentlemen at their own homes, or in the congressional library, or in committee-rooms.

We say this thus distinctly, that we may be understood when we add, that their relations to the Executive are at this time ajar, and that the first duty of the new party of the people must be to set them right. Perhaps it would be better if the secretaries might have the right to speak on the floor of the House: certainly it is desirable that the Departments should not despise the House, and fear the Senate, as they do; and that House and Senate should think better of the Departments, and care more for them, than they do.

The intelligent visitor at Washington who should arrive there in the recess, and make his first acquaintances among the truly intelligent and accomplished residents of that city, who are concerned in the actual work of the administration of the government, would be apt to imbibe the idea that the session of Congress was a necessary nuisance; that the Departments could "run the government" much better without new legislation than with it. But let the same visitor remain till the session is well under way, and change his home and his acquaintances so far that he shall meet chiefly with representatives, senators, and their families. In a month's time he

will have been taught that he has been wholly mistaken before; that the Departments are only rusty carriages, harnessed by red tape to broken-winded jades which can hardly stagger forward with them; and that, if Congress were not in session more than half the time, the business of the country would stop from mere inanition.

Now, all this mutual jealousy between two sets of officers in the public service is worse than ludicrous: it entails serious delay in the "king's business;" and the "king's business" needs haste and good temper. A truly great president would cure it all in one administration. A truly strong cabinet would cure it. It is harder to expect Congress to cure it; but that is not impossible. The party of the people might cure it, and must, if it means to make its new dynasty powerful and permanent.

All parties will be shy of making the "Civil Service Reform" a "cry" in their canvass; first, because there seems something absurd in it since Gen. Grant forgot about it; second, because it discourages the camp-followers to be told, that, at the end of the march, there is to be no plunder. But, for all that, the people mean to have the civil service reformed; and the beginning made by the commission on the subject will be the beginning built upon. In truth, it has achieved already much more than it has credit for. For instance, the promotion of Mr. Read from being consul-general in France to being minister resident in Greece — in place of the appointment of some Philetus Q. S. Mangrove, Esq., late postmaster of Pilatka Cross Roads, Florida, to that position — is a simple and very creditable application of the civil-service rule. The consul-general at Havana was then promoted to the place left vacant in Paris, by the same rule. His vice-consul was promoted to his place, by the same rule. Thus the country gets skilful servants; and Washington is spared three visits from three sets of rival intriguers. It is true that nobody praises Gen. Grant's administration for this. Oddly enough it is not worth anybody's while to praise the administration. But the people will find out, all the same, that their business is better done; and they will not go back on the inferior service.

The new party of the people may not have any very epigrammatic "cries;" but no other party has. Nor are "cries" essential. The country wants good government. Good government just now means easy and cheap transit between east and west; the education and civilization of the blacks and whites at the South; the harmony of the legislative with the executive departments at Washington; the judicious separation of State politics from the politics of the Nation; and a real and deeply-rooted Civil Service Reform.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[*From exclusive Advance Sheets for OLD AND NEW.*]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BISHOP AND THE PRIEST.

THE afternoon on which Lady Carbury arrived at her cousin's house had been very stormy. Roger Carbury had been severe, and Lady Carbury had suffered under his severity, or had, at least, so well pretended to suffer, as to leave on Roger's mind a strong impression that he had been cruel to her. She had then talked of going back at once to London, and, when consenting to remain, had remained with a very bad feminine headache. She had altogether carried her point, but had done so in a storm. The next morning was very calm: that question of meeting the Melmottes had been settled, and there was no need for speaking of them again. Roger went out by himself, about the farm, immediately after breakfast, having told the ladies that they could have the wagonette when they pleased. "I'm afraid you'll find it tiresome driving about our lanes," he said. Lady Carbury assured him that she was never dull when left alone with books. Just as he was starting, he went into the garden and plucked a rose, which he brought to Henrietta. He only smiled as he gave it her, and then went his way. He had resolved that he would say nothing to her of his suit till Monday: if he could prevail with her, then he would ask her to remain with him when her mother and brother would be going out to dine at Caversham. She looked up into his face as she took the rose, and thanked him in a whisper. She fully appreciated the truth and honor and honesty of his character, and could have loved him so dearly as her cousin, if he would have contented himself with such cousinly love! She was beginning, within her heart, to take his side against her mother and brother, and to feel that he was the safest guide that she could have; but how could she be guided by a lover whom she did not love?

"I am afraid, my dear, we shall have a bad time of it here," said Lady Carbury.

"Why so, mamma?"

"It will be so dull! Your cousin is the best friend in all the world, and would make as good a husband as could be picked out of all the gentlemen of England; but, in his present mood with me, he is not a comfortable host. What nonsense he did talk about the Melmottes!"

"I don't suppose, mamma, that Mr. and Mrs. Melmotte can be nice people."

"Why shouldn't they be as nice as anybody else? Pray, Henrietta, don't let us have any of that nonsense from you! When it comes from the superhuman virtue of poor dear Roger, it has to be borne; but I beg that you will not copy him."

"Mamma, I think that is unkind."

"And I shall think it very unkind if you take upon yourself to abuse people who are able and willing to set

poor Felix on his legs. A word from you might undo all that we are doing."

"What word?"

"What word? Any word! If you have any influence with your brother, you should use it in inducing him to hurry this on. I am sure the girl is willing enough: she did refer him to her father."

"Then why does he not go to Mr. Melmotte?"

"I suppose he is delicate about it on the score of money. If Roger could only let it be understood that Felix is the heir to this place, and that some day he will be Sir Felix Carbury of Carbury, I don't think there would be any difficulty, even with old Melmotte."

"How could he do that, mamma?"

"If your cousin were to die as he is now, it would be so: your brother would be his heir."

"You should not think of such a thing, mamma!"

"Why do you dare to tell me what I am to think? Am I not to think of my own son? Is he not to be dearer to me than any one? And what I say is so: if Roger were to die to-morrow, he would be Sir Felix Carbury of Carbury."

"But, mamma, he will live, and have a family. Why should he not?"

"You say he is so old that you will not look at him."

"I never said so. When we were joking, I said he was old. You know I did not mean that he was too old to get married. Men a great deal older get married every day."

"If you don't accept him, he will never marry: he is a man of that kind, — so stiff and stubborn and old-fashioned, that nothing will change him. He will go on boodying over it, till he will become an old misanthrope. If you would take him, I would be quite contented. You are my child, as well as Felix. But, if you mean to be obstinate, I do wish that the Melmottes should be made to understand that the property and title, and name of the place, will all go together. It will be so; and why should not Felix have the advantage?"

"Who is to say it?"

"Ah! that's where it is. Roger is so violent and prejudiced, that one cannot get him to speak rationally."

"O mamma! you wouldn't suggest it to him, — that this place is to go to Felix — when he is dead?"

"It would not kill him a day sooner."

"You would not dare to do it, mamma."

"I would dare to do any thing for my children. But you need not look like that, Henrietta: I am not going to say any thing to him of the kind. He is not quick enough to understand of what infinite service he might be to us without in any way hurting himself." Henrietta would fain have answered, that their cousin was quick enough for any thing, but was by far too honest to take part in such a scheme as that proposed. She refrained, however, and was silent. There was no sympathy on the matter between her and her mother. She was beginning to understand the tortuous mazes of manœuvres in which her mother's mind had learned to work, and to dislike and almost to despise them; but she felt it to be her duty to abstain from rebukes.

In the afternoon Lady Carbury, alone, had herself driven into Beccles, that she might telegraph to her son: "You are to dine at Caversham on Monday. Come on Saturday, if you can. She is there." Lady Carbury had many doubts as to the wording

of this message. The female in the office might too probably understand who was the "she" who was spoken of as being at Caversham; and might understand, also, the project, and speak of it publicly. But then it was essential that Felix should know how great and certain was the opportunity afforded to him. He had promised to come on Saturday, and return on Monday, and, unless warned, would too probably stick to his plan, and throw over the Longestaffes and their dinner-party. Again: if he were told to come simply for the Monday, he would throw over the chance of wooing her on the Sunday. It was Lady Carbury's desire to get him down for as long a period as was possible; and nothing surely would so tend to bring him, and to keep him, as a knowledge that the heiress was already in the neighborhood. Then she returned, and shut herself up in her bedroom, and worked for an hour or two at a paper which she was writing for "The Breakfast Table." Nobody should ever accuse her, justly, of idleness. And afterwards, as she walked by herself round and round the garden, she revolved in her mind the scheme of a new book. Whatever might happen, she would persevere: if the Carburys were unfortunate, their misfortunes should come from no fault of hers. Henrietta passed the whole day alone. She did not see her cousin from breakfast till he appeared in the drawing-room before dinner; but she was thinking of him during every minute of the day, — how good he was, how honest, how thoroughly entitled to demand, at any rate, kindness at her hand. Her mother had spoken of him as of one who might be regarded as all but dead and buried, simply because of his love for her. Could it be true that his constancy was such that he would never marry unless she would take his hand? She came to think of him with more tenderness than she had ever felt before; but yet she would not tell herself she loved him. It might, perhaps, be her duty to give herself to him without loving him, because he was so good; but she was sure that she did not love him.

In the evening the bishop came, and his wife, Mrs. Yeld, and the Hepworths of Eardly, and Father John Barham, the Beccles priest. The party consisted of eight; which is, perhaps, the best number for a mixed gathering of men and women at a dinner-table, especially if there be no mistress, whose prerogative and duty it is to sit opposite to the master. In this case Mr. Hepworth faced the giver of the feast; the bishop and the priest were opposite to each other; and the ladies graced the four corners. Roger, though he spoke of such things to no one, turned them over much in his mind, believing it to be the duty of a host to administer in all things to the comfort of his guests. In the drawing-room he had been especially courteous to the young priest, introducing him, first to the bishop and his wife, and then to his cousins. Henrietta watched him through the whole evening, and told herself that he was a very mirror of courtesy in his own house. She had seen it all before, no doubt; but she had never watched him as she now watched him, since her mother had told her that he would die wifeless and childless, because she would not be his wife, and the mother of his children.

The bishop was a man sixty years of age, very healthy and handsome, with hair just becoming gray, clear eyes, a kindly mouth, and something of a double chin. He was all but six

feet high, with a broad chest, large hands, and legs which seemed to have been made for clerical breeches and clerical stockings. He was a man of fortune outside his bishopric; and as he never went up to London, and had no children on whom to spend his money, he was able to live as a nobleman in the country. He did live as a nobleman, and was very popular. Among the poor around him he was idolized; and by such clergy of his diocese as were not enthusiastic in their theology, either on the one side or on the other, he was regarded as a model bishop. By the very high and the very low, — by those, rather, who regarded ritualism as being either heavenly or devilish, — he was looked upon as a time-server, because he would not put to sea in either of those boats. He was an unselfish man, who loved his neighbor as himself, and forgave all trespasses, and thanked God for his daily bread from his heart, and prayed heartily to be delivered from temptation. But I doubt whether he was competent to teach a creed, or even to hold one, if it be necessary that a man should understand and define his creed before he can hold it. Whether he was free from, or whether he was scared by, any inward misgivings, who shall say? If there were such, he never whispered a word of them even to the wife of his bosom. From the tone of his voice and the look of his eye, you would say that he was unscathed by that agony which doubt on such a matter would surely bring to a man so placed; and yet it was observed of him that he never spoke of his faith, or entered into arguments with men as to the reasons on which he had based it. He was diligent in preaching, — moral sermons — that were short, pithy, and useful. He was never weary in furthering the welfare of his clergymen. His house was open to them and to their wives. The edifice of every church in his diocese was a care to him. He labored at schools, and was zealous in improving the social comforts of the poor; but he was never known to declare to man or woman that the human soul must live or die forever, according to its faith. Perhaps there was no bishop in England more loved, or more useful in his diocese, than the Bishop of Elmham.

A man more antagonistic to the bishop than Father John Barham, the lately-appointed Roman-Catholic priest at Beccles, it would be impossible to conceive; and yet they were both eminently good men. Father John was not above five feet nine in height, but so thin, so meagre, so wasted in appearance, that, unless when he stooped, he was taken to be tall. He had thick, dark brown hair, which was cut short in accordance with the usage of his Church, but which he so constantly ruffled by the action of his hands, that, though short, it seemed to be wild and uncombed. In his younger days, when long locks straggled over his forehead, he had acquired a habit, while talking energetically, of rubbing them back with his finger, which he had not since dropped. In discussions he would constantly push back his hair, and then sit with his hand fixed on the top of his head. He had a high, broad forehead, enormous blue eyes, a thin, long nose, cheeks very thin and hollow, a handsome large mouth, and a strong square chin. He was utterly without worldly means, except those which came to him from the ministry of his church, and which did not suffice to find him food and raiment; but no man ever lived more

indifferent to such matters than Father John Barham. He had been the younger son of an English country gentleman of small fortune; had been sent to Oxford that he might hold a family living; and, on the eve of his ordination, had declared himself a Roman Catholic. His family had resented this bitterly, but had not quarrelled with him till he had drawn a sister with him. When banished from the house, he had still striven to achieve the conversion of other sisters by his letters, and was now absolutely an alien from his father's heart and care. But of this he never complained. It was a part of the plan of his life, that he should suffer for his faith. Had he been able to change his creed without incurring persecution, worldly degradation, and poverty, his own conversion would not have been to him comfortable and satisfactory as it was. He considered that his father, as a Protestant, — and in his mind Protestant and heathen were all the same, — had been right to quarrel with him. But he loved his father, and was endless in prayer, wearying his saints with supplications that his father might see the truth, and be as he was.

To him it was every thing that a man should believe and obey; that he should abandon his own reason to the care of another, or of others, and allow himself to be guided in all things by authority. Faith being sufficient, and of itself all in all, moral conduct could be nothing to a man, except as a testimony of faith; for to him whose belief was true enough to produce obedience moral conduct would certainly be added. The dogmas of his church were to Father Barham a real religion; and he would teach them in season and out of season, always ready to commit himself to the task of proving their truth, afraid of no enemy, not even fearing the hostility which his perseverance would create. He had but one duty before him, — to do his part towards bringing over the world to his faith. It might be, that, with the toil of his whole life, he should convert but one; that he should but half convert one; that he should do no more than disturb the thoughts of one so that future conversion might be possible: but even that would be work done. He would sow the seed, if it might be so; but, if it were not given to him to do that, he would, at any rate, plough the ground.

He had come to Beccles lately; and Roger Carbury had found out that he was a gentleman by birth and education. Roger had found out, also, that he was very poor, and had, consequently, taken him by the hand. The young priest had not hesitated to accept his neighbor's hospitality, having on one occasion laughingly protested that he should be delighted to dine at Carbury, as he was much in want of a dinner. He had accepted presents from the garden and the poultry-yard, declaring that he was too poor to refuse any thing. The apparent frankness of the man about himself had charmed Roger; and the charm had not been seriously disturbed when Father Barham, on one winter evening in the parlor at Carbury, had tried his hand at converting his host. "I have the most thorough respect for your religion," Roger had said; "but it would not suit me." The priest had gone on with his logic: if he could not sow the seed, he might plough the ground. This had been repeated two or three times, and Roger had begun to feel it to be disagreeable. But the man was in earnest; and such earnestness

commanded respect: and Roger was quite sure, that, though he might be bored, he could not be injured by such teaching. Then it occurred to him, one day, that he had known the Bishop of Elmham intimately for a dozen years, and had never heard from the bishop's mouth — except when in the pulpit — a single word of religious teaching; whereas this man, who was a stranger to him, divided from him by the very fact of his creed, was always talking to him about his faith. Roger Carbury was not a man given to much deep thinking; but he felt that the bishop's manner was the pleasanter of the two.

Lady Carbury, at dinner, was all smiles and pleasantness. No one looking at her, or listening to her, could think that her heart was sore with many troubles. She sat between the bishop and her cousin; and was skilful enough to talk to each without neglecting the other. She had known the bishop before; and had, on one occasion, spoken to him of her soul. The first tone of the good man's reply had convinced her of her error; and she never repeated it. To Mr. Alf she commonly talked of her mind; to Mr. Broune, of her heart; to Mr. Booker, of her body and its wants: she was quite ready to talk of her soul on a proper occasion; but she was much too wise to thrust the subject even on a bishop. Now she was full of the charms of Carbury and its neighborhood. "Yes, indeed!" said the bishop. "I think Suffolk is a very nice county; and, as we are only a mile or two from Norfolk, I'll say as much for Norfolk too. 'It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest.'"

"I like a county in which there is something left of county feeling," said Lady Carbury. "Staffordshire and Warwickshire, Cheshire and Lancashire, have become great towns, and have lost all local distinctions."

"We still keep our name and reputation," said the bishop, — "'Silly Suffolk!'"

"But that was never deserved."

"As much, perhaps, as other general epithets. I think we are a sleepy people. We've got no coal, you see, and no iron. We have no beautiful scenery, like the lake country; no rivers great for fishing, like Scotland; no hunting-grounds, like the shires."

"Partridges!" pleaded Lady Carbury with pretty energy.

"Yes: we have partridges, fine churches, and the herring-fishery. We shall do very well, if too much is not expected of us. We can't increase and multiply, as they do in the great cities."

"I like this part of England so much the best for that very reason. What is the use of a crowded population?"

"The earth has to be peopled, Lady Carbury."

"Oh, yes!" said her ladyship, with some little reverence added to her voice, feeling that the bishop was probably adverting to a divine arrangement. "The world must be peopled; but, for myself, I like the country better than the town."

"So do I," said Roger; "and I like Suffolk. The people are hearty; and radicalism is not quite so rampant as it is elsewhere. The poor people touch their hats, and the rich people think of the poor. There is something left among us of old English habits."

"That is so nice!" said Lady Carbury.

"Something left of old English

ignorance," said the bishop. "All the same, I dare say we're improving, like the rest of the world. What beautiful flowers you have here, Mr. Carbury! At any rate, we can grow flowers in Suffolk."

Mrs. Yeld, the bishop's wife, was sitting next to the priest, and was, in truth, somewhat afraid of her neighbor. She was, perhaps, a little stancher than her husband in Protestantism; and, though she was willing to admit that Mr. Barham might not have ceased to be a gentleman when he became a Roman-Catholic priest, she was not quite sure that it was expedient for her or her husband to have much to do with him. Mr. Carbury had not taken them unawares. Notice had been given that the priest was to be there; and the bishop had declared that he would be very happy to meet the priest; but Mrs. Yeld had had her misgivings. She never ventured to insist on her opinion after the bishop had expressed his; but she had an idea that right was right, and wrong, wrong; and that Roman Catholics were wrong, and therefore ought to be put down. And she thought, also, that, if there were no priests, there would be no Roman Catholics. Mr. Barham was, no doubt, a man of good family, which did make a difference.

Mr. Barham always made his approaches very gradually. The taciturn humility with which he commenced his operations was in exact proportion to the enthusiastic volubility of his advanced intimacy. Mrs. Yeld thought that it became her to address to him a few civil words; and he replied to her with a shame-faced modesty that almost overcame her dislike to his profession. She spoke of the poor of Beccles, being very careful to allude only to their material position. There was too much beer drank, no doubt; and the young women would have finery. Where did they get the money to buy those wonderful bonnets which appeared every Sunday? Mr. Barham was very meek, and agreed to every thing that was said. No doubt, he had a plan ready formed for inducing Mrs. Yeld to have mass said regularly within her husband's palace; but he did not even begin to bring it about on this occasion. It was not till he made some apparently chance allusion to the superior church-attending qualities of "our people," that Mrs. Yeld drew herself up, and changed the conversation by observing that there had been a great deal of rain lately.

When the ladies were gone, the bishop at once put himself in the way of conversation with the priest, and asked questions as to the morality of Beccles. It was evidently Mr. Barham's opinion that "his people" were more moral than other people, though very much poorer. "But the Irish always drink," said Mr. Hepworth.

"Not so much as the English, I think," said the priest. "And you are not to suppose that we are all Irish. Of my flock, the greater proportion are English."

"It is astonishing how little we know of our neighbors," said the bishop. "Of course, I am aware that there are a certain number of persons of your persuasion round about us; indeed, I could give the exact number in this diocese; but in my own immediate neighborhood I could not put my hand upon any families which I know to be Roman Catholic."

"It is not, my lord, because there are none."

"Of course not: it is because, as I say, I do not know my neighbors."

"I think, here in Suffolk, they must be chiefly the poor," said Mr. Hepworth.

"They were chiefly the poor who at first put their faith in our Saviour," said the priest.

"I think the analogy is hardly correctly drawn," said the bishop with a curious smile. "We were speaking of those who are still attached to an old creed: our Saviour was the teacher of a new religion. That the poor, in the simplicity of their hearts, should be the first to acknowledge the truth of a new religion is in accordance with our idea of human nature; but that an old faith should remain with the poor after it has been abandoned by the rich is not so easily intelligible."

"The Roman population still believed," said Carbury, "when the patricians had learned to regard their gods as simply useful bugbears."

"The patricians had not ostensibly abandoned their religion. The people clung to it, thinking that their masters and rulers clung to it also."

"The poor have ever been the salt of the earth, my lord," said the priest.

"That begs the whole question," said the bishop, turning to his host, and beginning to talk about a breed of pigs which had lately been imported into the palace sties. Father Barham turned to Mr. Hepworth, and went on with his argument, or, rather, began another. It was a mistake to suppose that the Catholics in the county were all poor. There were the A——s and the B——s and the C——s and the D——s. He knew all their names, and was proud of their fidelity. To him, these faithful ones were really the salt of the earth, who would some day be enabled, by their fidelity, to restore England to her pristine condition. The bishop had truly said, that, of many of his neighbors, he did not know to what church they belonged; but Father Barham, though he had not as yet been twelve months in the county, knew the name of nearly every Roman Catholic within its borders.

"Your priest is a very zealous man," said the bishop, afterwards, to Roger Carbury; "and I do not doubt but that he is an excellent gentleman: but he is, perhaps, a little indiscreet."

"I like him, because he is doing the best he can, according to his lights, without any reference to his own worldly welfare."

"That is all very grand; and I am perfectly willing to respect him: but I do not know that I should care to talk very freely in his company."

"I am sure he would repeat nothing."

"Perhaps not; but he would always be thinking that he was going to get the best of me."

"I don't think it answers," said Mrs. Yeld to her husband as they went home. "Of course, I don't want to be prejudiced; but Protestants are Protestants, and Roman Catholics are Roman Catholics."

"You may say the same of Liberals and Conservatives; but you wouldn't have them decline to meet each other."

"It isn't quite the same, my dear. After all, religion is religion."

"It ought to be," said the bishop.

"Of course, I don't mean to put myself up against you, my dear; but I don't know that I want to meet Mr. Barham again."

"I don't know that I do, either," said the bishop; "but, if he comes in my way, I hope I shall treat him civilly."

CHAPTER XVII.

MARIE MELMOTTE HEARS A LOVE-TALE.

On the following morning there came a telegram from Felix. He was to be expected at Beccles on that afternoon, by a certain train; and Roger, at Lady Carbury's request, undertook to send a carriage to the station for him. This was done; but Felix did not arrive. There was still another train by which he might come so as to be just in time for dinner, if dinner were postponed for half an hour. Lady Carbury with a tender look, almost without speaking a word, appealed to her cousin on behalf of her son. He knit his brows, as he always did, involuntarily, when displeased; but he assented. Then the carriage had to be sent again. Now, carriages and carriage-horses were not numerous at Carbury. The squire kept a wagonette and a pair of horses, which, when not wanted for house use, were employed about the farm. He himself would walk home from the train, leaving the luggage to be brought by some cheap conveyance. He had already sent the carriage once on this day, and now sent it again; Lady Carbury having said a word which showed that she hoped that this would be done. But he did it with deep displeasure. To the mother, her son was Sir Felix the baronet, entitled to special consideration because of his position and rank; because, also, of his intention to marry the great heiress of the day. To Roger Carbury, Felix was a vicious young man, peculiarly antipathetic to himself, to whom no respect whatever was due. Nevertheless the dinner was put off, and the wagonette was sent; but the wagonette again came back empty. That evening was spent by Roger, Lady Carbury, and Henrietta, in very much gloom.

About four in the morning, the house was roused by the coming of the baronet. Failing to leave town by either of the afternoon trains, he had contrived to catch the evening mail, and had found himself deposited at some distant town, from which he had posted to Carbury. Roger came down in his dressing-gown to admit him; and Lady Carbury also left her room. Sir Felix evidently thought that he had been a very fine fellow in going through so much trouble. Roger held a very different opinion, and spoke little or nothing. "O Felix!" said the mother, "you have so terrified us!"

"I can tell you I was terrified myself, when I found that I had to come fifteen miles across the country with a pair of old jades who could hardly get up a trot."

"But why didn't you come by the train you named?"

"I couldn't get out of the city," said the baronet with a ready lie.

"I suppose you were at the Board?" To this Felix made no direct answer. Roger knew that there had been no Board. Mr. Melmotte was in the country; and there could be no Board, nor could Sir Felix have had business in the city. It was sheer impudence, sheer indifference, and, into the bargain, a downright lie. The young man, who was of himself so unwelcome; who had come there on a project which he, Roger, utterly disapproved; who had now knocked him and his household up at four o'clock in the morning, — had uttered no word of apology. "Miserable cub!" Roger muttered between his teeth. Then he spoke aloud, "You had better not keep

your mother standing here. I will show you your room."

"All right, old fellow," said Sir Felix. "I'm awfully sorry to disturb you all in this way. I think I'll just take a drop of brandy and soda before I go to bed, though." This was another blow to Roger.

"I doubt whether we have soda-water in the house; and, if we have, I don't know where to get it. I can give you some brandy if you will come with me." He pronounced the word "brandy" in a tone which implied that it was a wicked, dissipated beverage. It was a wretched work to Roger. He was forced to go upstairs and fetch a key in order that he might wait upon this cub, this cur! He did it, however; and the cub drank his brandy and water, not in the least disturbed by his host's ill-humor. As he went to bed, he suggested the probability of his not showing himself till lunch on the following day, and expressed a wish that he might have breakfast sent to him in bed. "He is born to be hung," said Roger to himself as he went to his room; "and he'll deserve it."

On the following morning, being Sunday, they all went to church — except Felix. Lady Carbury always went to church when she was in the country, never when she was at home, in London. It was one of those moral habits, like early dinners and long walks, which suited country life. And she fancied, that, were she not to do so, the bishop would be sure to know it, and would be displeased. She liked the bishop. She liked bishops generally, and was aware that it was a woman's duty to sacrifice herself for society. As to the purpose for which people go to church, it had probably never in her life occurred to Lady Carbury to think of it. On their return they found Sir Felix smoking a cigar on the gravel-path, close in front of the open drawing-room window.

"Felix," said his cousin, "take your cigar a little farther. You are filling the house with tobacco."

"O heavens, what a prejudice!" said the baronet.

"Let it be so, but still do as I ask you." Sir Felix chucked the cigar out of his mouth on to the gravel-walk, whereupon Roger walked up to the spot, and kicked the offending weed away. This was the first greeting of the day between the two men.

After lunch, Lady Carbury strolled about with her son, instigating him to go over at once to Caversham. "How the deuse am I to get there?"

"Your cousin will lend you a horse."

"He's as cross as a bear with a sore head. He's a deal older than I am, and a cousin, and all that; but I'm not going to put up with insolence. If it were anywhere else, I should just go into the yard, and ask if I could have a horse and saddle as a matter of course."

"Roger has not a great establishment."

"I suppose he has a horse and saddle, and a man to get it ready. I don't want any thing grand."

"He is vexed because he sent twice to the station for you yesterday."

"I hate the kind of fellow who is always thinking of little grievances. Such a man expects you to go like clockwork; and, because you are not wound up just as he is, he insults you. I shall ask him for a horse as I would any one else; and, if he does not like it, he may lump it." About half an hour after this, he found his cousin. "Can I have a horse to ride

over to Caversham this afternoon?" he said.

"Our horses never go out on Sunday," said Roger. Then he added, after a pause, "You can have it. I'll give the order." Sir Felix would be gone on Tuesday, and it should be his own fault if that odious cousin ever found his way into Carbury House again. So he declared to himself as Felix rode out of the yard; but he soon remembered how probable it was that Felix himself would be the owner of Carbury. And should it ever come to pass — as still was possible — that Henrietta should be the mistress of Carbury, he could hardly forbid her to receive her brother. He stood for a while on the bridge, watching his cousin as he cantered away upon the road, listening to the horse's feet. The young man was offensive in every possible way. Who does not know that ladies only are allowed to canter their friends' horses upon roads? A gentleman trots his horse, and his friend's horse. Roger Carbury had but one saddle-horse, — a favorite old hunter that he loved as a friend; and now this dear old friend, whose legs, probably, were not quite so good as they once were, was being galloped along the hard road by that odious cub! "Soda and brandy!" Roger exclaimed to himself almost aloud, thinking of the discomfiture of that early morning. "He'll die some day of delirium-tremens in a hospital."

Before the Longestaffes left London to receive their new friends the Melmottes at Caversham, a treaty had been made between Mr. Longestaffe the father, and Georgiana the strong-minded daughter. The daughter, on her side, undertook that the guests should be treated with feminine courtesy. This might be called the most-favored-nation clause. The Melmottes were to be treated exactly as though old Melmotte had been a gentleman, and Madame Melmotte a lady. In return for this, the Longestaffe family were to be allowed to return to town. But here, again, the father had carried another clause. The prolonged sojourn in town was to be only for six weeks: on the 10th of July, the Longestaffes were to be removed into the country for the remainder of the year. When the question of a foreign tour was proposed, the father became absolutely violent in his refusal. "In God's name where do you expect the money is to come from?" When Georgiana urged that other people had money to go abroad, her father told her that a time was coming in which she might think it lucky if she had a house over her head. This, however, she took as having been said with poetical license, the same threat having been made more than once before. The treaty was very clear, and the parties to it were prepared to carry it out with fair honesty. The Melmottes were being treated with decent courtesy, and the house in town was not dismantled.

The idea — hardly ever in truth entertained, but which had been barely suggested from one to another among the ladies of the family — that Dolly should marry Marie Melmotte had been abandoned. Dolly, with all his vapid folly, had a will of his own, which, among his own family, was invincible. He was never persuaded to any course either by his father or mother. Dolly certainly would not marry Marie Melmotte. Therefore, when the Longestaffes heard that Sir Felix was coming to the country, they had no special objection to entertaining him at Caversham. He had

been lately talked of in London as the favorite in regard to Marie Melmotte. Georgiana Longestaffe had a grudge of her own against Lord Nidderdale, and was on that account somewhat well inclined towards Sir Felix's prospects. Soon after the Melmottes' arrival, she contrived to say a word to Marie respecting Sir Felix. "There is a friend of yours going to dine here on Monday, Miss Melmotte." Marie, who was at the moment still abashed by the grandeur and size, and general fashionable haughtiness, of her new acquaintances, made hardly any answer. "I think you know Sir Felix Carbury," continued Georgiana.

"Oh, yes! we know Sir Felix Carbury."

"He is coming down to his cousin's. I suppose it is for your bright eyes, as Carbury Manor would hardly be just what he would like."

"I don't think he is coming because of me," said Marie, blushing. She had once told him that he might go to her father, which, according to her idea, had been tantamount to accepting his offer, as far as her power of acceptance went. Since that, she had seen him, indeed; but he had not said a word to press his suit, nor, as far as she knew, had he said a word to Mr. Melmotte. But she had been very rigorous in declining the attentions of other suitors. She had made up her mind that she was in love with Felix Carbury, and she had resolved on constancy; but she had begun to tremble, fearing his faithlessness.

"We had heard," said Georgiana, "that he was a particular friend of yours." And she laughed aloud with a vulgarity which Madame Melmotte certainly could not have surpassed.

Sir Felix, on the Sunday afternoon, found all the ladies out on the lawn; and he also found Mr. Melmotte there. At the last moment, Lord Alfred Grendall had been asked, — not because he was at all in favor with any of the Longestaffes, but in order that he might be useful in disposing of the great Director. Lord Alfred was used to him, and could talk to him, and might, probably, know what he liked to eat and drink. Therefore Lord Alfred had been asked to Caversham; and Lord Alfred had come, having all his expenses paid by the great Director. When Sir Felix arrived, Lord Alfred was earning his entertainment by talking to Mr. Melmotte in a summer-house. He had cool drink before him, and a box of cigars, but was probably thinking at the time how hard the world had been to him. Lady Pomona was languid, but not uncivil in her reception. She was doing her best to perform her part of the treaty in reference to Madame Melmotte. Sophia was walking apart with a certain Mr. Whitstable, a young squire in the neighborhood, who had been asked to Caversham, because, as Sophia was now reputed to be twenty-eight, — they who decided the question might have said thirty-one without falsehood, — it was considered that Mr. Whitstable was good enough, or at least as good as could be expected. Sophia was handsome, but with a big, cold, unalluring handsomeness, and had not quite succeeded in London. Georgiana had been more admired, and boasted among her friends of the offers which she had rejected. Her friends, on the other hand, were apt to tell of her many failures. Nevertheless, she held her head up, and had not as yet come down among the rural Whitstables. At the present moment her hands were empty; and she was

devoting herself to such a performance of the treaty as should make it impossible for her father to leave his part of it unfulfilled.

For a few minutes Sir Felix sat on a garden-chair, making conversation to Lady Pomona and Madame Melmotte. "Beautiful garden," he said. "For myself, I don't much care for gardens; but, if one is to live in the country, this is the sort of thing that one would like."

"Delicious!" said Madame Melmotte, repressing a yawn, and drawing her shawl higher round her throat. It was the end of May, and the weather was very warm for the time of the year; but, in her heart of hearts, Madame Melmotte did not like sitting out in the garden.

"It isn't a pretty place: but the house is comfortable; and we make the best of it," said Lady Pomona.

"Plenty of glass, I see," said Sir Felix. "If one is to live in the country, I like that kind of thing. Carbury is a very poor place."

There was offence in this, — as though the Carbury property and the Carbury position could be compared to the Longestaffe property and the Longestaffe position. Though dreadfully hampered for money, the Longestaffes were great people. "For a small place," said Lady Pomona, "I think Carbury is one of the nicest in the county. Of course, it is not extensive."

"No, by Jove!" said Sir Felix. "You may say that, Lady Pomona. It's like a prison to me with that moat round it." Then he jumped up, and joined Marie Melmotte and Georgiana. Georgiana, glad to be released for a time from performance of the treaty, was not long before she left them together. She had understood that the two horses now in the running were Lord Nidderdale and Sir Felix; and though she would not, probably, have done much to aid Sir Felix, she was quite willing to destroy Lord Nidderdale.

Sir Felix had his work to do, and was willing to do it — as far as such willingness could go with him. The prize was so great, and the comfort of wealth was so sure, that even he was tempted to exert himself. It was this feeling which had brought him into Suffolk, and induced him to travel all night, across dirty roads, in an old cab. For the girl herself, he cared not the least. It was not in his power really to care for anybody. He did not dislike her much. He was not given to disliking people strongly, except at the moments in which they offended him. He regarded her simply as the means by which a portion of Mr. Melmotte's wealth might be conveyed to his uses. In regard to feminine beauty he had his own ideas and his own inclinations. He was by no means indifferent to such attraction. But Marie Melmotte, from that point of view, was nothing to him. Such prettiness as belonged to her came from the brightness of her youth, and from a modest, shy demeanor joined to an incipient aspiration for the enjoyment of something in the world which should be her own. There was, too, arising within her bosom, a struggle to be something in the world, — an idea that she, too, could say something, and have thoughts of her own, if only she had some friend near her whom she need not fear. Though still shy, she was always resolving that she would abandon her shyness, and already had thoughts of her own as to the perfectly open confidence which should exist between two lovers. When alone, — and she

was much alone,—she would build castles in the air, which were bright with art and love rather than with gems and gold. The books she read, poor though they generally were, left something bright on her imagination. She fancied to herself brilliant conversations, in which she bore a bright part; though in real life she had hitherto hardly talked to any one since she was a child. Sir Felix Carbury, she knew, had made her an offer. She knew, also, or thought that she knew, that she loved the man. And now she was with him alone! Now, surely, had come the time in which some one of her castles in the air might be found to be built of real materials.

"You know why I have come down here?" he said.

"To see your cousin."

"No, indeed! I'm not particularly fond of my cousin, who is a methodical, stiff-necked old bachelor, as cross as the mischief."

"How disagreeable!"

"Yes, he is disagreeable. I didn't come down to see him, I can tell you. But, when I heard that you were going to be here with the Longestaffes, I determined to come at once. I wonder whether you are glad to see me."

"I don't know," said Marie, who could not at once find that brilliancy of words with which her imagination supplied her readily enough in her solitude.

"Do you remember what you said to me that evening at my mother's?"

"Did I say any thing? I don't remember any thing particular."

"Do you not? Then I fear you can't think very much of me." He paused, as though he supposed that she would drop into his mouth like a cherry. "I thought you told me that you would love me."

"Did I?"

"Did you not?"

"I don't know what I said. Perhaps, if I said that, I didn't mean it."

"Am I to believe that?"

"Perhaps you didn't mean it yourself."

"By George, I did! I was quite in earnest. There never was a fellow more in earnest than I was. I've come down here on purpose to say it again."

"To say what?"

"Whether you'll accept me?"

"I don't know whether you love me well enough." She longed to be told by him that he loved her. He had no objection to tell her so, but, without thinking much about it, felt it to be a bore. All that kind of thing was trash and twaddle. He desired her to accept him; and he would have wished, were it possible, that she should have gone to her father for his consent. There was something in the big eyes and heavy jaws of Mr. Melmotte which he almost feared. "Do you really love me well enough?" she whispered.

"Of course I do. I'm bad at making pretty speeches, and all that; but you know I love you."

"Do you?"

"By George, yes! I always liked you from the first moment I saw you. I did, indeed!"

It was a poor declaration of love; but it sufficed. "Then I will love you," she said: "I will with all my heart."

"There's a darling!"

"Shall I be your darling? Indeed I will. I may call you Felix now; mayn't I?"

"Rather."

"O Felix! I hope you will love me. I will so dote upon you! You know a great many men have asked me to love them."

"I suppose so."

"But I have never, never cared for one of them in the least; not in the least."

"You do care for me?"

"Oh, yes!" She looked up into his beautiful face as she spoke, and he saw that her eyes were swimming with tears. He thought at the moment that she was very common to look at. As regarded appearance only, he would have preferred even Sophia Longestaffe. There was indeed a certain brightness of truth which another man might have read in Marie's mingled smiles and tears; but it was thrown away altogether upon him. They were walking in some shrubbery, quite apart from the house, where they were unseen: so, as in duty bound, he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her. "O Felix!" she said, giving her face up to him: "no one ever did it before." He did not in the least believe her; nor was the matter one of the slightest importance to him. "Say that you will be good to me, Felix. I will be so good to you!"

"Of course, I will be good to you."

"Men are not always good to their wives. Papa is often very cross to mamma."

"I suppose he can be cross?"

"Yes, he can. He does not often scold me. I don't know what he'll say when we tell him about this."

"But I suppose he intends that you shall be married?"

"He wanted me to marry Lord Nidderdale and Lord Grasslough; but I hated them both. I think he wants me to marry Lord Nidderdale again now. He hasn't said so; but mamma tells me. But I never will, never!"

"I hope not, Marie."

"You needn't be a bit afraid. I would not do it if they were to kill me. I hate him; and I do so love you!" Then she leaned with all her weight upon his arm, and looked up again into his beautiful face. "You will speak to papa, won't you?"

"Will that be the best way?"

"I suppose so. How else?"

"I don't know whether Madame Melmotte ought not"—

"Oh, dear, no! Nothing would induce her. She is more afraid of him than anybody,—more afraid of him than I am. I thought the gentleman always did that."

"Of course, I'll do it," said Sir Felix. "I'm not afraid of him. Why should I? He and I are very good friends, you know."

"I'm glad of that."

"He made me a Director of one of his companies the other day."

"Did he? Perhaps he'll like you for a son-in-law."

"There's no knowing, is there?"

"I hope he will. I shall like you for papa's son-in-law. I hope it isn't wrong to say that. O Felix! say that you love me." Then she put her face up towards his again.

"Of course, I love you," he said, not thinking it worth his while to kiss her. "It's no good speaking to him here. I suppose I had better go and see him in the city."

"He is in a good humor now," said Marie.

"But I couldn't get him alone. It wouldn't be the thing to do down here."

"Wouldn't it?"

"Not in the country, in another person's house. Shall you tell Madame Melmotte?"

"Yes, I shall tell mamma; but she won't say any thing to him. Mamma does not care much about me. But I'll tell you all that another time.

Of course, I shall tell you every thing now. I never yet had anybody to tell any thing to; but I shall never be tired of telling you." Then he left her as soon as he could, and escaped to the other ladies. Mr. Melmotte was still sitting in the summer-house; and Lord Alfred was still with him, smoking, and drinking brandy and seltzer. As Sir Felix passed in front of the great man, he told himself that it was much better that the interview should be postponed till they were all in London. Mr. Melmotte did not look as though he were in a good humor. Sir Felix said a few words to Lady Pomona and Madame Melmotte. Yes, he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing them with his mother and sister on the following day. He was aware that his cousin was not coming. He believed that his cousin Roger never did go anywhere like any one else. No, he had not seen Mr. Longestaffe. He hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him to-morrow. Then he escaped, and got on his horse and rode away.

"That's going to be the lucky man," said Georgiana to her mother, that evening.

"In what way lucky?"

"He is going to get the heiress and all the money. What a fool Dolly has been!"

"I don't think it would have suited Dolly," said Lady Pomona. "After all, why should not Dolly marry a lady?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

RUBY RUGGLES HEARS A LOVE-TALE.

Miss Ruby Ruggles, the granddaughter of old Daniel Ruggles of Sheep's Acre, in the parish of Sheepstone, close to Bungay, received the following letter from the hands of the rural post letter-carrier on that Sunday morning: "A friend will be somewhere near Sheepstone Birches between four and five o'clock on Sunday afternoon." There was not another word in the letter; but Miss Ruby Ruggles knew well from whom it came.

Daniel Ruggles was a farmer, who had the reputation of considerable wealth, but who was not very well looked on in the neighborhood, as being somewhat of a curmudgeon and a miser. His wife was dead. He had quarrelled with his only son, whose wife was also dead, and had banished him from his home. His daughters were married and away; and the only member of his family who lived with him was his grand-daughter Ruby. And this grand-daughter was a great trouble to the old man. She was twenty-three years old, and had been engaged to a prosperous young man at Bungay in the meal and pollard line, to whom old Ruggles had promised to give five hundred pounds on their marriage. But Ruby had taken it into her foolish young head that she did not like meal and pollard; and now she had received the above very dangerous letter. Though the writer had not dared to sign his name, she knew well that it came from Sir Felix Carbury, the most beautiful gentleman she had ever set her eyes upon. Poor Ruby Ruggles! Living down at Sheep's Acre, on the Waveney, she had heard both too much and too little of the great world beyond her ken. There were, she thought, many glorious things to be seen, which she would never see, were she, in these her early years, to become the wife of John Crumb, the dealer in meal and pollard at Bungay. Therefore she was full of a wild joy — half joy,

half fear — when she got her letter; and therefore, punctually at four o'clock on that Sunday, she was ensconced among the Sheepstone Birches, so that she might see without much danger of being seen. Poor Ruby Ruggles! who was left to be so much mistress of herself at the time of her life in which she most required the kindness of a controlling hand.

Mr. Ruggles held his land, or the greater part of it, on what is called a bishop's lease; Sheep's Acre Farm being a part of the property which did belong to the bishopric of Elmham, and which was still set apart for its sustentation; but he also held a small extent of outlying meadow which belonged to the Carbury estate; so that he was one of the tenants of Roger Carbury. Those Sheepstone Birches, at which Felix made his appointment, belonged to Roger. On a former occasion, when the feeling between the two cousins was kinder than that which now existed, Felix had ridden over with the landlord to call on the old man, and had then first seen Ruby, and had heard from Roger something of Ruby's history up to that date. It had then been just made known that she was to marry John Crumb. Since that time, not a word had been spoken between the men respecting the girl. Mr. Carbury had heard with sorrow that the marriage was either postponed or abandoned; but his growing dislike to the baronet had made it very improbable that there should be any conversation between them on the subject. Sir Felix, however, had probably heard more of Ruby Ruggles than her grandfather's landlord.

There is, perhaps, no condition of mind more difficult for the ordinarily well-instructed inhabitant of a city to realize than that of such a girl as Ruby Ruggles. The rural day-laborer and his wife live on a level surface which is comparatively open to the eye. Their aspirations — whether for good or evil; whether for food and drink, to be honestly earned for themselves and children, or for drink first, to be come by either honestly or dishonestly — are, if looked at at all, fairly visible. And, with the men of the Ruggles class, one can generally find out what they would be at, and in what direction their minds are at work. But the Ruggles woman — especially the Ruggles young woman — is better educated, has higher aspirations and a brighter imagination, and is infinitely more cunning, than the man. If she be good-looking, and relieved from the pressure of want, her thoughts soar into a world which is as unknown to her as heaven is to us, and in regard to which her longings are apt to be infinitely stronger than are ours for heaven. Her education has been much better than that of the man. She can read; whereas he can only spell words from a book. She can write a letter, after her fashion; whereas he can barely spell words out on a paper. Her tongue is more glib, and her intellect sharper; but her ignorance as to the reality of things is much more gross than his. By such contact as he has with men in markets, in the streets of the towns he frequents, and even in the fields, he learns something unconsciously of the relative condition of his countrymen; and, as to that which he does not learn, his imagination is obtuse. But the woman builds castles in the air, and wonders and longs. To the young farmer, the squire's daughter is a superior being very much out of his way. To the farmer's daughter, the young squire is an Apollo, whom to look at is a pleas-

ure, by whom to be looked at is a delight. The danger, for the most part, is soon over. The girl marries after her kind; and then husband and children put the matter at rest forever.

A mind more absolutely uninstructed than that of Ruby Ruggles as to the world beyond Suffolk and Norfolk, it would be impossible to find. But her thoughts were as wide as they were vague, and as active as they were erroneous. Why should she, with all her prettiness, and all her cleverness, with all her fortune to boot, marry that dustiest of all men, John Crumb, before she had seen something of the beauties of the things of which she had read in the books which came in her way? John Crumb was not bad-looking. He was a sturdy, honest fellow too; slow of speech, but sure of his points when he had got them within his grip; fond of his beer, but not often drunk; and the very soul of industry at his work. But, though she had known him all her life, she had never known him otherwise than dusty. The meal had so gotten within his hair and skin and raiment, that it never came out altogether, even on Sundays. His normal complexion was a healthy pallor, through which, indeed, some records of hidden ruddiness would make themselves visible, but which was so judiciously assimilated to his hat and coat and waistcoat, that he was more like a stout ghost than a healthy young man. Nevertheless, it was said of him that he could thrash any man in Bungay, and carry two hundred weight of flour upon his back. And Ruby also knew this of him, that he worshipped the very ground on which she trod.

But, alas! she thought there might be something better than such worship; and therefore, when Felix Carbury came in her way with his beautiful oval face, and his rich brown color, and his bright hair, and lovely mustache, she was lost in a feeling which she mistook for love; and when he sneaked over to her a second and a third time, she thought more of his listless praise than ever she had thought of John Crumb's honest promises. But, though she was an utter fool, she was not a fool without a principle. She was miserably ignorant; but she did understand that there was a degradation which it behooved her to avoid. She thought, as the moths seem to think, that she might fly into the flame, and not burn her wings. After her fashion, she was pretty; with long, glossy ringlets, which those about the farm on week-days would see confined in curl-papers, and large, round, dark eyes, and a clear, dark complexion, in which the blood showed itself plainly beneath the soft brown skin. She was strong and healthy and tall, and had a will of her own, which gave infinite trouble to old Daniel Ruggles, her grandfather.

Felix Carbury took himself two miles out of his way in order that he might return by Sheepstone Birches, which was a little copse distant not above half a mile from Sheep's Acre farmhouse. A narrow angle of the little wood came up to the road, by which there was a gate leading into a grass-meadow, which Sir Felix had remembered when he made his appointment. The road was no more than a country lane, unfrequented at all times, and almost sure to be deserted on Sundays. He approached the gate in a walk, and then stood a while looking into the wood. He had not stood long before he saw the girl's bonnet beneath a tree standing

just outside the wood, in the meadow, but on the bank of the ditch. Thinking for a moment what he would do about his horse, he rode him into the field, and then, dismounting, fastened him to a rail which ran down the side of the copse; then he sauntered on till he stood looking down upon Ruby Ruggles as she sat beneath the tree. "I like your impudence," she said, "in calling yourself a friend."

"Ain't I a friend, Ruby?"

"A pretty sort of friend you! When you was going away, you was to be back at Carbury in a fortnight; and that is — oh, ever so long ago now!"

"But I wrote to you, Ruby."

"What's letters? And the postman to know all as in 'em for any thing anybody knows, and grandfather to be almost sure to see 'em. I don't call letters no good at all, and I beg you won't write 'em any more."

"Did he see them?"

"No thanks to you if he didn't. I don't know why you are come here, Sir Felix; nor yet I don't know why I should come and meet you. It's all just folly like."

"Because I love you, that's why I come; eh, Ruby? And you have come because you love me; eh, Ruby: is not that about it?" Then he threw himself on the ground beside her, and got his arm round her waist.

It would boot little to tell here all that they said to each other. The happiness of Ruby Ruggles, for that half-hour, was no doubt complete. She had her London lover beside her; and though in every word he spoke there was a tone of contempt, still he talked of love, and made her promises, and told her that she was pretty. He probably did not enjoy it much: he cared very little about her, and carried on the *liaison* simply because it was the proper sort of thing for a young man to do. He had begun to think that the odor of patchouly was unpleasant, and that the flies were troublesome, and the ground hard, before the half-hour was over. She felt that she could be content to sit there forever, and to listen to him. This was a realization of those delights of life of which she had read in the thrice-thumbed old novels which she had gotten from the little circulating-library at Bungay.

But what was to come next? She had not dared to ask him to marry her, had not dared to say those very words; and he had not dared to ask her to be his mistress. There was an animal courage about her, and an amount of strength also, and a fire in her eye, of which he had learned to be aware. Before the half-hour was over, I think that he wished himself away; but, when he did go, he made a promise to see her again on the Tuesday morning. Her father would be at Harlestone Market; and she would meet him at about noon at the bottom of the kitchen-garden belonging to the farm. As he made the promise, he resolved that he would not keep it. He would write to her again, and bid her come to him in London, and would send her money for the journey.

"I suppose I am to be his wedded wife," said Ruby to herself as she crept away down from the road, — away, also, from her own home; so that, on her return, her presence should not be associated with that of the young man, should any one chance to see the young man on the road. "I'll never be nothing, unless I'm that," she said to herself. Then she allowed her mind to lose itself in expatiating on the difference between John Crumb and Sir Felix Carbury.

CHAPTER XIX.

HETTA CARBURY HEARS A LOVE-TALE.

"I HAVE half a mind to go back to-morrow morning," Felix said to his mother that Sunday evening after dinner. At that moment Roger was walking round the garden by himself; and Henrietta was in her own room.

"To-morrow morning, Felix! You are engaged to dine with the Longestaffes!"

"You could make any excuse you like about that."

"It would be the most uncourteous thing in the world. The Longestaffes, you know, are the leading people in this part of the country. No one knows what may happen. If you should ever be living at Carbury, how sad it would be that you should have quarrelled with them."

"You forget, mother, that Dolly Longestaffe is about the most intimate friend I have in the world."

"That does not justify you in being uncivil to the father and mother. And you should remember what you came here for."

"What did I come for?"

"That you might see Marie Melmotte more at your ease than you can in their London house."

"That's all settled," said Sir Felix in the most indifferent tone that he could assume.

"Settled?"

"As far as the girl is concerned. I can't very well go to the old fellow for his consent down here."

"Do you mean to say, Felix, that Marie Melmotte has accepted you?"

"I told you that before."

"My dear Felix! Oh, my boy!" In her joy, the mother took her unwilling son in her arms, and caressed him. Here was the first step taken, not only to success, but to such magnificent splendor as should make her son to be envied by all young men, and herself to be envied by all mothers in England. "No, you didn't tell me before. But I am so happy! Is she really fond of you? I don't wonder that any girl should be fond of you."

"I can't say any thing about that; but I think she means to stick to it."

"If she is firm, of course her father will give way at last: fathers always do give way when the girl is firm. Why should he oppose it?"

"I don't know that he will."

"You are a man of rank, with a title of your own. I suppose what he wants is a gentleman for his girl. I don't see why he should not be perfectly satisfied. With all his enormous wealth, a thousand a year, or so, can't make any difference. And then he made you one of the Directors at his Board. O Felix! it is almost too good to be true."

"I ain't quite sure that I care very much about being married, you know."

"O Felix! pray don't say that. Why shouldn't you like being married? She is a very nice girl, and we shall all be so fond of her! Don't let any feeling of that kind come over you: pray don't. You will be able to do just what you please when once the question of her money is settled. Of course, you can hunt as often as you like, and you can have a house in any part of London you please. You must understand by this time how very disagreeable it is to have to get on without an established income."

"I quite understand that."

"If this were once done, you would never have any more trouble of that kind. There would be plenty of

money for every thing as long as you live. It would be complete success. I don't know how to say enough to you, or to tell you how dearly I love you, or to make you understand how well I think you have done it all." Then she caressed him again, and was almost beside herself in an agony of mingled anxiety and joy. If, after all, her beautiful boy, who had lately been her disgrace and her great trouble, because of his poverty, should shine forth to the world as a baronet with twenty thousand pounds a year, how glorious would it be! She must have known, she did know, how poor, how selfish, a creature he was; but her gratification at the prospect of his splendor obliterated the sorrow with which the vileness of his character sometimes oppressed her. Were he to win this girl with all her father's money, neither she nor his sister would be the better for it, except in this, that the burden of maintaining him would be taken from her shoulders. But his magnificence would be established. He was her son; and the prospect of his fortune and splendor was sufficient to elate her into a very heaven of beautiful dreams. "But, Felix," she continued, "you really must stay, and go to the Longestaffes' to-morrow. It will only be one day. And now were you to run away" —

"Run away! What nonsense you talk!"

"If you were to start back to London at once, I mean, it would be an affront to her, and the very thing to set Melmotte against you. You should lay yourself out to please him: indeed, you should."

"Oh, bother!" said Sir Felix. But nevertheless he allowed himself to be persuaded to remain. The matter was important, even to him; and he consented to endure the almost unendurable nuisance of spending another day at the Manor House. Lady Carbury, almost lost in delight, did not know where to turn for sympathy. If her cousin were not so stiff, so pig-headed, so wonderfully ignorant of the affairs of the world, he would have at any rate consented to rejoice with her. Though he might not like Felix, who, as his mother admitted to herself, had been rude to her cousin, he would have rejoiced for the sake of the family. But, as it was, she did not dare to tell him: he would have received her tidings with silent scorn. And even Henrietta would not be enthusiastic. She felt, that, though she would have delighted to expatiate on this great triumph, she must be silent at present. It should now be her great effort to ingratiate herself with Mr. Melmotte at the dinner-party at Caversham.

During the whole of that evening, Roger Carbury hardly spoke to his Cousin Hetta. There was not much conversation between them till quite late; when Father Barham came in for supper. He had been over at Bungay, among his people there, and had walked back, taking Carbury on the way. "What did you think of our bishop?" Roger asked him, rather imprudently.

"Not much of him as a bishop. I don't doubt that he makes a very nice lord, and that he does more good among his neighbors than an average lord. But you don't put power or responsibility into the hands of any one sufficient to make him a bishop."

"Nine-tenths of the clergy in the diocese would be guided by him in any matter of clerical conduct which might come before him."

"Because they know that he has

no strong opinion of his own, and would not, therefore, desire to dominate theirs. Take any of your bishops that has an opinion, — if there be one left, — and see how far your clergy consent to his teaching!" Roger turned round, and took up his book. He was already becoming tired of his pet priest. He himself always abstained from saying a word derogatory to his new friend's religion in the man's hearing; but his new friend did not by any means return the compliment. Perhaps, also, Roger felt, that, were he to take up the cudgels for an argument, he might be worsted in the combat, as, in such combats, success is won by practised skill rather than by truth. Henrietta was also reading; and Felix was smoking elsewhere, wondering whether the hours would ever wear themselves away in that castle of dulness, in which no cards were to be seen, and where, except at meal-times, there was nothing to drink. But Lady Carbury was quite willing to allow the priest to teach her that all appliances for the dissemination of religion outside his own church must be nought.

"I suppose our bishops are sincere in their beliefs," she said with her sweetest smile.

"I'm sure I hope so. I have no possible reason to doubt it as to the two or three whom I have seen, nor, indeed, as to all the rest whom I have not seen."

"They are so much respected everywhere as good and pious men!"

"I do not doubt it. Nothing tends so much to respect as a good income. But they may be excellent men without being excellent bishops. I find no fault with them, but much with the system by which they are controlled. Is it probable that a man should be fitted to select guides for other men's souls because he has succeeded, by infinite labor in his vocation, in becoming the leader of a majority in the House of Commons?"

"Indeed, no!" said Lady Carbury, who did not in the least understand the nature of the question put to her.

"And, when you've got your bishop, is it likely that a man should be able to do his duty in that capacity, who has no power of his own to decide whether a clergyman under him is or is not fit for his duty?"

"Hardly, indeed."

"The English people, or some of them, — that some being the richest, and, at present, the most powerful, — like to play at having a Church, though there is not sufficient faith in them to submit to the control of a Church."

"Do you think men should be controlled by clergymen, Mr. Barham?"

"In matters of faith I do; and so, I suppose, do you: at least, you make that profession. You declare it to be your duty to submit yourself to your spiritual pastors and masters."

"That I thought was for children," said Lady Carbury. "The clergyman, in the catechism, says, 'My good child.'"

"It is what you were taught as a child, before you had made profession of your faith to a bishop, in order that you might know your duty when you had ceased to be a child. I quite agree, however, that the matter, as viewed by your Church, is childish altogether, and intended only for children. As a rule, adults with you want no religion."

"I am afraid that is true of a great many."

"It is marvellous to me, that, when a man thinks of it, he should not be driven by very fear to the comforts of

a safer faith, — unless, indeed, he enjoy the security of absolute infidelity."

"That is worse than any thing," said Lady Carbury with a sigh and a shudder.

"I don't know that it is worse than a belief which is no belief," said the priest with energy; "than a creed which sits so easily on a man that he does not even know what it contains, and never asks himself as he repeats it, whether it be to him credible or incredible."

"That is very bad," said Lady Carbury.

"We're getting too deep, I think," said Roger, putting down the book which he had in vain been trying to read.

"I think it is so pleasant to have a little serious conversation on Sunday evening," said Lady Carbury. The priest drew himself back into his chair, and smiled. He was quite clever enough to understand that Lady Carbury had been talking nonsense, and clever enough also to be aware of the cause of Roger's uneasiness. But Lady Carbury might be all the easier converted because she understood nothing, and was fond of ambitious talking; and Roger Carbury might, possibly, be forced into conviction by the very feeling, which, at present, made him unwilling to hear arguments.

"I don't like hearing my Church ill spoken of," said Roger.

"You wouldn't like me if I thought ill of it, and spoke well of it," said the priest.

"And, therefore, the less said, the sooner mended," said Roger, rising from his chair. Upon this, Father Barham took his departure, and walked away to Beccles. It might be that he had sowed some seed. It might be that he had, at any rate, ploughed some ground. Even the attempt to plough the ground was a good work which would not be forgotten.

The following morning was the time on which Roger had fixed for repeating his suit to Henrietta. He had determined that it should be so, and, though the words had been almost on his tongue during that Sunday afternoon, he had repressed them, because he would do as he determined. He was conscious, almost painfully conscious, of a certain increase of tenderness in his cousin's manner towards him. All that pride of independence which had amounted almost to roughness when she was in London seemed to have left her. When he greeted her morning and night, she looked softly into his face. She cherished the flowers which he gave her. He could perceive, that, if he expressed the slightest wish in any matter about the house, she would attend to it. There had been a word said about punctuality, and she had become punctual as the hand of the clock. There was not a glance of her eye, nor a turn of her hand, that he did not watch, and calculate its effect as regarded himself. But, because she was tender to him and observant, he did not by any means allow himself to believe that her heart was growing into love for him. He thought that he understood the working of her mind. She could see how great was his disgust at her brother's doings, how fretted he was by her mother's conduct. Her grace and sweetness and sense took part with him against those who were nearer to herself; and therefore, in pity, she was kind to him. It was thus he read it; and he read it almost with exact accuracy.

"Hetta," he said after breakfast, "come out into the garden a while."

"Are not you going to the men?"

"Not yet, at any rate. I do not always go to the men, as you call it." She put on her hat, and tripped out with him, knowing well that she had been summoned to hear the old story. She had been sure, as soon as she found the white rose in her room, that the old story would be repeated again before she left Carbury; and, up to this time, she had hardly made up her mind what answer she would give to to it. That she could not take his offer, she thought she did know. She knew well that she loved the other man. That other man had never asked her for her love; but she thought that she knew that he desired it. But, in spite of all this, there had in truth grown up in her bosom a feeling of tenderness towards her cousin, so strong that it almost tempted her to declare to herself that he ought to have what he wanted, simply because he wanted it. He was so good, so noble, so generous, so devoted, that it almost seemed to her that she could not be justified in refusing him. And she had gone entirely over to his side in regard to the Melmottes. Her mother had talked to her of the charm of Mr. Melmotte's money till her very heart had been sickened. There was nothing noble there; but, as contrasted with that, Roger's conduct and bearing were those of a fine gentleman, who knew neither fear nor shame. Should such a one be doomed to pine forever because a girl could not love him?—a man born to be loved, if nobility and tenderness and truth were lovely.

"Hetta," he said, "put your arm here." She gave him her arm. "I was a little annoyed last night by that priest. I want to be civil to him, and now he is always turning against me."

"He doesn't do any harm, I suppose?"

"He does do harm if he teaches you and me to think lightly of those things which we have been brought up to revere." So, thought Henrietta, it isn't about love this time: it's only about the Church. "He ought not to say things before my guests as to our way of believing, which I wouldn't under any circumstances say as to his. I didn't quite like your hearing it."

"I don't think he'll do me any harm. I'm not at all that way given. I suppose they all do it. It's their business."

"Poor fellow! I brought him here just because I thought it was a pity that a man born and bred like a gentleman should never see the inside of a comfortable house."

"I liked him; only I didn't like his saying stupid things about the bishop."

"And I like him." Then there was a pause. "I suppose your brother does not talk to you much about his own affairs."

"His own affairs, Roger? Do you mean money? He never says a word to me about money."

"I meant about the Melmottes."

"No; not to me. Felix hardly ever speaks to me about any thing."

"I wonder whether she has accepted him."

"I think she very nearly did accept him in London."

"I can't quite sympathize with your mother in all her feelings about this marriage, because I do not think that I recognize, as she does, the necessity of money."

"Felix is so disposed to be extravagant."

"Well, yes. But I was going to say, that, though I cannot bring my-

self to say any thing to encourage her about this heiress, I quite recognize her unselfish devotion to his interests."

"Mamma thinks more of him than of any thing," said Hetta, not in the least intending to accuse her mother of indifference to herself.

"I know it; and, though I happen to think myself that her other child would better repay her devotion," — this he said, looking up to Hetta, and smiling, — "I quite feel how good a mother she is to Felix. You know, when she first came the other day, we almost had a quarrel."

"I felt that there was something unpleasant."

"And then Felix coming after his time put me out. I am getting old and cross, or I should not mind such things."

"I think you are so good, and so kind!" As she said this, she leaned upon his arm almost as though she meant to tell him that she loved him.

"I have been angry with myself," he said, "and so I am making you my father-confessor. Open confession is good for the soul sometimes; and I think that you would understand me better than your mother."

"I do understand you, but don't think there is any fault to confess."

"You will not exact any penance?" She only looked at him, and smiled. "I am going to put a penance on myself all the same. I can't congratulate your brother on his wooing over at Caversham, as I know nothing about it; but I will express some civil wish to him about things in general."

"Will that be a penance?"

"If you could look into my mind, you'd find that it would. I'm full of fretful anger against him for half a dozen little frivolous things. Didn't he throw his cigar on the path? Didn't he lie in bed on Sunday, instead of going to church?"

"But then he was travelling all the Saturday night."

"Whose fault was that? But don't you see it is the triviality of the offence which makes the penance necessary. Had he knocked me over the head with a pickaxe, or burned the house down, I should have had a right to be angry: but I was angry because he wanted a horse on Sunday; and therefore I must do penance."

There was nothing of love in all this. Hetta, however, did not wish him to talk of love. He was certainly now treating her as a friend, — as a most intimate friend. If he would only do that without making love to her, how happy could she be! But his determination still held good. "And now," said he, altering his tone altogether, "I must speak about myself." Immediately the weight of her hand upon his arm was lessened. Thereupon, he put his left hand round, and pressed her arm to his. "No," he said, "do not make any change towards me while I speak to you. Whatever comes of it, we shall at any rate be cousins and friends."

"Always friends!" she said.

"Yes, always friends. And now listen to me; for I have much to say. I will not tell you again that I love you. You know it, or else you must think me the vainest and falsest of men. It is not only that I love you; but I am so accustomed to concern myself with one thing only, so constrained by the habits and nature of my life to confine myself to single interests, that I cannot, as it were, escape from my love. I am thinking of it always, often despising myself

because I think of it so much. For, after all, let a woman be ever so good, — and you to me are all that is good, — a man should not allow his love to dominate his intellect."

"Oh, no!"

"I do. I calculate my chances within my own bosom, almost as a man might calculate his chances of heaven. I should like you to know me just as I am, — the weak and the strong together. I would not win you by a lie, if I could. I think of you more than I ought to do. I am sure, quite sure, that you are the only possible mistress of this house during my tenure of it. If I am ever to live as other men do, and to care about the things which other men care for, it must be as your husband."

"Pray, pray do not say that."

"Yes, I think that I have a right to say it, and a right to expect that you should believe me. I will not ask you to be my wife if you do not love me. Not that I should fear aught for myself, but that you should not be pressed to make a sacrifice of yourself, because I am your friend and cousin. But I think it is quite possible you might come to love me — unless your heart be absolutely given away elsewhere."

"What am I to say?"

"We each of us know of what the other is thinking. If Paul Montague has robbed me of my love" —

"Mr. Montague has never said a word."

"If he had, I think he would have wronged me. He met you in my house, and I think must have known what my feelings were towards you."

"But he never has."

"We have been like brothers together, one brother being very much older than the other, indeed; or like father and son. I think he should place his hopes elsewhere."

"What am I to say? If he have such hope, he has not told me. I think it almost cruel that a girl should be asked in that way."

"Hetta, I should not wish to be cruel to you. Of course, I know the way of the world in such matters. I have no right to ask you about Paul Montague, no right to expect an answer. But it is all the world to me. You can understand that I should think you might learn to love even me, if you loved no one else." The tone of his voice was manly, and, at the same time, full of entreaty. His eyes, as he looked at her, were bright with love and anxiety. She not only believed him as to the tale which he now told her; but she believed in him altogether. She knew that he was a staff on which a woman might safely lean, trusting to it for comfort and protection in life. In that moment she all but yielded to him. Had he seized her in his arms, and kissed her then, I think she would have yielded. She did all but love him. She so regarded him, that, had it been some other woman that he craved, she would have used every art she knew to have backed his suit, and would have been ready to swear that any woman was a fool who refused him. She almost hated herself because she was unkind to one who so thoroughly deserved kindness. As it was, she made him no answer, but continued to walk beside him trembling. "I thought I would tell it you all, because I wish you to know exactly the state of my mind. I would show you, if I could, all my heart and all my thoughts about yourself, as in a glass case. Do not coy your love for me, if you can feel it. When you know, dear,

that a man's heart is set upon a woman as mine is set on you, so that it is for you to make his life bright or dark, for you to open or to shut the gates of his earthly paradise, I think you will be above keeping him in darkness for the sake of a girlish scruple."

"O Roger!"

"If ever there should come a time in which you can say it truly, remember my truth to you, and say it boldly. I, at least, shall never change. Of course, if you love another man, and give yourself to him, it will be all over. Tell me that boldly also. I have said it all now. God bless you, my own heart's darling! I hope, —I hope I may be strong enough through it all to think more of your happiness than of my own." Then he parted from her abruptly, taking his way over one of the bridges, and leaving her to find her way into the house alone.

CHAPTER XX.

LADY POMONA'S DINNER-PARTY.

ROGER CARBURY'S half-formed plan of keeping Henrietta at home while Lady Carbury and Sir Felix went to dine at Caversham fell to the ground. It was to be carried out only in the event of Hetta's yielding to his prayer. But he had, in fact, not made a prayer; and Hetta had certainly yielded nothing. When the evening came, Lady Carbury started with her son and daughter; and Roger was left alone. In the ordinary course of his life he was used to solitude. During the greater part of the year, he would eat and drink and live without companionship; so that there was, to him, nothing peculiarly sad in this desertion. But on the present occasion he could not prevent himself from dwelling on the loneliness of his lot in life. These cousins of his, who were his guests, cared nothing for him. Lady Carbury had come to his house simply that it might be useful to her; Sir Felix did not pretend to treat him with even ordinary courtesy; and Hetta herself, though she was soft to him, and gracious, was soft and gracious through pity rather than love. On this day he had, in truth, asked her for nothing; but he had almost brought himself to think that she might give all that he wanted without asking. And yet, when he told her of the greatness of his love, and of its endurance, she was simply silent. When the carriage taking them to dinner went away down the road, he sat on the parapet of the bridge in front of the house, listening to the sound of the horses' feet, and telling himself that there was nothing left for him in life.

If ever one man had been good to another, he had been good to Paul Montague; and now Paul Montague was robbing him of every thing he valued in the world. His thoughts were not logical, nor was his mind exact. The more he considered it, the stronger was his inward condemnation of his friend. He had never mentioned to any one the services he had rendered to Montague. In speaking of him to Hetta, he had alluded only to the affection which had existed between them. But he felt, that, because of those services, his friend Montague had owed it to him not to fall in love with the girl he loved; and he thought that if, unfortunately, this had happened unawares, Montague should have retired as soon as he learned the truth. He

could not bring himself to forgive his friend, even though Hetta had assured him that his friend had never spoken to her of love. He was sore all over; and it was Paul Montague who made him sore. Had there been no such man at Carbury when Hetta came there, Hetta might now have been mistress of the house. He sat there till the servant came to tell him that his dinner was on the table; then he crept in and ate, so that the man might not see his sorrow; and after dinner he sat with a book in his hand, seeming to read. But he read not a word; for his mind was fixed altogether on his cousin Hetta. "What a poor creature a man is," he said to himself, "who is not sufficiently his own master to get over a feeling like this!"

At Caversham there was a very grand party, — as grand almost as a dinner-party can be in the country. There were the Earl and Countess of Loddon, and Lady Jane Pewet, from Loddon Park, and the bishop and his wife, and the Hepworths. These, with the Carburys, and the parson's family, and the people staying in the house, made twenty-four at the dinner-table. As there were fourteen ladies, and only ten men, the banquet can hardly be said to have been very well arranged. But those things cannot be done in the country with the exactness which the appliances of London make easy; and then the Longestaffes, though they were decidedly people of fashion, were not famous for their excellence in arranging such matters. If aught, however, was lacking in exactness, it was made up in grandeur. There were three powdered footmen, and in that part of the country Lady Pomona alone was served after this fashion; and there was a very heavy butler, whose appearance of itself was sufficient to give *éclat* to a family. The grand saloon, in which nobody ever lived, was thrown open; and sofas and chairs on which nobody ever sat were uncovered. It was not above once in the year that this kind of thing was done at Caversham; but, when it was done, nothing was spared which could contribute to the magnificence of the *fête*. Lady Pomona and her two tall daughters standing up to receive the little Countess of Loddon and Lady Jane Pewet (who was the image of her mother on a somewhat smaller scale), while Madame Melmotte and Marie stood behind, as though ashamed of themselves, was a sight to see. Then the Carburys came; and then Mrs. Yeld with the bishop. The grand room was soon fairly full; but nobody had a word to say. The bishop was generally a man of much conversation; and Lady Loddon, if she were well pleased with her listeners, could talk by the hour without ceasing. But on this occasion nobody could utter a word. Lord Loddon pottered about, making a feeble attempt, in which he was seconded by no one. Lord Alfred stood stock-still, stroking his gray mustache with his hand. That much greater man, Augustus Melmotte, put his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and was impassible. The bishop saw at a glance the hopelessness of the occasion, and made no attempt. The master of the house shook hands with each guest as he entered, and then devoted his mind to expectation of the next comer. Lady Pomona and her two daughters were grand and handsome, but weary and dumb. In accordance with the treaty, Madame Melmotte had been entertained civilly for four entire days. It could not

be expected that the ladies of Caversham should come forth unwearied after such a struggle.

When dinner was announced, Felix was allowed to take in Marie Melmotte. There can be no doubt but that the Caversham ladies did execute their part of the treaty. They were led to suppose that this arrangement would be desirable to the Melmottes; and they made it. The great Augustus himself went in with Lady Carbury, much to her satisfaction. She, also, had been dumb in the drawing-room; but now, if ever, it would be her duty to exert herself. "I hope you like Suffolk," she said.

"Pretty well, I thank you. Oh, yes! very nice place for a little fresh air."

"Yes, that's just it, Mr. Melmotte. When the summer comes, one does long so to see the flowers!"

"We have better flowers in our balconies than any I see down here," said Mr. Melmotte.

"No doubt; because you can command the floral tribute of the world at large. What is there that money will not do? It can turn a London street into a bower of roses, and give you grottos in Grosvenor Square."

"It's a very nice place, is London."

"If you have got plenty of money, Mr. Melmotte."

"And, if you have not, it's the best place I know to get it. Do you live in London, ma'am?" He had quite forgotten Lady Carbury, even if he had seen her at his house, and, with the dulness of hearing common to men, had not picked up her name when told to take her out to dinner.

"Oh, yes! I live in London. I have had the honor of being entertained by you there." This she said with her sweetest smile.

"Oh, indeed! So many do come, that I don't always just remember."

"How should you, with all the world flocking round you? I am Lady Carbury, the mother of Sir Felix Carbury, whom I think you will remember."

"Yes, I know Sir Felix. He's sitting there next to my daughter."

"Happy fellow!"

"I don't know much about that. Young men don't get their happiness in that way now. They've got other things to think of."

"He thinks so much of his business!"

"Oh! I didn't know," said Mr. Melmotte.

"He sits at the same Board with you, I think, Mr. Melmotte."

"Oh, that's his business!" said Mr. Melmotte with a grim smile.

Lady Carbury was very clever as to many things, and was not ill informed on matters in general that were going on around her; but she did not know much about the city, and was profoundly ignorant as to the duties of those Directors, of whom, from time to time, she saw the names in a catalogue. "I trust that he is diligent there," she said, "and that he is aware of the great privilege which he enjoys in having the advantage of your counsel and guidance."

"He don't trouble me much, ma'am, and I don't trouble him much." After this, Lady Carbury said no more as to her son's position in the city. She endeavored to open various other subjects of conversation; but she found Mr. Melmotte to be heavy on her hands. After a while, she had to abandon him in despair, and give herself up to raptures in favor of Protestantism, at the bidding of the Caversham parson, who sat on the other side of her, and who had been

worked to enthusiasm by some mention of Father Barham's name.

Opposite to her, or nearly so, sat Sir Felix and his love. "I have told mamma," Marie had whispered, as she walked in to dinner with him. She was now full of the idea so common to girls who are engaged, — and as natural as it is common, — that she might tell every thing to her lover.

"Did she say any thing?" he asked. Then Marie had to take her place and arrange her dress, before she could reply to him. "As to her, I suppose it does not matter what she says, does it?"

"She said a great deal. She thinks that papa will think you are not rich enough. Hush! Talk about something else, or people will hear." So much she had been able to say during the bustle.

Felix was not at all anxious to talk about his love, and changed the subject very willingly. "Have you been riding?" he asked.

"No: I don't think there are horses here, — not for visitors, that is. How did you get home? Did you have any adventures?"

"None at all," said Felix, remembering Ruby Ruggles. "I just rode home quietly. I go to town to-morrow."

"And we go on Wednesday. Mind you come and see us before long." This she said, bringing her voice down to a whisper.

"Of course, I shall. I suppose I'd better go to your father in the city. Does he go every day?"

"Oh, yes! every day. He's back always about seven. Sometimes he's good-natured enough when he comes back; but sometimes he's very cross. He's best just after dinner. But it's so hard to get to him then! Lord Alfred is almost always there; and then other people come, and they play cards. I think the city will be best."

"You'll stick to it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! indeed I will. Now that I've once said it, nothing will ever turn me. I think papa knows that." Felix looked at her as she said this, and thought that he saw more in her countenance than he had ever read there before. Perhaps she would consent to run away with him; and if so, being the only child, she would certainly, almost certainly, be forgiven. But if he were to run away with her, and marry her, and then find that she were not forgiven, and that Melmotte allowed her to starve without a shilling of fortune, where would he be then? Looking at the matter in all its bearings, considering, among other things, the trouble and the expense of such a measure, he thought that he could not afford to run away with her.

After dinner, he hardly spoke to her; indeed, the room itself — the same big room in which they had been assembled before the feast — seemed to be ill adapted for conversation. Again nobody talked to anybody; and the minutes went very heavily, till at last the carriages were there to take them all home. "They arranged that you should sit next to her," said Lady Carbury to her son as they were in the carriage.

"Oh! I suppose that came naturally, — one young man and one young woman, you know."

"Those things are always arranged; and they would not have done it, unless they had thought that it would please Mr. Melmotte. O Felix! if you can bring it about."

"I shall if I can, mother: you needn't make a fuss about it."

"No, I won't. You cannot won-

der that I should be anxious. You behaved beautifully to her at dinner. I was so happy to see you together! Good-night, Felix, and God bless you!" she said again, as they were parting for the night. "I shall be the happiest and the proudest mother in England if this comes about."

[To be continued.]

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Of darkness born, in darkness fade our lives:
And few of all these mortal lives, complete,
May place at last their offerings at God's feet,
With "Lo, thy gifts redoubled!"

Strong the gyves
Of sin or fate; and 'gainst our purpose strives,
Even at its noblest, some strong power of ill.
Yet once in centuries Heaven's elect there are,
Who, fronting life and doom with godlike will,
Toil but to conquer; from fair height to height
Rising forever, till that height be won,
Whence they shine on us, splendid as the sun,
Stainless and perfect as the evening star!

Yea, such thy life, thy victory, thy calm light
Of exaltation, O benignant soul!
O'er whose broad forehead, cast in antique mould,
The mystical tides of stormy seasons rolled
Have left their mark in furrows sown with thought
And the grave lore of ages. Thou hast wrought
With aim unwavering, with consummate skill
Of matchless mastery, and high-tempered might;
Truth thy sure guide, and spotless fame thy goal.

And now thou stand'st, the wings of labor furled,
Like some lone eagle of the mountain rocks,
Thine eyes turned heavenward, thy white, reverend locks
Worn halo-wise about thy sovereign brow:
Thus stand'st thou, scarcely knowing that all men bow
Before thee; that alike through palace halls
And humble cottage homes thy music calls
True hearts to fervent prayer or tender praise;
That evermore thy pure, beneficent lays
Shall sweetly ring, re-echoed round the world.

THE LIQUOR TRADE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY HENRY A. MILES.

THE first trade of Boston was with the wine countries. These, being Roman Catholic, wanted fish; and, in order to ship wines in return, they needed casks, staves, and hoops. Such articles Boston could best supply. In about ten years after the settlement of the town, its ships began a brisk trade with the Canaries, the Azores, Madeira, Cadiz, Lisbon, Malaga, carrying out fish and staves, and bringing back wine in great quantities.

The subject may admit a grouping of some curious facts.

No inconsiderable history of it may be picked out from the Colony Records, which have been made so accessible and readable by Dr. N. B. Shurtleff. Intimations of the early extent of the wine-trade are perpetually occurring. A law was passed, Sept. 27, 1642, appointing "gagers of caskes," who should affix their official mark, by which it should be known that they were of the standard London measure. Four years later, the records of the Court read as follows: "Whereas information hath come to this court from divers forrain ports of the insufficiency of our pipe-staves, in regard especially of worm holes, whereby the commodity is likely to be prohibited in these parts, to the great damage of the country . . . the select men of Boston and Charlestown, and of all towns where pipe-staves used to be shipped, shall appoint two men of each town to be viewers of pipe-staves . . . sworn diligently and faithfully to view all such pipe-staves as are to be transported to any parts of Spain or Portingall, or within either of their dominions, to be used for making of tyte caske, with power to throw aside all such as are not merchantable and sufficient for that use . . . this order to be set up in some public place in both the said towns, viz.: the meeting-house dore, and at some post at the most usual wharfe."

Such an immense market was now opened for fish, that it was deemed advisable to husband and quicken the supply. Accordingly all persons were forbidden to use any cod or bass fish as manure; and all fishermen were excused from trainings, and their estates exempted from taxation.

The importation of wines became enormous. In 1642 ten ships sailed from Boston, four of which had recently been here built, all laden with fish and pipe-staves; and in due time they returned with cargoes of wine. For many years following, this business increased; and wines "were made very plentiful and cheap." The best claret wines had been sold for fourpence a gallon.

The historian Hubbard says, "Too much indulgence in that kind opened a door of encouragement to wine-merchants, who have since filled the country with that commodity, to the overflowing of luxury and other evils: whereas, had there been a greater impost laid thereon, it might have turned the stream of traffic into another channel. Too much oil extinguishes the light it should maintain. When this commodity began to abound in New England, it might have been truly said, as of old in the times of Constantine, *Hodie venenum effusum est in ecclesiam.* Once New England complained for want of traffic; but

now it may be said, *Filia devoravit matrem.*"

The imposts, Hubbard thinks, were not great enough in amount: at least they were sufficient in number. The Court attempted to get three distinct duties on all imported wines. The first was on their arrival in the country. By a law passed May 14, 1645, it was ordered, "that all wines which shall be brought into the colony in any ship or other vessel, either of our own or of strangers, — whether English, Dutch, or others,—shall pay, by way of custom or imposition, the four and twentieth part of the true value of all such wines so brought, and here landed to be sold, to be rated according to the price current among merchants here." Three years later, specific duties were substituted in place of this *ad valorem* impost.

The second tax was payable when the retailer purchased his supply. He was required to pay for every butt of wine "the twentieth part of the value of such wine, to be rated according to the current price among merchants of Boston."

The third tax was in the form of a license for retailing. In each town, men were licensed, in some cases first chosen by the town and then appointed by the court, "to draw wine within this jurisdiction;" and each retailer was to pay to the receiving officer appointed by the Court the sum of "twenty shillings for every butt of sack drawn, or begun to be drawn, by him, and so, proportionably, for every greater or lesser vessel; and for every hogshead of French wines, or other wines, five shillings, and so, proportionably, for every greater or lesser vessel;" every drawer of wine to be put upon his oath for the truth of the certified return.

As to the practical working of these laws, we are not left in doubt. There were too many loopholes of escape, a too divided responsibility, and a want of some watchful power to enforce these enactments. In a short time they had to be amended. It is worth our while to look at some of the evasions practised, and to see how early the Yankee began to display a crafty ingenuity.

The importer was to pay a duty if he brought wines here "to be sold." But suppose he did not bring them here for sale: what if he put them in store, and afterwards altered his mind, and supplied the tables of a few friends? That gap had to be stopped by a law, that no merchant or cooper shall sell less than a quarter of a cask to any one except a duly licensed retailer.

Suppose the importer rolls his wine into his cellar by night, or brings it up the harbor secretly by lighters, and lets no one know what he has got? That gap must be stopped by a law passed May 6, 1646, giving power to officers to enter all houses and cellars "in which they know, or suspect, any wine to be" on which the impost has not been paid, and "to seize, distraine, and take possession of, the same, so as it may be forthcoming to the country's use." And all constables and other officers are required to aid them in the discharge of this duty.

Suppose the importer makes a false return of what he has got in his cellar; or suppose bystanders refuse assistance to the officers of the law? These gaps must be stopped by a law passed May 10, 1648, that, *before landing* his wines, the importer shall make entry of the number of pipes and hogsheads with the collecting officers, on pain of confiscation of the whole. And the collecting officer, in forcing open all cellars, vessels, and

stores where he knows or suspects illegal wines to be, may call upon all smiths, carters, owners of boats, porters, or others to help; who shall pay ten shillings for refusing.

Such were some of the evasions of the importer. Now for the retailer. He was to pay twenty shillings for every butt drawn, or begun to be drawn. In his brisk business what officers could keep count of all his butts, and know whether his return was correct? That loophole had to be closed by a law, that all licensed retailers shall pay "fifteen pounds a-peice for the yeare."

Suppose he did not call himself a retailer, nor his house or shop a place of public sale of liquors; what if he said the wines were not his, they belonged to a merchant in Lisbon, and he only let various persons come without charge into his house, or on board his vessel, where they were free to drink, or not? This loophole must be stopped by a law forbidding "Any merchant, cooper, owner, or keeper of wines, or other persons that hath the government of them, to suffer any person, or persons, to drink to excess or drunkenness in their wine-cellars, ships, or other places where wines do lie, on pain to forfeit, for each person drinking to excess or drunkenness, ten shillings."

We need not pursue this subject. Let our modern legislators take courage. Their fathers, also, had to be perpetually mending the license-laws. After all amendments, those laws would not execute themselves; and it was no pleasant office to any one to enforce them. So the Court, May 22, 1646, agreed to abate one-half of the customs on wine, provided the importers "do, *bona fide*, make a true entry of all the wines they have landed;" thus expressing the conviction that one-half at least was smuggled. Soon it was believed to be a better plan still for the General Court to get rid of this whole business, and place it in the hands of those who would have a strong personal interest in seeing the customs paid.

Accordingly the collection of the impost was farmed out. A law passed Oct. 27, 1648, is worth quoting with its preamble: "Forasmuch as we find upon experience some inconveniences that arise in getting in and gathering up the customs of wine, as it hath hitherto been carried on, and that we are willing to avoyde giving offence as much as may be, the Corte, upon some debate, hath agreed, that, upon the consideration of the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds that is to be given by Major Sedgwick and Mr. Russell, the custom of wines shall be confirmed to them, and power given unto them for the recovery of the same; which said one hundred and twenty pounds per annum shall be paid to the captain and garrison at the Castle as a part of that which the country is engaged to pay unto them. This they are to have for the term of four years." At the end of that time, the farming of customs was given to Capt. William Hathhorne, he agreeing to pay a hundred and sixty-five pounds per annum.

Meanwhile what were the habits of the colonists? Most of the dozen laws and amendments above cited had long and dolorous preambles, which describe the existing state of things. Thus in 1646 one preamble reads: "Forasmuch as drunkenness is a vice to be abhorred of all nations, especially of those who hold out and profess the gospel of Christ Jesus," &c. Four years later, another preamble reads: "Whereas it is found by experience that a great quantity of wine

is spent, and much thereof abused to excess of drinking, and unto drunkenness itself, notwithstanding all the hoalsome laws provided and published for the preventing thereof, which tendeth much to the dishonor of God, the discredit of the gospel, to the shame of the country, and much offencive to all godly men among ourselves, and such as are in confederation with us, and it is much to be feared, if not speedily prevented it will bring some stroak of God's heavy hand upon us," &c.

The temptation to excess could hardly be greater. Wine was almost as free as water. In 1645 the General Court made a record of provisions for a supply of two hundred soldiers. The list is curious, and will remind one of the bill found in Falstaff's pocket, for "one half-pennyworth of bread and an intolerable deal of sack." To the soldiers there were supplied, — peas, three hogsheads; beef, six hogsheads; fish, ten quintals; oil, ten gallons; vinegar, one hogshead; beer, one tun; butter, six firkins; *wine, at your pleasure.*

In this same year, 1645, the General Court deemed it necessary to protect laborers whose employers compelled them to receive their wages in wine; that being an article which was a drug in the market. The law that was passed reads as follows: "Whereas it is found by too common and sad experience in all parts of the colony, that the forcing of laborers and other workmen to take wine in pay for their labor is a great nursery or preparation to drunkenness and unlawful tippling, occasioning the private meetings of profane persons, whereby youth is drawn aside to lewdness, the good creature of God notoriously abused, the hearts of good people much saddened, the profession of religion scandalized, and the Lord greatly dishonored: . . . no laborer or workman whatsoever shall be forcd or pressed to take wine in pay for his labor."

It will be observed how respectfully the Court speaks of wine as "the good creature of God." It is not surprising, therefore, that two years later, namely, in 1647, when the ministers and elders met in a squad at Cambridge, the following vote was passed: "The Corte thinke it convenient that order be given to the auditor to send twelve gallons of sack, and six gallons of white wine, as a small testimony of the Corte's respect, to the reverend assembly at Cambridge." The Court very well knew both what, according to the view of the times, would be the best testimony of respect, and the preference of the reverend clergy for the stronger wine; of which a double quantity was sent.

The action of the Court in regard to allowing the Indians to drink wine presents a memorable illustration of what was doubtless called "godly" cunning and thrift. Every one knows what a passion for stimulating drinks the native tribes evinced. It had been the care of the colony government from the first to prohibit a sale to the Indians; and early and stringent laws to this effect had been passed. But now wines are so cheap and abundant, and sales to the Indians will open a large market, what shall the Court do?

This is what it did, Nov. 3, 1644. "The Court, apprehending that it is not fit to deprive the Indians of any lawful comfort which God alloweth to all men by the use of wine, do order that it shall be lawful for all such as are or shall be allowed license to retail wines, to sell also to the Indians so much as may be fit for their needful

use and refreshing;" which is, of course, a very precisely defined limit. The old restriction was in a few years restored; but we are not told that the primitive habits were brought back.

The perplexing and unceasing troubles connected with tippling-houses give us some knowledge of the habits of the people. The evasions practised show from whom modern liquor-venders are descended. It must be some satisfaction to see that those of the present generation do not disgrace their ancestors. What are tippling-houses? How much may a man drink before he must be allowed no more? How long may one stay at a tippling-house before he can be prosecuted? Laws had to answer all these questions. Accordingly, we find it all clearly defined in the Colony enactments, that no one must tipple longer than half an hour, or drink more than half a pint at a time; meaning, probably, without the intervention of ten or fifteen minutes at least. And when, finally, a tippling-house was to be prosecuted in case a man was *seen* drunk in it, another law had to be passed, making it penal to *hide* the drunkards, so that they could not be seen.

It is amazing how disobedient a universal and natural taste has been to the enactments of the Great and General Court. If the unflinching perseverance of Massachusetts for more than two hundred years in throwing obstacles in the way of excessive drinking entitles her to some credit, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that all conceivable coercive restraints have wrought but little effect, compared with the silent influences of a purer and more refined civilization.

While all classes in the early colonial times partook of wine, and a pot of wine was as common as had been a pot of beer, it is something to be able to add, that it was an unadulterated liquor that was so freely used. We mean a liquor free from alcoholic admixtures; for other infusions, to give color, body, and flavor to wine, have been generally employed for thousands of years.

The ordinary pots from which wine was drank in the early days of Boston were made of pewter; though here and there a richer family had a silver tankard. Oaken mugs had been common in England; and pegs or pins inside marked the pints and quarts. The question, "Can you go a peg higher?" originated in drinking-habits, as did a phrase found in old English writers like Fuller, who speaks of persons somewhat excited, as being *at the merry pin*. In Cowper's "John Gilpin," the phrase is also used.

The physical effect of substituting wine for beer must have attracted attention. It is marked in the following bacchanalian lines, attributed to Roger Boyle, afterwards the Earl of Orrery: —

> "The drinkers of beer
> Did ne'er yet appear
> In matters of any weight:
> 'Tis he whose design
> Is quickened by wine
> That raises wit to its height."

Shakspeare also noticed the different effect of the two beverages; for in his day wines became common in England. Contrasting the valor of beer-drinkers and wine-drinkers, he says, —

> "Can barley broth
> Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat;
> And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
> Seem frosty?"

We hesitate, in this connection, to allude to another view of our general subject, which we would not do ex-

cept as we are dealing with the habits of former days, about which, even in regard to religious people, most persons have very imperfect notions. In the holy sacrament at church, wine was drunk with a freedom which would seem, in our day, wanting in all propriety. There are church records extant which show that the usual supply was about half a pint for each communicant. Roberts, in his "Social History of the People of the Southern Counties of England," says it was the custom of old to drink a hearty draught at this commemoration, and names the case particularly of "rare Ben Jonson," who, on his reconciliation to the Church of England, at his first communion, in token of his deep sincerity, drank the full cup of wine."

Roberts adds, that the chalices then used were of wood, and were called "timber cups." In old English church records, we find the following entry: "Three cups of timber for the communion,"— hard drinking, if understood literally.

We may offer a final word relating to the probable annual consumption of wine between 1642 and 1652. We have various data by which to form an estimate, — the amount of customs paid by the importers, and the amount of license-money paid by the vintners, of Boston and Charlestown. These alone afford but approximate hints, as large quantities were brought into the Colony, of which the law could obtain no cognizance. We do not intend to trouble our readers with the figures, over which we have spent some time. We will only express our belief, that there was an annual consumption of more than two barrels to each family in the Colony.

Wines would probably have continued to be brought here in large quantities, had not hot palates and coarse tastes preferred the products of distillation. The early Colony laws refer to the worm-holes in the casks of wine; but the worm that pierced the greatest hole in them was the worm of the still.

COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

BY MISS M. H. HINCKLEY.

THIS April day finds patches of snow still lingering on the northern slopes of the Blue Hills, in shady hollows, and under the drooping pine-branches at the pond, where the sun's rays seldom penetrate. But the heavy rain of last night has given the fields a clean, fresh-washed look; and, although the oak wood still wears that ashen hue, a purplish tinge has come to the birches; and down by the brook one sees that spring has touched the willows, making them look as if wrapped in a greenish mist, where the returning blackbird now sways and sings. The white catkins of the black willow, with faithful reflection in the dark water below, fairly glisten in this morning sunshine.

Across the fields, where sweeps the fresh west wind, shaking and smoothing out the fluttering grass, matted and bleached by the winter's snow, we see the robins hopping about. They have an odd way of standing very erect, then, stooping and hopping a short distance, suddenly bringing themselves up erect again. This one, who has just found an earth-worm, which, after much pulling, he has brought above ground, gazes fixedly at the helpless, prostrate thing, as if wondering whether it was best to let it go again or not; but finally he disposes of it in a sudden but dignified manner.

Long before sunrise this morning, these robins were awake, practising their song; for, although they begin so bravely, the general effect of a robin's song is unsatisfactory, as if he had not half learned it, and was making a determined effort to master it. Many of the notes are exceedingly sweet; but the bird seems to be constantly getting out of tune by attempting to climb to notes beyond his reach; and then, having wound himself up to this failure, there is nothing to do but stop short, and try it over again, which he immediately proceeds to do with an effort more persistent than pleasing.

In the pasture, under the old apple-tree standing in the hollow where the water has collected from last night's rain, we see the fresh green grass shooting up. A pigeon woodpecker, with head turned sideways as he carefully examines each crevice and knot-hole, moves up and down one of the large decayed limbs, occasionally giving those notes which remind one of the whetting of a scythe. He dives into a hole in the hollow limb, in his curious, prying way; soon appearing again out of the broken top. For several years the woodpeckers occupied as a nesting-place one excavation in this old apple-tree, until the limb became hollow from decay.

Its last occupant, though, was a red squirrel, who had her young here. She lined this cavity inside with strips of cedar-bark, but carelessly leaving some of these strips hanging from the entrance, thus betrayed her retreat, as red squirrels often will. A tap on this limb would bring all these little squirrels crowding to the doorway, like children curious to know who and what was there; but, after one hasty glance, every little head would quickly disappear.

A woodpecker, in making an exca-

vation, uses the bill as if it were a chisel, and works with an energy that must be to the entire confusion of the bird's mental faculties. Frequently several beginnings are made before a spot just satisfactory is found. The depth of this varies according to the fancy of the bird. Their eggs are pure white, and commonly six in number.

On the snow that we still find under these pine-trees by the pond in the woods—and which is no longer fine and soft as when it first fell, but, gradually melting, has come to look more like fine hail than snow—is what looks like scattered grains of coarse gunpowder; but, examining more closely, we find these dark particles are moving insects. Disturbing them, they quickly disappear from sight among the grains of snow; but, keeping quiet, we see them come to the surface again. If you catch one, and hold it in your hand, it immediately rolls itself into a ball, so small that one can scarcely believe it is the same insect. It seems wonderful how these brief creatures sustain life on this snow-bank, or what possible comfort they find here: but on this cold, unattractive spot we see them in almost countless numbers, apparently enjoying themselves; while a few feet from them is the bare earth, where on a moss-covered stump, basking in the sunlight, we see the beautiful spring butterfly with brown wings edged with blue and gold. As we approach him, he takes wing, and flits away light and airily, as if full of new life after his long winter sleep in the recess of this old stump.

Under this oak-tree, fastened lengthwise to one of the small sprouts growing up from its roots, is the cocoon of the Cecropia moth with wings so beautifully colored in gray, with spots and bordering of white and shades of chestnut. Hidden in this silken casing, now rests the brown chrysalis until the warm June days shall call forth the beautiful moth. The brief existence of this moth, if not rendered briefer yet by the whip-poorwills and squirrels which prey on them, only lasts until the female has deposited her eggs. Instinct teaches her to seek those trees whose foliage, the young caterpillars, when hatched, will require for food. These green worms, in turn, living their allotted time as caterpillars, crawl away from the trees on which they feed, and, changing into this chrysalis state about the first of September, remain in this wonderful wrapping—the silk of which the caterpillar produces from its own body, and fashions into this form—until June comes again.

One of these cocoons found this past winter, when opened, contained the caterpillar dead, and partially transformed; having been destroyed by some enemy it had imprisoned with itself in the cocoon. This parasite, in turn, had become transformed, wrapping itself in a brittle shell-like covering, in which, on being opened, was found an insect that looked like a small wasp. Before changing, this creature had consumed almost entirely the inside of the caterpillar, leaving little else than the outer skin. But here, locked in this silken dwelling, itself so mysterious in workmanship, were these two greater mysteries of death and transformation.

Farther on, in a sunny dell among the birches and alders, we hear one of the most joyous of warbles; perfectly cheery and uncomplaining, not a trace of sadness in it. Cautiously approaching, we see a flock of fox-colored sparrows, with white breasts so delicately spotted with reddish

brown and black. This rare and inexpressibly sweet warble does not seem like birds' songs usually, given for the world at large, but more like a word of cheer or encouragement among themselves, which, as one finishes, another takes up, pausing in their work of turning over the dead leaves, for this purpose.

This song, being often repeated among them, gives the effect of one continued warble. One rarely notices these birds mount a tree. They seem to prefer keeping near the ground; and, as we have now disturbed them, they give a little "chip," and skulk away a short distance from us. They will not stay here long, but soon pass on to cheer other regions farther north. Usually about the last of April, at the time these sparrows leave us, one hears from among the bushes growing here the notes of the white-throated sparrow. This bird, too, is a sojourner. It is not far from the size of our song-sparrow, but with none of that bird's cheerful ways. It wanders shyly through the bushes, occasionally giving its plaintive notes, so subdued, that it seems as if the bird thought, should he give them full voice, he would betray himself.

The song begins clear and sweet, like the highest notes of an octave flute, but falls away in an indifferent, tired way. As they travel farther north, they grow more cheerful; and the farmers think the bird admonishes them to plant their spring wheat, interpreting their song: "Plant your wheat, Peabody, Peabody, Peabody!" In the logging regions, where these birds visit, when the logs jam on their way down stream, and strong men are wearied and discouraged in their attempts to move the mass, the loggers say this bird will sit in a tree near by, singing most provokingly: "All day long quiddling, quiddling, quiddling." Wherever this bird visits, it seems to be a favorite; but while here, its stay is so short, and manner so retiring, that it is not often seen.

Around the edge of this pond once grew an entire border of rhodora-bushes, about three feet in height, delicate in structure, and thick and even where not interfered with by the growth of the swamp-oaks.

"Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook,
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay:
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array."

Where the bushes were thick set, the accumulated blossoms, together with their reflections in the water, and its tremulous motion, looked, when seen at a distance, like a purplish halo around the pond. This appearance was the more noticeable because no green leaf is seen at the time; and the contrast of this glorious tint with the brown and ashen-colored shrubbery gave a most charming effect. This "rival of the rose" still grows here, but not with its once lavish beauty.

Later in the season, when these rhodora-bushes have unfolded their pale green leaves, one might notice, toward nightfall, among these bushes, a particular branch shake, sway, and finally fall into the water, then gradually, apparently by its own volition, move across the pond; when, reaching the opposite bank, it suddenly disappears under water. Should you look closely, you would find it was a musk-rat bearing this branch, which she had gnawed off. The reflections of the

trees and shrubbery make the water look so dark, that the muskrat's form is entirely lost; and one only sees this green twig with its reflection so mysteriously moving on, and disappearing.

In this bank she prepares the nest for her young, using twigs mingled with grasses for a bed. The entrance is completely under water. It seems to be the habit of the females to leave the brook or river where they usually live, and retire to these ponds to rear their young. When they are about the size of common rats, she leads them forth to teach them to provide for themselves. Diving to the bottom of the pond, she brings up bunches of the grass growing there; and both mother and young may be seen feeding on the bulb and tender blade. Their whereabouts often can be traced by the grass left floating on the water's surface. They are extremely shy at such times, diving as soon as they find themselves observed; but, when watched with caution, it is an unusually pleasing sight to see them as they come out to feed and play in the still water. The family lives here until the young are grown sufficiently strong; when the mother leads them back to the brook or river.

When this pond is thrown in shadow in the afternoon, a remarkable clamor comes to our ears; or, if a bright morning were overcast, and rain threatening, it would also be heard. One unacquainted with the cause of the sound might think it a flock of quacking ducks. But, on looking, we can see numbers of speckled frogs, with eyes and top of the head above water. Should you speak, should a bird flit across the pond, or a sudden breeze sweep by, it will silence them; and every head will disappear.

These frogs collect in groups; and it seems as if they were congratulating each other that they were out of their winter bondage, and entering a genial season. This clamor is so annihilating to all other sounds, that it almost entirely overpowers the voice of the peeping frog when both are giving note.

At the lower end of this pond, near the outlet, is a growth of pines, maples, swamp-oaks, and low-branched cedars; and here, later in the season, the wood-thrush comes, and makes it her nesting-place. These groupings of trees seem to be the cathedral for this bird to utter his charming song in. Here, in the early morning, or late in the afternoon, toward nightfall, sounds from some recess this song, so strangely beautiful that you can hardly feel the notes are those of a bird. Their plaintive sweetness is indescribable, and must be heard to be appreciated; but the softest notes of the flute mingled with a metallic ring, as if from some fairy-bells, might bring to one somewhat of the charm of this song. It begins faintly, swells to full voice, and then melts away into the silence and shadows of the forest. You cannot locate the bird. He is near you apparently, and yet far away. The song seems to say, "A-orēē-ăl, dē-ăl, dē-ăl, dē-ăl." It does not bring with it a feeling of melancholy, but more of pleasant sadness; while the place and hour combine to make it one of the most exquisite sounds in nature.

These thrushes, like the fox-colored sparrow, sing when on the ground or low branches of the trees. Here they often build in the cedars, although sometimes on the lower branches of the maples. Last year, the nest was built in a small cedar. It had for a foundation some sweet-fern and oak-leaves, whose softer parts

having been food for some insect, each leaf was left a piece of lace-work. Mud was then placed in this, and the structure had for a lining fine roots. The eggs are light bluish green.

When you approach the nest, the bird does not leave at once, but looks steadily at you, as if wondering whether this monstrous presence was a reality, or some strange creation of her own fancy. Soon, however, she slips out, and glides away a short distance, immediately returning as if she were not the same bird, but an entire stranger, ready to defend this nest with a spirit not to be daunted.

But the sun has now climbed to its highest point above the woods. The shadows have shortened, and gathered themselves nearer to each object; and across the still pond, occasionally plays a flaw of wind, rippling the water's surface, creating confusion among the reflections, then dying away, leaving it placid in the April sunshine.

MILTON, MASS.

ACHSA'S POSSIBILITIES.

BY ISABELLA GRANT MEREDITH.

THEY began on a summer morning, so early that the dew yet lay heavy on the roses by the open window, where sat Ephraim Chisholm with his great Bible open on his knees.

The hour slipped away; and the clock in the kitchen-corner told the fact with a harsh, chiding stroke. The farm-hands straggled out to barn and cattle-shed; and still the master sat there, as if the sabbath law was upon him alone of all — stranger, man-servant, and maid-servant — within his gates.

"Uncle Eph" was not wont to be latest afield; yet he let another half-hour slip by, as the clock reminded him with an angry click, quite in the spirit of the mistress of the house, to whom time was money; and, with the salvation of one's soul on one's hands, minutes were too precious to be wasted in the graces and amenities of life.

Uncle Eph read at intervals, turning the pages to find here and there the passages of Scripture which were an outlet to his deep joy; between whiles uplifting those quiet, kindly eyes to the far-off hills, as if they indeed brought him a great peace.

The stir of awakening life increased about the house. Becky ran out to the well for a bucket of fresh water, and stood there a minute, gossiping with Sol, who was taking his morning "rense" at the trough.

Where was the sharp eye of the mistress, and her harsh voice of reprimand? — she who kept her household well in hand, and countenanced no such idle foolery between man and maid.

An inner door opened; and Mother Miggs shuffled in, fat, slipshod, important, with a bundle on her arm.

"What of the morning?" asked Uncle Eph, as if she were a watchman on the heights of Sion.

"Waal, she's as cumf'table as can be expected. N'what d'ye think o' this poppet, Father Eph'rum? . . . Ain't she a pooty pink? Reg'lar June sweetin': so she be!"

Pink she certainly was. Mother Miggs drew her adjectives mildly. But — "sweet!" ... Well, to judge from the father's face as it bent over the small wrinkled visage of the bundle that lay on the open Bible before him, "sweet" was meaningless in that connection.

After a few tremulous moments of speechless joy over his first-born, he tried to come down to the range of Mother Miggs, who stared at him, not over-pleased at his way of taking it.

"I shall name her Abigail," he said. "She is all it means, — a father's joy."

"Waal, ef it don't beat all!" exclaimed Mother Miggs, suddenly out of sorts. "I declar for't, how sing'lar you an' Miss Chis'm be! Sot on Bible names, both on ye! But lor, Eph'rum, don't! It's onfash'nable, now, I tell ye. An' she won't thank ye for't, nuther, bime by. Call her Samanthy, or Lurindy: them's proper pooty now."

"Bless the woman!" exclaimed Aunt Cobb, entering with a bounce, cap-strings flying, a spark in her black eyes, a snap in her tone.

People in that house "stood round" when Aunt Cobb dictated. She was the family oracle, accepted and obeyed, not so much because of the wisdom of her judgment as because of the authority of some wealth, with no chick nor child of her own to leave it to.

"Who asked for advice? That child's named a'ready. *I* ain't in the habit of putting off things!" with an emphasis that made every one else feel dimly guilty of that sort of procrastination. "Says I months ago, 'If a girl, it shall be Achsa:' that's a family name, Ephra'm."

And nobody thought of disputing Aunt Cobb, who was as far from thinking it possible to yield her conceded right of way; but they who submitted to her masterful spirit did so from widely different motives.

Uncle Eph had a quiet disposition to hold fast to nothing but principles: all else, being mere externals, might better go than cause disputations. But Hannah Chisholm his wife, notwithstanding her rigid views, and stern rule of life, had a native thriftiness that led her to drive hard bargains with the rag-peddler, "skintch" in buying a dress-pattern, spread her biscuits thin when the society met at her house, and in every way show her deference to the main chance.

Achsa Chisholm grew apace, slim, sharp-elbowed, awkward, with weak ankles and a slouching gait; yet was she ever his "Abigail" to Uncle Eph, though other children came to him. And, with the succession of babies to be tended, poor Achsa developed a lop-sided shoulder to add to her other uncomelinesses.

Her mother's stern eye, that would nought extenuate, was not good for her. Under that ruthless observation, she became all elbows. If she crossed the room, she stumbled, and tore her frock out of the gathers: if she was pressed into kitchen-service, and handled any thing breakable, she dropped it, as a rule; and the sharp, impatient "Bless the child!" which invariably accompanied her mishaps, was an exorcism against any grace with which she might have diligently striven to overlay her corners.

Her mother was not sparing with such benedictions. It was a relief to get away to school, and a foretaste of paradise, tempered, as all such foretastes must be, with the sense of having to go back to the dull levels of life presently; to steal away to meadow or corn-field where "father"

was, whose "Well, little girl?" filled her heart with such content, the remembrance of the frown and reprimand awaiting her return could scarcely gloom it over.

Achsa went through school, and stood unrivalled in the topmost grade when the last day of student-life came.

What a day that was to her!

The class, it was decreed, should dress in white, and be garlanded, on that great occasion.

Poor Achsa, who had gone peacefully through Euclid, now found herself confronting a problem she could not master; namely, how to get the gear in which she was expected to ruffle it as heroine of the day.

She did not once think of her mother as a way out of the difficulty. Nor did she ask her father, knowing well that he would give her all she needed, and that thereafter his quiet would be invaded by sharp rebukes for such indulgence. "Yet it would be good," her heart cried, "to have this one day of my life embalmed as a pleasant memory, without one cross-grained event to make me hate the very thought of it!"

She had not at that epoch learned about the enhancing effects of neutral tints.

At last she set to work, rather grimly, on an old, made-over muslin, letting out tucks, and botching away at sleeves and waist, her very best. She was not enthusiastic over its probable appearance; but her mother, finding her so busied, and probing the whole matter with a question or two, was of opinion that it would "answer well enough."

"I suppose I ought to have a wreath, mother, and slippers" —

"A what?"

"All the girls agreed to dress alike. I couldn't help it."

"*You!* . . . You never can help any thing! A pretty piece of vanity and conceit! How do you think you'd look, Achsa Chis'm, with a wreath of artificials atop of your head? May I never see child of mine tricked out in such foolishness! If you dressed to *my* mind, you'd wear your black alpaca. But I sha'n't interfere."

So Achsa dressed herself in the done-over muslin that hung limp and all awry, looked with undisguised disgust at the results of a week's patient but ignorant painstaking, tore the dowdy thing off, choked down a sob, and in the old alpaca set forth to receive the public attention, and the highest honors of the day.

"Everybody will see how shabby I am, and nobody will know that I am not responsible for it," thought the poor child, crimsoning with pain and mortification; and her well-earned laurels were full of bitterness.

She thought every thing ended there, with the taking of the diploma so graciously given; that she must descend from to-day's pedestal, to go back, and drudge in her mother's house to the end of the chapter.

Nor did she even dimly perceive, that, instead, her possibilities were only enlarging, until after tea, when she stole out to meet her father at the pleasant farmyard-gate. He laid a hand on her shoulder, and said quietly, smiling down into her wistful face, —

"You have never disappointed your father's heart, — no, not from the hour of your birth to this, my little girl."

A perfect contrast in every way to Achsa Chisholm was the girl who stood next below her in the class, but far above her in the popular admira-

tion, — Kathy Peyton. But her rose-like beauty had nothing to do with Achsa's life, except that, a year later, its charm was vividly recalled by a letter from Kathy, already a matron, proposing to Achsa to bring her Northern energy to bear upon Southern inertia, and to accept a position as teacher in the new academy at Claytonia. At that juncture, Aunt Cobb was purposing to fit out Achsa as a missionary to Hawaii, — a scheme which well commended itself to Mrs. Chisholm, until Kathy's proposal came with assurance of liberal remuneration; then Mrs. Chisholm went over to the side of education.

"Hannah!" said Aunt Cobb, in that sort of dudgeon which displays itself in wrathful warnings, "you need to guard yourself specially against the snares of Mammon. Before you fix on Achsa's future, reflect how your decision may be a let and hinderance to the eternal welfare of — of — ahem — heathen yet unborn." The hiatus in Aunt Cobb's exhortation, and the turn it gave to her eloquence, gave Hannah the advantage.

"Our first duty is towards the living, I take it, Sister Cobb; and father and I agree in thinking that the part Achsa has chosen is a sort of home-missionary work."

With a groan over the disaster thus meted out to heathen posterity, Aunt Cobb retired from the field, and made her displeasure manifest thereafter in her Novembery air. Yet that little word of hers was a seed dropped in Achsa's mind, that sprouted and grew as she sewed up the breadths of her plum-colored merino; and, in the harvest of thoughts it produced, she forgot to notice how unbecoming to her dull complexion was her next winter's best suit, and to treat the old plum-color to a caustic bit of her mind.

It was a new idea to her that anywhere, — even in Hawaii, — the eternal welfare of "peradventure even ten" could be seriously affected by her. Even to the temporal well-being of one, she had never supposed herself necessary; and a great, throbbing gladness filled her breast. Accustomed to daily snubbing, to being perpetually repressed, the mere suggestion of such possible blessedness set her young nerves a-quiver; and she sewed even worse than usual for her, that day. It took a sharp maternal reprimand to reduce her to order.

Her rather stolid exterior showed little sign of her inward perturbation; but her dissipations of fancy had their sure and acrid to-morrows, when after faith came doubt, after glad hope, bitter scepticism. Racked by these fluctuations, she sewed on steadily, firm only in her purpose to leave home.

In that alone she never wavered.

That last breakfast in the farm-kitchen remained in her memory a picture, and an epitome of her home-life, Rembrandtesque in the sombreness of its shadows, yet with the one ray of light which at once revealed the gloom, and made it golden.

Uncle Eph, at the open window, had read in tones more mellow than their usual tender wont from that well-worn Book, over whose open pages he had received the firstling of his flock twenty years ago. Mrs. Chisholm listened in a bolt upright attitude, with a sharp elbow intrenched in each palm, and her stony regard concentrated on the coffee-pot on the hearth.

The father, with his face towards the morning sky and the sweet musk-roses at the window, uttered his peti-

tion with a calm, untroubled faith, and commended *one* to the high guardianship in which was all his trust. It was a prayer good to hear; and its memory sweetened many a heavy hour in Achsa's future; perhaps influenced many a fateful moment in her career by its far-reaching power.

Nor would she, later, have parted with any panel or portion of her Rembrandt.

Uncle Eph turned from the eastern window with something of the sunrise in his face, and with widespread hands uttered a benediction on his house.

Mrs. Chisholm bounced to her feet, and clapped the coffee-pot on the table.

"Come!" she said, short and sharp; and they drew around the not festal board.

"Achsa," she observed, after deliberately portioning out to each cup the veriest minimum of molasses-sugar, "I put a skein of blue yarn in your trunk. It'll *do* to mend your stockings with, I reckon; and there's just enough of the gray to foot over a pair of your father's: so I kept it."

"Yes'm," said Achsa, hardly conscious of a dim suspicion that Kathy Peyton would sufficiently admire that portion of her outfit, without the motley of blue-mixed darns to attract her dainty taste. But something grayer than the stockings, like a rush of unshed tears and too late regret, swept over her, as dun clouds overcast a November day, and obscured any gleam of spiced pleasantry in her thoughts.

"Hurry up, Ascha! There's the stage down by the cross-roads, a' ready!" called Daniel.

"Oh!" spake Mrs. Chisholm deliberately, "Achsa won't go by stage. Dan'l might as well hitch up, and take that crock of butter over to Kenyon's; and as the station is but six miles farther, and the day'll be pretty much broke up, any way, he can just take in Achsa and the trunk, and make one job of it."

"I thought I'd take her over to Cornish myself, mother," said Uncle Eph.

"Now, father, *you'd* ought to go to Baulch's Mill to-day, and fetch that warp for my rag-carpeting. Roxy's agreed to come and set it up in the loom this week."

So Mrs. Chisholm issued the order of the day; and no one thought of questioning her decrees.

Daniel harnessed old Dolly, fetched the firkin from the buttery, and halloed to the daughter of the house to come right along: he was all ready.

Father guessed he'd as lief walk over to Baulch's; and, with a quiet face, he called Achsa to him in the south room, shutting the door after her; so that even Mrs. Chisholm dared not, at least did not, intrude on that parting.

She was making an extra clatter among the milk-pans when Achsa returned, with a redness of eyelids and nose that did not add to her appearance even the charm of pathos. The churn was drawn out on the buttery-shelf; and already Mrs. Chisholm had set to work on its crank with a grim resolve to beat and otherwise punish the cream into butter.

"Well, I s'pose you'd ought to be going!" she said with the awkward constraint which inthralls those who never willingly do a gracious act, when the moment comes in which the proprieties render graciousness imperative. She held out one hand, and sniffed twice. "Good-by, Achsa! I don't need to give you any parting advice's I know on. You've been

brought up in a way not to need it, I should hope. Remember the teachings of your youth, and — and — improve upon it."

Different as it was from that sweet, sorrowful parting with her father, and his "God be with you!" her softened heart yearned towards that Spartan matron; and she faltered with pleading eyes, —

"Have you no last word for me, mother?"

"I dunno as I have. I trust you don't require special exhortation. I look to your bringing-up and your good sense to keep you out of danger; and I shall pray for you without ceasing. I wish you wasn't so lukewarm a professor, Achsa: it seems a strange dispensation in a child of mine. But my only trouble is in regard to your spiritual state. In temporal things I can trust you, or I should not let you go."

If "any thing happened" after that, it wasn't to be accounted *her* fault, who thus complacently washed her hands of the future. A frigid embrace, and it was over.

As the wagon rattled away, Achsa turned for one last look at the home she was leaving. And she was glad she did so; for four little figures, perched on the topmost bar of the farm-gate, were waving, with frantic and spasmodic gestures of farewell, a palm-leaf hat, a kitchen towel, a pink sun-bonnet, and a shaker; which last was the head-gear of little Eben, not yet grown to the dignity of a broad-brim. The sight smote the stony apathy into which she had hardened from contact with her mother; and she awoke to the beauty of the dewy morning, drank the cool breath of the hills, felt rather than saw the wet roses clinging to the brown fence, the stir and shimmer of the silver-leaved poplars; and was glad and sorry all at once. In the hollow, Uncle Eph stood leaning against the woodland bars, — the only sight needed to make the summer morning perfect in Achsa's eyes.

"Dan'l," he said, "I've concluded to let you go to Baulch's, and to drive over to Kenyon's myself. I want to get a new staple for the shed; and I must see Runnel about the short-horn. Sam Carter's team's just gone down yonder, and, if you're spry, you'll overtake him on the hill, and get a lift both ways."

Things did not often come about for Achsa in that happy fashion; but, because of this exception, she forgave Fate her usual cross-grained lot.

She told him how the little ones speeded her parting; and, with a tender remembrance of Eben's detested shaker, when her father pressed a gift of money into her hand, to buy a book, and make herself comfortable on the journey, she said wistfully, —

"I sha'n't need it: the strangeness of it all will be enough for me. Wouldn't it do, father, to take this," shoving back a coin, "and buy a palm-leaf for Ebie? He does so hate that old shaker!"

"Ebie shall have his hat. . . . And now, my little girl, remember, though our eyes must lose you, our hearts will still hold you in your own place. You may yearn for home among strange scenes and faces; but never forget that your home is always here; that your place will always wait for, and welcome you back."

Achsa never returned to it as home; but the thought that she could do so, if life ever pressed too sorely for her strength, comforted her in many a forlorn hour, when her strangeness to the world sat heavily on her.

The close of a decade of wanderings South and West found her doing school-dame duty in a log-cabin, to the entire satisfaction of the school-trustees of Musquam. It did not look like a change for the better; and, at one period, the consciousness of doing good work was the only tolerable feature of her life there, where was much that was rude and undesirable.

Owing partly to the general indifference, partly to the general poverty, of the settlers, the settlement had no church, and made no effort towards the establishment of one. Two of the chief men, well-to-do Germans, were infidels; and the farmers were, for the most part, lax in their views. Finding this state of things, Achsa, who thought her field at Musquam a barren one, began to contemplate returning home. She meant to go in the spring, — perhaps to give up teaching; for she was worn with long service, and at thirty felt a need to settle down. But for the winter she was engaged to the committee.

She said as much to Zeno Frost, who was in the way of sharing many of her confidences. He was her junior by two years. As the eldest of the tribe of Voltaire Frost the publican, he had much responsibility to shoulder, incessant hard work to perform, and was, withal, much looked up to by all his kin.

Vol himself was not only a jolly publican, but something of a reprobate, who "called one day no better'n another in the hull seven, and ary one on 'em good enough to sell rum in." "Better the day, better the deed," he was wont to observe to his patrons with a wheezy chuckle appreciative of his own humor.

Zeno saw his sisters pert and rude to Achsa; and his curt admonition terrified them into a semblance of decency. He observed that the family-room was not made pleasant for her; and, when next he hauled a load of wood to town, he bought a stove, that threatened to be the occasion of as much discord as the apple of Ate. But Zeno knew how to silence opposition. The stove was set up in the parlor; and thenceforth Achsa had a sanctuary there. He would have done more; but Achsa discreetly forbade. As it was, Mrs. Frost indulged in occasional innuendoes, that would have driven Achsa elsewhere, had there been any other place for her.

But the kindliest service Zeno rendered was his offer to drive her over to Mashapog, nine miles distant, to its every-other-Sunday meeting, staying for both services. She was uneasy at first, not knowing how Zeno might elect to pass the hours, and aware that Mashapog, which could support only by the closest calculation a pastor borrowed two Sundays of the month from another parish, had yet two *bier-gartens*, four saloons, and a park with a gymnase, a pavilion for dancing, and a brass band. But Zeno regularly marched in, after caring for the horse, took his place beside her, and gave his serious attention to every duty of the hour.

Mrs. Frost chose to discern an implied reproach in this church-going, and showed the sting wherewith all waspish natures delight in giving far worse than they take. *She* "never seen young folks so mighty sot on goin' to meetin'" in *her* time: "p'raps they spent the hull day settin' in a slip listenin' to sermons:" *she* "couldn't say where they went galavantin'. But the schoolma'am warn't nobody's fool, however't might be with Zeno, who could 'a had the pick of the Musquam girls, an' 'twas about

her last chance. Achsy Chis'm warn't no chicken."

Achsa heard, and decided that the Mashapog services must be given up, unless Pam or Hetty would go too.

Once or twice, for the novelty of the thing, those damsels consented to matronize the expedition; but, finding "no fun in it," ultimately refused the boon of their presence.

The next Sunday she retired to her sanctuary, opened her Bible, and told herself, with a sigh, "I must have service at home;" and the answer, "Why not?" flashed back upon her with an inspiration that gladdened her heart, and set her brain awhirl.

So simple a thing as it was too! only a Sunday-morning Bible-class, and evening concert, in the schoolhouse. Awkwardly enough she opened the subject to Zeno; but he fell in with it at once. He was a good singer, and he liked the idea: so did all the good singers (and there were many), who found in this bright suggestion a relief, I am afraid, from the insuperable dulness of Sunday in Musquam, where were no *bier-gartens*, dance-pavilions, and brass bands.

The Bible-class did not find so immediate favor in the eyes of the Musquamites.

Some of the younger ones teased to go, mainly because it was etiquette to appear in their best bonnets and frocks. If they teased persistently, and sulked desperately when refused, they generally had their own way in the end.

Mr. Schoenberg, the rich man of Musquam, said a distinct "No," when asked to send his pretty brood of girls. He had his doubts whether woman ought to be allowed to learn the alphabet; suspected it made a world of mischief in the long-run. But he had yielded so much. No more innovations for him; no Sunday schools, no Bible learning.

But, Sunday after Sunday, it was grievous to Papa Schoenberg to see his six pretty *kinder* with six pairs of charming blue eyes suffused with the tears shed in secret: so in time he relented, and gave each of them a little new Bible with a loving, half-contemptuous, presentation-speech:—

"Go, then, my beloved children: learn of this wonderful old miracle-history of the Hebrews, how women who would know more than was good for them got into endless mischief, and, by indulging their curiosity, made a very pretty pickle of fate. Learn, if you will: it is all in your books there. Nations in their infancy must have their mythologies, it appears; and childhood must have its fairy-tales, or cry its pretty eyes out. Go, then: I permit it." With a shrug, "It can do no harm."

"'A little leaven'!" thought Achsa with patient hopefulness, as her first Bible-class opened with Miss Partridge, Susie Kemp, Tommy Frost, Otto Pfeil, and Zeno.

She first spoke of her intention to go home in the spring, one winter morning, when she had encountered Zeno at her cabin-door, clearing away the last shovelful of snow from the path.

"You are good to me," she said gratefully. "I shall never forget it, Zeno, when I am gone."

"Well," said Zeno, "if you think so, I hope you won't."

"I don't know how I am ever to thank you," continued Achsa, pausing on the step, pleased with the effect of the sunlight glinting through the leafless twigs, and gilding the spotless drifts.

"I want no thanks," said Zeno.

"I've *meant* to be good to you; and you've been good to me without meaning it, I guess."

"I?" said Achsa. "At least, I meant nothing else."

"No, I suppose not. Achsa"— He paused, turned his face away, and finally continued, "You know pretty much what my life has been. I hardly thought of it myself — what it was, or what it might be — until you came. Things have grown different, somehow. I haven't had advantages; and, though I didn't care once, I do now. Achsa, if ever I should ask a favor of any one, it would be of you." Quick-witted for once, Achsa answered, —

"You would like to read up, with me to give you what help I can, Zeno? Is that it?"

"That's about it."

And so it befell that Achsa opened a night-school with one pupil, who — taught his teacher.

When Zeno drove her over to the station, he said, —

"You have promised to come home in the fall;" and "home" meant to both the packing-box house he was beginning to raise in Musquam; the same to which, later, she came as mistress, and in its stifling kitchen baked poor bread and pernicious pies, and proved, to her husband's dissatisfaction, that a good teacher may be a poor enough housewife.

Poor Achsa! She was often disheartened in those days, when her "sponge" was either kept too warm, and soured, or too cool, and did not rise at all; with a baby on her arm, a toddling creature clinging to her gown, and a husband whose mother was a "first-rate cook," and who expected the same of his wife.

But, when another little one came, Mother Frost announced, "Achsa's lookin' peaked; an' no wonder, with them three gret hearty babies on her hands! She'd ought to have a good spry girl to help do up the chores, Zeno," said this great authority. "*I* had, after my third."

So Figa Schoenberg came, the tidiest, most deft of maidens, with a genius for soups of savory smell, and a trick of bleaching linen until its freshness was more delicious than scents of lavender and rosemary.

Zeno once more recognized in Achsa the woman he had thought to marry. Now that another — with a vocation for housewifery, who made its duties a poem, and life in her sweet, orderly kitchen an idyl — took the burden from her, Achsa arose, and shone, as it were, with a benignant motherliness, only half concealed, for all her people there.

Often were her thoughts occupied with their welfare, when she sat by the kitchen-window, within hearing of Figa as she sang like a robin some simple folk-song within sight of her, as, with sleeves tucked above her dimpled elbows, she wrought some magic with flour, sugar, and spice.

On one such occasion she came out of her musings to watch her graceful handmaiden kneading at the bread-trough; and a smile rippled over her face, making its plainness pleasant to look upon.

"Only to think, Figa," she said, "how I used to flour myself all over, and labor with my bread, in the old days, always to no effect! I tried yeast, and 'salt-rising;' and when, in despair, I fell back on saleratus, my biscuits were so green and yellow, they gave me a melancholy of the same complexion. I never had any luck at all with my cooking, and you never have any thing else. How strange it is!"

"You forget," said Figa, once her best pupil, now her assistant, in the Bible-class: "there are diversities of gifts, and there are diversities of operations."

This brought Achsa back to the thoughts she had been brooding over.

"I begin to fear that our work is at a stand, Figa. I wish something could be done to give us new spirit in it!"

"We began with less than half a dozen," said Figa cheerily: "now we have almost half a hundred."

"But that was six years ago . . . Figa, I wish we could begin the foundation of a church."

"We have. The seed is already sown," said hopeful Figa.

"Then I wish we could call the husbandman to garner in the harvest."

"Well, it looks promising for him when he does come," said Zeno, coming in for his lunch.

"But you know the crops spoil if they stand too long ungleaned after ripening," urged Achsa.

"You've always some crotchet on hand," observed Zeno. "But it's your work: you farm that lot, Achsa. I sha'n't meddle!"

"No — you'll help when the time comes," said Achsa with serene confidence in his good will.

"Tell ye what," suggested Zeno. "Why not have evening meetings, not at the school, — no use to bother the trustees; and there'd be sure to be a fuss about the lamps, — but at the houses? Have 'em here, — prayers and talk and singing. Ask all who will come. Why not?"

The idea was bread Achsa had cast upon the waters months before; and it returned to her in this practical form, with the advantage that Zeno thought it his own. He was fond of his own inspirations, and obstinate in working for them. He saw a number of objections, but cleared them out of the way peremptorily.

"Try it, and the thing is done," he averred.

"Begun," corrected Achsa.

"Done," re-asserted Zeno, rising and departing.

So efficient was his help, that it was all talked over, and a meeting appointed, before Achsa knew it, and had time to make preparations. She found herself embarrassed for chairs to seat her guests, and had to press wash-bench, and boards for the new fence, into service.

"Your harvest is safe," said Zeno, as the parting strain of the "Old Hundredth" died among the grand forest-trees that had not as yet been "cleared."

"Not *my* harvest," said Achsa softly: "I am only a laborer." Zeno thought her a faithful one, but did not tell her so. He did not hold to flattering people, and never guessed how, to a fainting, self-doubting spirit, the good word of kindly commendation is the tonic to heal, not hurt.

Spring came again, and clothed with verdure the wild woods and the fields.

Pam was at the house, looking after the children, while Achsa and Figa had gone to the pasture to gather dandelions for dinner, when Zeno came vaulting over the fence with a letter for her.

It was a double one from home, — part of it written by Dorcas, who was in great spirits about a box just fitted out to send to Achsa, with presents for her and the babies; part an enclosure in a worn envelope addressed to "Miss Achsa Chisholm." She opened it last, and read with silent wonder growing to pleasure in her face.

"What a surprise! Zeno, Figa, *you've* heard me often speak of a graceless little pupil of mine on that Creole plantation? Well, — he, absolutely Charley Fletcher himself, writes me that he has gone through the theological school; and" laughing with a swift rush of tears to her eyes, "he says I am to blame for it. He is only waiting for a field to enter upon his duties. There! I can't talk. Read it, Zeno, aloud, so Figa may hear."

The coming box was almost forgotten in the talk that followed concerning the possibility of forming a church, and calling Mr. Fletcher to its service.

The slow and cautious objected to it as a rash step, there being so few to support it.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name," urged Achsa. "Every thing should be possible to us in such a work."

"We should have to build a place of worship," they foresaw; and the men rather opposed it as an expense which would have no end. But womanly enthusiasm was for it, and prevailed.

"There'll be an abomination of a fair!" prophesied Papa Schoenberg to Figa. "But, mind you, not a sixpence of mine will you get, if you begin with a fair. It ought to be against your principles, — I understand you claim something of the sort, — for what is asking five times the worth of a thing, and never giving back the change, but swindling? And what are your grab-bags but a lottery and a fraud? Call you that honest and Christian teaching, Figa mine?"

Figa told Achsa the Herr papa's views.

"He is right," said she. "We will have no grab-bag profits for our corner-stone."

And Figa went the other way, and told the Herr papa of Achsa. It complimented the old man that a woman of her standing and merits, yet so wide apart from him in her views, should accept his criticism in that spirit. He began to watch the new undertaking with interest. When next Achsa went to town, she brought back a piece of news for the girls.

The new hotel was to be opened in the fall; and they could, if they would, contract to make up all the napery needed for its use — proceeds to go to the church-fund. The girls closed with the offer, and elected Mother Frost and Mrs. Schoenberg directors of the sewing-meetings.

One day, after the sewers had left, came the box from home; and Mrs. Schoenberg, linerging to chat with Figa, witnessed the opening. Beside the gifts for the children, it contained a handsome straw bonnet for Achsa.

Mrs. Schoenberg, who was not dead to the vanities of millinery, was immensely taken with that work of art; and, when she went home, it was all her talk.

Papa Schoenberg listened with indulgence until patience threatened to give way; when, being in his ponderous fashion something of a humorist, he resorted to philosophy, and offered it to his spouse in rather free translation.

"I wish I could find one like it! — the loveliest Florence braid," reiterated the Frau mamma.

"Did any one ever promise you that you should have the loveliest Florence braid?" quoth the Herr papa.

"What are you saying, dear? It would suit my complexion perfectly. It was trimmed with a wild rose-vine and lilac ribbon" —

"What signifies a rose-vine, so long as your soul is above it, my heart?"

"But it isn't, best beloved," said Mrs. Schoenberg *naïvely*. Being good, in his way, to his women-kind, and liking to see the wife's comely face garlanded with rose-vines and other feminine adornments, he sent privately to ask if Achsa would part with the bonnet; which she, of course, declined. When next they met, he grumbled: "Aha, madame! I thought how it is! You love your church with the lips, your finery with the heart. Not? Aha! That bonnet my wife so likes will make a fine appearance in your pew. You think not so? Yes! He takes my mind from the sermon: so I go not at all. You will see."

"You think I wouldn't part with it because I care to wear it myself? But that is not so," said Achsa pleasantly. "My reason for refusing was because it was sent to me by my people at home."

"Very good, very good! But you preach sacrifice. Not so? And, when I offer you double price for the bonnet you not sell him. Come!"

"You are right; and you shall have the bonnet. But I mean to drive a hard bargain. You shall pay me three times what it cost. And I know what I will do with the money." She laughed; and Mr. Schoenberg affected to shrug his shoulders in despair. He chaffered, pretending his best to beat her down; but Achsa merrily exacted the uttermost farthing, and then told him, —

"Now I will buy a Bible for the new church; and it will attract your attention to the sermon, I hope."

Mr. Schoenberg liked her all the better after that interview; and, although it was never absolutely certain who sent the new melodeon that came when the church was ready for it, Achsa always believed it to have been his gift.

Zeno gave the land. By united efforts a neat log-edifice was reared; and Pastor Fletcher found a church in the wilderness, and an eager people to welcome him.

Mrs. Schoenberg, on that memorable first Sunday, went arrayed in all the glory of her Florence braid; and because it was fitting for a man to go where his family went, and he was curious to see if the price of the bonnet went for a Bible; and because he was of a liberal turn of mind, together with a number of other excellent reasons, — Mr. Schoenberg accompanied his goodly dame and pretty flock.

Old Vol Frost shut up the tap-room for the first time in thirty years, and went because his sorry old soul took most fervent delight in the music, — perhaps stumbled into repentance, and groped towards heaven that way; and, however it was, his "place" was opened of Sundays no more.

Aunt Cobb had opened her heart, and sent out to the wilderness a lot of second-hand hymn and tune books, bought at a bargain, when her church in West Passover changed for the Mayflower Collection. But what did it matter! The tunes were the same old inspired majors and minors; and they had lost none of their power to stir tender souls, to smite rocky hearts.

Those words of Aunt Cobb that had awakened Achsa's heart in her youth had faded from her memory many a year. Had they recurred to her in later life, she would have been sorry over the early dream; a little pained, that life, with its hard years, had brought no fulfilment for her.

She would never have guessed that her small seed-plantings had brought these changes to pass in the home where she dwelt. She could not yet get at a sufficient distance from her life to know that it had had "possibilities," to rightly judge of its works; nor would she, until her life and name had become a memory.

She scarcely recognized herself as instrumental to their happiness, when her friend Figa was won from her by her whilom pupil, Charley Fletcher.

At the wedding, Papa Schoenberg brought her the first slice of the bride-cake, and made her a gallant speech, showering upon her gratitude and laurels, to which she laid no claim.

Achsa was half provoked.

Her awkwardness sat doubly ill on her when she was called upon to sustain formal compliments like these; and Mr. Schoenberg's elaborate courtesy so distressed her, that she interrupted some fine speech about her teachings and influence in the community with an abrupt: —

"Don't flatter yourself, that, if any thing is my due, I shall not contrive to exact it. You know me of old for a hard bargainer. Now that, with your consent, I am despoiled of Figa, I look to you to repair my loss. I am going to ask you to give me Hedwig, in her stead."

"Ah, madame!" said her host, bowing, his hand upon his heart, "you know well that one can nothing deny you."

MY BIRD.

BY KATE L. COLBY.

I.

Did you never know a bird with a dimple in its chin?
Then you don't know all the world, and what wonders are therein.
Never saw a bird with chin? May be not; and may be, too,
There's a thing or two in life, O my friend! you've yet to view.

II.

You are thinking, I presume, that my birdling's eyes are round.
Ah, you never missed a mark any further, I'll be bound!
Could you see them, you'd admit they are wide and sweet and blue
As any eyes you know of, and rather more so, too.

III.

In your depths of ignorance, I have not the slightest doubt
But you think, like common birds, mine goes flying all about:
Now, my bird, I'd have you know, too exclusive is to fly
With an undistinguished crowd that ranges wild around the sky.

IV.

Give it up? You're not so strong in your natural history
As you thought. You're wondering now what special mystery
Of note there is that marks my bird's song among the rest:—
It's the souls of all the songs of all other birds compressed.

V.

All the birds that you may hear any sunny summer day,
They are either always sad, or else they're always gay;
Always liquid-noted they, always weird, or always shrill,
Always using up the scale in an ecstasy of trill,

VI.

Or on long, sweet, sliding notes, they monotonously range;
But my birdie's charm of charms is the charm of ceaseless change.
But there is one point where safe you may invest your fancy words,—
Its *modus operandi* is like that of other birds.

VII.

You may picture, at your will, how each liquid treble note
Swells to sound, and bubbles up through the curving of the throat;
How it trembles on the air with a pathos and a thrill,
And a vague, vague longing holds you till the tender tones are still.

VIII.

There are notes that leap like fountains; there are notes that drop like dew:
Could you hear my birdie singing, it would thrill you through and through;
For my birdling's wings are drooping, and the eyes grow dim with pain,
And the song — it sinks to silence as 'twould never rise again.

IX.

But it always does, fresh springing; and that subtle sense is stirred
That hears when springtime silence is first broken by a bird.
Oh, my little singing treasure! in this world so full of pain,
And of shadows, and of sorrows, not one note is sung in vain.

THE CHURCH AND ITS PRETENSIONS.

BY JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D.

THE present, it has often been said, virtually contains within it the whole past. The products of art, of literature, of law, may largely perish, and leave many a former age with scanty monuments to bear witness of its genius; but its character and ideas, mingling with the life of the succeeding generation, tincture that newer time, and, however traceless in the fresh color of the immediate hour, could not be withdrawn thence without changing its hue throughout. We cannot say that this law of transmission has any selective power to swallow up the evil, and hand down only the good; and, if the stream of history grows clearer as it flows, it is not that the current will not carry down both alike, but that the purifying interposition of reason and conscience arrests the turbid elements, and tries to let only the sweet waters through. In proportion as this interposition fails, the fountains of life and the marshes of death send down their contents together. Prejudices pass with truths; the seeds of vices are entangled in the same eddy that bears the virtues; and, rich as the crop may be in the fields below, there will still be tares appearing between. Every later civilization is of necessity a mixed product, large with the accessions, but tainted with the impurities, of earlier experience; and, whatever treasures it has taken up into it from the faiths and philosophies of nations variously endowed, it cannot escape its heritage also of human imperfection, or be spared the duty of severing the good from the evil. Our historical inheritance of religion is richer in the elements of truth and the sources of moral power than any ever intrusted to any previous age. We live environed with a sublimer nature, we are conscious of a more sacred humanity, we own a wider providence in history, than was opened to our forefathers. The kosmic intellect was less august for Plato, the communion of the Spirit less deep for Tauler, the moral drama of the world less grand for Isaiah and for Paul, than for us. But along with this progressive truth are many lingering errors, grown worse from their misplacement in a larger scene. The ampler our horizon, the more does the clinging mist around us hide from view; and we are but lost in the expanded universe, if we apply to it only the rude and petty measures hung up in the monkish cell. In the courses of history, be it remembered, there are two agencies ever at work, — the perfection of God, and the imperfection of man; and the present in which we live is the result of both. How, then, shall we separate the divine from the undivine? How discharge the perishable fancy, and hold fast only to the eternal reality? What sacred authority shall stand for us in the field of thought, and divide between the living and the dead?

To answer this question properly, we must ask another. The two elements in our religious inheritance, the divine and the human — are they likely to be blended and interfused throughout, so that the criterion which shall sunder them is needed everywhere? or do they sit apart, though on the same field, — the one railed off within some sacred enclosure; the

other poured around it, and hiding it from view, and here and there assuming its likeness, but never mingling with its living power. Surely we should naturally expect that whatever divine influences have been shed upon the world must freely spread through the recipient capacity of our humanity, act in its functions, and share its risks. In nature there is no force but God's; in conscience yet unspoiled, there is no light save his: but it is the specialty of history, that there he concedes to man a partnership with himself, and lets every thing arise from the confluence or the conflict of both wills. It seems, therefore, hardly conceivable that an historical revelation should be pure and simple, even for an hour. Mingling with human faculties in the first soul it enters, taking the vehicle of human language in passing from mind to mind, committed to the custody of human tradition in surviving from age to age, drawn into the intensest ferment of human thought, and struggling through the seething deep of human passion, and guarded from change, if at all, only by the crystallized imperfection of human institutions, it becomes more closely interwoven with the liabilities of our life at every point, till you can no more withdraw the supernatural from the natural than you can distinguish in the tree the cells formed in a spring shower a hundred years ago. If it be so; if, to borrow the Scripture image, the sacred leaven diffuses itself thus through the whole mass of our humanity, and in quickening our nature is dissolved into it, — then there remains no rule for separating what is divine and authoritative, except the tests by which, in moral and spiritual things, we know the true from the false, the holy from the unholy. External criteria, — that is, *un*moral rules for finding moral things, *physical* rules for finding spiritual things, — there can be none. Reason for the rational, conscience for the right — these are the sole organs for appreciating the last claims upon us, the courts of ultimate appeal, whose verdict it is not only weakness, but treason, to resist.

This close intertexture, however, of the human and the divine in our historical inheritance of religion is by no means admitted by its chief trustees. They are possessed with the idea that they have actually got divine truth enclosed within a ring-fence, still pure and integral after all these ages, — a paradise of God, where his voice is heard, and his presence is felt, planted amid the profane wilds around. Two claims are preferred to this exceptional position, — one by Catholics on behalf of "the Church;" the other by Protestants, on behalf of "the Bible." They agree in assigning to something outward an authority before which the inward protest of even our highest faculties must sink in silence: they differ in attributing this authority to a *corporation* in the one case, to a literature in the other. In the latter case, the Holy Spirit, having once created the books of Scripture, remains, as it were, stereotyped there, and liable to all the disadvantages which Plato charges upon written language, — that, though you would think the page alive with the thoughts it has, it looks up at you always with the same face; is dumb to the questions you ask; and, if tossed about in contumely or mistake, cannot defend itself, but needs its father to help it.[1] In the former case, the Holy Spirit perpetuates its work by taking for its organ an ever-living hierarchy, which is there to speak in

[1] Phædrus, 275 *ad fin.*

every age, to interpret and supplement the dubious text, to correct the aberrations of reason, and relieve the perplexities of conscience. To this Catholic theory let us first turn; the more so, because, to punish our imperfect exorcism of evil spirits at the Reformation, it is fast returning from the dry places of controversy in which it could never rest, and, finding in many minds the mediæval chamber swept and garnished, enters in to resume possession.

The Church, then, is, in this view, not simply a divine establishment historically continued in the administration of certain original trusts, but a living body, permanently and forever animated by the Third Person in the Trinity, who, since the day of Pentecost, has occupied this organism, just as the Second Person was united with the humanity of Christ. And if, in this case too, we do not speak, as in his, of an incarnation, it is not because the divine embodiment is less assured, but because the human persons are many and successive, and the body is corporate. The Holy Spirit had in all times, and even in heathen nations, been the secret source of natural grace, and rational apprehension of divine things; and has enabled men to know God as the Author of Nature, to feel him in the suspicions of conscience, and to knit society together by his laws. All this, however, was but an invisible and scattered influence, present everywhere, instituted nowhere. But now, having created on earth the mystical body of the Christ in heaven, the Holy Spirit has opened a special abode, and established an organized and visible agency for distributing a higher and supernatural order of grace. His presence, no longer contingent on individual fidelity, has become unconditional and constant, and — whether by diffusing the light of the incarnation, or by the consecrating power of the seven sacraments, or by gifts of vision, prophecy, or miracle, or by the efficacy of preaching — continues the characteristics of the first age, undiminished to the last. If you ask how you are to know when you see it, this field of sacred wonders, crowded with daily miracles, a perfectly definite answer is immediately given, — there are *four* divine marks, or "*notes*," which make any mistake of the true Church of God impossible; viz., its *Unity*, or identity in all times; its *Sanctity*, as the one home of holy men; its *Universality*, or identity in all places; and its *Apostolicity*, or exact reproduction of the first and model age. Visibly bearing these characteristics, the Catholic Church claims to be the exclusive trustee of revelation, the sole channel of supernatural grace, the infallible witness and interpreter of divine truth.

That so stupendous a claim should appeal to tests so inadequate would be impossible, were it not that it has had to confront nothing but pretension weaker than itself, and already pledged to its most vulnerable premises. If we take for granted, that, somewhere upon earth, there must be a divine institute, and only one, for the distribution of grace and the organization of true dogma; and if the only question be, whether what we find at Lambeth, at Geneva, or at Rome, looks most like this long-lived and world-wide establishment,— these "notes" serve readily enough to pick out the Catholic Church; being, in fact, invented for this very purpose. As between different pretenders to the same ideal, they may be conclusive. But if we dismiss that ideal,

assumption, and look first at what is real; if we relieve the Church of her rivals, and ask her to begin at the beginning, and speak to us from the primitive ground of humanity alone, — then we shall need other marks than these to convince us that there is nothing diviner upon earth than a spiritual corporation which can have a Borgia for its head, the councils of Ephesus and Constance for boards of justice, and the index and encyclicals as its expressions of pastoral wisdom. Nor is it difficult to say what the other tests should be to which the issue should be brought. In reasoning with the Catholic, we have always this advantage, that he admits a natural reason, a natural conscience, a natural religion; nay, that the light which we have through them is a grace of the same Holy Spirit which makes his Church the depository of higher, but homogeneous gifts. When, then, from my prior ground of Nature, I approach the reputed enclosure of supernatural grace, what vestiges of its divine character shall I inevitably seek? None other than I have learned already, and seen gleaming through the minds and characters of noble personalities, and from the answer of conscience known to be given me from above, truth, justice, pity, purity, and self-sacrifice; and, in the reputed supernatural order, I can acknowledge nothing which contradicts these revelations of the natural order. If one and the same spirit is the living breath of both fields, there can be no change of moral atmosphere on crossing the boundary: the light must be akin in both, refracted by the same media, and flinging the same tender tints, and differing only in clearness and intensity. By this criterion, then, of moral reason and conscience, let us try the validity of these "notes" of a divine institute, secured from human contamination.

1. The UNITY of the Church throughout all time owes its effect on the imagination to the contrast it seems to present with the endless variations of human opinion, especially in the regions of higher speculation. While the ambitious intellect has been visited by a thousand perishable dreams, and has constructed worlds out of the frostwork on its windows till the next sunshine melted them away; while philosophers and heresies without number have put forth their gaudy blossom in the morning, and withered before night, — the one thing that has been patient through it all, and unchanged alike by fancy or by force, has been, it is said, the teaching and worship of the Church. The very creeds that are on the lips to-day, the very prayers that take up the yearnings of the heart, have been charged with the faith and piety of Ambrose and Chrysostom, of Benedict and St. Francis, of Alcuin and Bernard. This persistency, it is urged, belongs to the immutability of God, and shows that we are here within the compass of the divine thought, which has no shadow of turning; not of the human, which is as the passing cloud. "In the unity of the Church's doctrines," says Balmez, "pervading as it does all her instructions, and the number of great minds which this unity has always enclosed within her bosom, we find a phenomenon so extraordinary, that its equal cannot be found elsewhere, and that no effort of reason can explain it according to the natural order of human things. It is certainly not new in the history of the human mind for a doctrine, more or less reasonable, for a time to be professed by a certain number of learned

and enlightened men: this has been shown in schools of philosophy both ancient and modern. But for a creed to maintain itself for many ages by preserving the adhesion of men of learning of all times and of all countries — of minds differing amongst each other on other points; of men opposed in interests and divided by rivalries — is a phenomenon new, unique, and not to be found anywhere but in the Catholic Church. It has always been and still is the practice of the Church, while one in faith and doctrine, to teach unceasingly; to excite discussion on all subjects; to promote the study and examination of the foundations on which faith itself reposes; to scrutinize for this purpose the ancient languages, the monuments of the remotest times, the documents of history, the discoveries of scientific observation, the lessons of the highest and most analytical sciences; and to present herself with a generous confidence in the great lyceums, where men replete with talents and knowledge concentrate, as in a focus, all that they have learned from their predecessors, and all that they themselves have collected: and nevertheless we see her always persevere with firmness in her faith and the unity of her doctrines; we see her always surrounded by illustrious men, who, with their brows crowned with the laurels of a hundred literary contests, humble themselves, tranquil and serene, before her, without fear of dimming the brightness of the glory which surrounds their heads."[1]

Before accepting the challenge to account for this magnificent prodigy, we must first assure ourselves of its reality, and, if it exists, must measure its amount. That through the life of the Church there has persisted a certain common essence of sentiment, never lost amid secondary changes, and that to this common essence is due the allegiance of great and good minds to Christianity, is beyond doubt; but with this central genius of the religion to identify the characteristics of the Romish Church, as if they were its equivalent in permanence and power, is to contradict the whole course of Christian history. If Clement of Rome could be recalled to the scene of his labors, and placed before the high altar of St. Peter's to-day, do you think he would find himself at home, and know when to kneel, and when to bow, or even dimly guess the meaning of it all? Or if, before Clement of Alexandria, you could lay the Tridentine Decrees, would they so speak to his habitual thought and faith, that you could count on his signing them with joyful assent? Notoriously there is neither dogma nor rite in the system of the Church, which has not a long history to tell of its growth into settled form. It took two centuries and a half to determine the relation of the Son of God to the Father; nor will any one who is even slightly acquainted with the ante-Nicene literature affirm that Athanasius would have been content with the doctrinal professions of Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and Tertullian; all of whom, in their "economy" of the divine nature, distinctly subordinated the Second Member of the Trinity to the First. For three centuries more, it remained unsettled whether Christ had more than one nature and one will; the forces of opinion swaying to and fro for generations before a predominance was won, and opposition driven from the field. How little

[1] Protestantism and Catholicity compared. Written in Spanish by J. Balmez. Translated from French by Hanford I. Kershaw. London: 1840. P. 13.

concord had been reached respecting the Third Person of the Trinity, more than fifty years after the Council of Nicæa, Gregory Nazianzen tells us in these words: "Of our thoughtful men, some regard the Holy Spirit as an operation, some as a creature, some as God; while others are at a loss to decide, seeing that Scripture determines nothing on the subject.[1] A year later, the bare phrase of the original Nicene Creed, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," was enriched at the Council of Constantinople by the added attributes, "the Lord, the Giver of life, that proceedeth from the Father; that with the Father and the Son is worshipped and glorified; that spake by the prophets;" and not till the year 589,[2] and then only in Spain, was the recital introduced, that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Son as well as from the Father.

Similarly, only for a far longer time, did the conception of Christ's redemption remain indeterminate and variable; so that, even as late as the time of Anselm (who died 1109), it entered upon a new stadium of its history, and lost the characteristic features of its patristic prototype. In both doctrines, indeed, it was taught that Christ had paid the ransom which rescued men from the powers of hell; but, when we ask *to whom* he had paid it, Irenæus and Origen, Augustine and Gregory of Nyssa, reply, that it was paid to *the Devil*, who, by his successful offer of temptations, had become absolute proprietor of men, but who forfeited his right by being himself tempted to put to death the sinless Son of God, and, having fallen into this trap, was obliged to surrender his spoil.[3]

Anselm, on the other hand, deny-

[1] Oratio 38: De Spiritu Sancto. Gr.: 1555 (written about A.D. 380).

[2] At the third synod of Toledo, held on the conversion of the Visigoth King Recared from the Arian to the Catholic Church. Conc. omn. Coll., tom. xiii., p. 106, *seq.*

[3] Irenæus adversus Hær., V. xxi. 3. Grabe, 1702, p. 438. "Quoniam in initio homini suasit (i.e., Apostata) transgredi præceptum Factoris, ideo eum habuit in sua potestate." Comp. V. i. 1, p. 303. "Potens in omnibus Dei Verbum et non deficiens in suâ justitiâ, juste etiam adversus ipsam conversus est apostasiam, ea quæ sunt sua redimens ab ea, non cum vi, quemadmodum illa initio dominabatur nostri, ea quæ non erant sua insatiabiliter rapiens, sed secundum suadelam, quemadmodum decebat Deum suadentem et non vim inferentem, accipere quæ vellet, ut neque quod est justum confringeretur, neque antiqua plasmatio Dei deperiret."

Orig. in Epist. ad Rom., ii. 13. Lommetzsch, tom. vi., p. 139. "'Redempti sumus non corruptibili pretio argenti et auro, sed pretioso sanguine' Unigeniti. Si ergo 'pretio empti' sumus, ut etiam Paulus adstipulatur, ab aliquo sine dubio empti sumus cujus eramus servi, qui et pretium poposcit quod voluit, ut de potestate dimitteret quos tenebat. Tenebat autem nos Diabolus, cui distracti fueramus peccatis nostris. Poposcit ergo pretium nostrum sanguinem Christi, . . . qui tam pretiosus fuit ut solus pro omnium redemptione sufficeret."

When the transaction is thus conceived as a recovery from Satan of a possession to which he had a legal right, it is easy to understand the stress which is laid on God's having managed it without "*violation of justice;*" i.e., instead of arbitrarily using the power of a superior, he proceeds juridically, and, keeping within the terms of the contract, *did the Devil no wrong*, taking no sinner out of his hands till he himself had gone beyond his bargain, and made the mistake of passing death upon the sinless. What these theologians admire is, that, even to the Devil, God was just, and observed fair play,—a position very different from the modern thesis, that, in the incidence of penalty on the innocent in place of the guilty, there is no infringement of ideal justice. August. de lib. arbitr. iii. 10, ad init. "Servata est in peccato justitia Dei punientis. Nam et illud appensum est æquitatis examine, ut nec ipsius diaboli potestati negaretur homo, quem sibi male suadendo subjecerat. Iniquum enim erat ut ei quem ceperat non dominaretur. Nec fieri ullo modo potest, ut Dei summi et veri perfecta justitia, quæ usquequaque pertenditur, deserat etiam ordinandas ruinas peccantium. . . . Verbum Dei, Unicus Dei filius, Diabolum,—quem semper sub legibus suis habuit,—homine indutus etiam homini subjugavit, nihil ei extorquens violento dominatu, sed superans eum lege justitiæ."

The device by which Satan was caught, viz., the disguise of a divine and sinless nature under human form, is praised as a successful stratagem or trick. "Ἀπατᾶται καὶ αὐτὸς τῷ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου προβλήματι," says Gregory of Nyssa, "ὁ προαπατήσας τὸν ἄνθρωπον τῷ τῆς ἡδονῆς δελεάσματι." Orat. Catech. c. 26. Tom. iv., p. 84. Paris: Morell. 1638. "Oportuit hanc fraudem Diabolo fieri, ut susciperet corpus Dominus Jesus," says Ambrose, Expos. in Evang. Luc. lib. iv. ad Luke iv. 1.

ing the Devil's claim altogether, transfers the debt to the righteousness of God, to which, he contends, the sacrifice of Calvary renders more than an equivalent for the sins of men.[1] While the later doctrine superseded the earlier, it could not secure its own position, but served as the starting-point of a new polemic, in which Abelard, Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas appear on opposite sides.

No part of the Church system carries more definite pretensions to a supernatural character than its group of *sacraments*. They are its instituted vehicles of grace, or securities from sin, intrusted to the charge of its consecrated ministers, and withheld from the people only at the peril of their salvation. Yet their number, their mode of administration, nay, their very idea, remained undetermined for more than a millennium; and first attain to some exactitude in the hands of Peter Lombard. Even in the case of the earliest and least disputed of the Christian rites, a different construction was put upon its very essence after eight centuries of usage. Pope Zachary had declared (about 742) an invocation of the Trinity essential to its validity.[2] But, when the difficult task of converting and baptizing the Bulgarians had to be accomplished, Pope Nicolas I. (A.D. 858–867) waived this condition, and pronounced baptism in the name of Christ to be sufficient.[3] In John of Damascus (in the first half of the eighth century) we find but the two Protestant sacraments; in the Dionysian books, probably belonging to the same century, there are six; and in a similar enumeration a little later, Theodore Studita gives a sacramental place to monkish vows.

These facts are but samples of endless variations, constituting in their succession the very substance of ecclesiastical history. So undeniable are they, that, to cover them and take them up into its adoption, the Church has invented its theory of "development," according to which the ever-living oracle reserves its judgment upon a doctrine till the contradictions and controversies of men require that the truth should be rescued from peril, and planted among sacred things: so that there is, for each dogma, a period when it is emerging from its germ, and throwing out its life in tentative forms. And only when, at last, it has struggled into the explicit thought of Christendom, does the divine interpreter define the form in which it is to set. Thenceforth nothing but unity is found. If this be so, then the life of each doctrine is sharply divided into two periods by the verdict of the Church, lying freely open to doubt and variation prior to that verdict, but, from the moment when the judge has spoken, closed against the interrogating intellect, and registered among the conditions of salvation. Living in the former period, you may go wrong without offence; living in the latter, your heterodoxy is perdition: under the very same conditions of thought, your relations to God are inverted. The definitions of the

[1] Cur Deus homo, ii. 20. "Quid misericordius intelligi valet, quam cum peccatori tormentis æternis damnato et unde se redimat non habenti Deus pater dicit, Accipe Unigenitum meum et da pro te; et ipse filius, Tolle me et redime te? Quid justius, quam ut ille cui datur pretium majus omni debito, si debito datur affectu, dimittat omne debitum?"

[2] "Quicumque sine invocatione Trinitatis totus fuisset sacramentum regenerationis non haberet. Quod omnius verum est," etc. Epist. x. Concil. omn. Collectio Regia. Paris: 1643. Tom. 17, p. 393.

[3] "Hi profecto si in nomine sanctæ Trinitatis, vel tantum in nomine Christi, sicut in Act. Apost. egimus, baptizati sunt (unum quippe idemque est, ut sanctus exponit Ambrosius) constat eos non esse denuo baptizandos." Responsa ad consulta Bulgar., c. 104. Sacros. Concil. Labbé., tom. viii., p. 548.

Church have thus the effect, not of simply declaring, but of constantly altering, the terms of acceptance with God: and if, being in error, you die the day before a Vatican decree, you may pass to the seats of the blessed; if the day after, you join the Devil and his angels.

And what becomes of the imposing unity of the faith, when thus interpreted? It is limited to the second and post-decretal period of every doctrine. It is not the permanent fact pervading the religious thought of the faithful, but only the ultimate ratio in which their divergences resolve themselves; not the continuous life of their waking mind, but the *terminus ad quem* they work and tend, and where at last they rest and sleep. It has been sometimes objected to the political economists, that they are so engaged in tracing to the last results the laws which they investigate, as to forget how long is the road thither, and how brief the pause there. They point to certain movements of profits towards the same level, to the equalization of wages by free distribution of labor, to the benefits of machinery in cheapening production, and enlarging the employment-fund, but, in contemplating these futurities, hardly remember that they are in "no man's land;" that the actual life of generation after generation is spent in approximating towards them; and that meanwhile the mixed conditions of a process of transition may fill the present with struggle and suffering. A similar remark may be applied to the Catholic Unity: it is an ideal tendency forever approached, but in no full sense historically reached. However many theological points have been professedly settled, every age that was not dead asleep has teemed with controversy; and all that is intellectually great and morally noble in the past life of Christendom — its richest literature, its finest humanity, its truest saints — will be found in connection with the growth rather than the definition of faith; not in the stationary, but in the moving periods.

Still it will be said, "The post-decretal unity seems indisputable: however energetic the previous strife, it sinks to perfect peace when judgment has once been given." This assertion it was difficult to test so long as the precise seat of judicial authority in matters of doctrine was undefined; for it was easy to discover that there were flaws in every decree which failed to bring the required unanimity, and to disavow it as not duly ratified. Now that the once floating and distributed infallibility is concentrated on the popes, as their personal and official attribute, we have to look no farther for the divine unity of the Church than to their decisions, formally pronounced in the exercise of their teaching and magisterial functions; and the phenomenon which is claimed is neither more nor less than an entire consistency, pervading the whole series of Papal edicts on matters of faith and morals. That this claim is totally inadmissible will appear from a recital of a few well-attested facts.

During the reign of Justinian (A.D. 527–565), both the Court and the Church were violently agitated by disputes respecting the union and the distinction of the divine and the human constituents in the person of Christ. The extremes were marked, on the one hand, by the name of Apollinaris (Bishop of Laodicæa, about A.D. 362), who so intimately blended the two as to suppose them eter-

nally one, and to believe that the Son of God, instead of being incarnate first on earth, already brought his humanity with him from heaven; and, on the other hand, by the name of Nestorius (Patriarch of Constantinople, A.D. 428), who so discriminated the two as to hold them in co-existence without sharing the same predicates, and, in particular, to deny that Mary could properly be called the mother of God (*θεοτόκος*). The opposite opinions not only separated individual Christians, but gave a party-coloring to the very mass of the empire; the Egyptians and their Palestinian neighbors, where chiefly the mystic and eremite life was fostered, inclining to the former, i.e., the *monophysite* doctrine; while the patriarchate of Antioch in the East, and the greater part of the West, though not shrinking from the phrase "mother of God," sharply distinguished the two natures united in Christ. Through the usual tendency of such subtle disputes to win for themselves some human interest by concentrating the quarrel on personal representatives, the monophysites in Justinian's time set their hearts on condemning by authoritative anathema three Syrian theologians, — Theodore of Mopsuestia, who had been the teacher of Nestorius; Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus, who had written against Cyril, the great champion of the other side; and Ibas, presbyter in Edessa, who also had censured the doctrine, and questioned the consistency, of Cyril. It so happened, however, that, in the minutes of the fourth ecumenical council at Chalcedon (A.D. 451), there were resolutions on three articles (*capitula*),[1] recognizing the orthodoxy of those writers, and reinstating the two survivors of them in their ecclesiastical offices; so that the proposal to condemn them was a proposal to rescind the acts of an authority regarded as supreme.

In this controversy of the "three chapters," as it was called, Pope Vigilius was exposed, on the human side, to conflicting influences. He owed his primacy to the Empress Theodora, and was pledged to her monophysite fanaticism. He was at the head of a clergy resolute to uphold the Council of Chalcedon, and was himself in sympathy with their zeal. He was in the power, and for six years was virtually the prisoner, at Constantinople, of the emperor, intent on repealing the three articles without further disturbance to the authority of the council. Whether he had guidance enough, on the divine side, to steady him amid these deflecting forces, and hold him to the simple line of truth, we may estimate by the following facts. In the autumn of A.D. 540, he professed his adherence to the fourth as to the previous councils, and his concurrence in the anathema of the Eastern patriarch against the monophysites.[2] In a letter to the empress, written in 544, he avows himself a monophysite.[3] But when an imperial edict, in the same year, condemned the three articles of Chalcedon, and Vigilius was summoned to Constantinople to give it his support, he abides by his first profession, and through 547 persists in his refusal.[4] Next year, however, he formally pronounces against them in a document, — his "*Judicatum*," — signed by himself and several bishops assembled at Con-

[1] Concil. Gener. Eccl. Cath., tom. ii. Rom.: 1608. Act 8, 9, 10, p. 344, *seqq.*

[2] Epp. 4, 5. Concil. omn. Coll., tom. xi., p. 514, *seqq.*

[3] Breviarium Liberati, cxxii. Concil. omn. Coll., tom. xii., p. 490.

[4] Sacrosancta Concil. Labbé., tom. v., p. 323. Nota Sev. Bin.

stantinople.[1] The obedience of the West being still unsecured, Justinian issued in 551 a second edict, renewing the condemnation of the three articles.[2] Vigilius now declines once more to join in the condemnation, not only when it proceeds from the emperor alone, but also when, in 553, it is confirmed by the fifth ecumenical council at Constantinople. Nay, he defends the *capitula* in a special manifesto, his "*Constitutum ad Imperatorem*," bearing with his own the signatures of sixteen Western bishops.[3] Even this was not his last word. In the following year, he addressed to Eutychius, patriarch of Constantinople, a formal retractation, declaring that he has been the instrument of Satanic delusion, but that now, delivered by Christ from all confusion of mind, he subscribes to the anathema he had so often resisted.[4] Whether it was the function of his infallibility to discover his delusion, or of his delusion to be sure of his infallibility at last, the sequel does not help us to determine. No time was allowed him for further tergiversation; released from Constantinople by his submission, he died on his journey back to Rome.

Such variance from himself in a supreme spiritual guide is too startling to be often repeated in history. But variance of the popes from each other is a more frequent phenomenon, and is equally fatal to claims of unity; for, where a uniform infallibility is asserted of a perpetual dynasty of rulers, they virtually become a single undying personality, and it matters not whether the official acts which we compare proceed from many members or from one. The further progress of the controversy about the person of Christ soon made it apparent that Roman prelates might contradict and anathematize their predecessors. The decision that there were in Christ two natures left out — disaffected, and in the cold — large bodies of Oriental Christians whom the emperor wished to conciliate, and restore into Catholic communion; and, to meet their demand for a less divided Christ, it was suggested by the Emperor Heraclius, with approval on the part of the patriarchs of Constantinople (Sergius) and of Alexandria (Cyrus), that, if the two natures were placed at the disposal of one active principle, or will (*ἐνέργεια θεανδρική*), this dominant unity would satisfy the scruples of the alienated party, without compromising the decisions of the Catholics.[5] But the chasm opened by nearly two centuries of controversy was too deep and wide to be bridged by a phrase; and the proposal made in the interests of peace proved but the beginning of a fresh strife. It was in vain that an emperor and two patriarchs sustained it. A poor monk, Sophronius from Palestine, sufficed to upset it: he had only to raise the cry that the *one will* was but *one nature* come back again, and the flame was soon rekindled which had driven the monophysites beyond the confines of the Church. True, he was kept silent for a while; but, having become patriarch of Jerusalem in 634, he deemed it his duty to sound the note of alarm, and watch over the purity of doctrine given him to guard.[6] He addressed himself to Pope Honorius, in the hope of a judgment at once more authoritative and more favorable than Alexandria or Constantinople

[1] Ibid., p. 328, *seqq.*
[2] Ibid., p. 683, *seqq.*
[3] Ibid., p. 337.
[4] Concil. omn. Coll., tom. xii., p. 21, *seqq.*
[5] Concil. omn. Coll., tom. xiv., p. 588.
[6] Ibid., tom. xv., p. 86.

had yielded. But Honorius, while regretting the importation of a new ambiguity into an old dispute, gave the same verdict which the other metropolitans had given, and insisted that there could be only one will in Christ; else there would be room for conflict between the wills divine and human. Twice were imperial edicts issued in this "*monothelite*" sense, — first by Heraclius in 638;[1] then by Constans, ten years later, threatening terrible punishment against all the disobedient. Meanwhile, however, the temper of Rome was changed. The turn of the tide was just traceable in the immediate successor of Honorius; but John the Fourth, who followed, pronounced his anathema against the doctrine of one will[2] in a synod of A.D. 641; and at the first Lateran Council, held by Martin the First in 649, the imperial edicts, and the patriarchs who had supported them, were solemnly condemned, and the doctrine of two wills decreed to be orthodox.[3] Such bold defiance of the civil power exposed this heroic ecclesiastic and his supporters to cruel sufferings, but with so little effect, that, in 680, a sixth ecumenical council had to be held at Constantinople for further deliberation; and, under the guidance of Pope Agatho, the doctrine of two wills was defined and adopted; the only resisting bishop was deposed; and, among the past upholders of the opposite opinion, the Pope Honorius was anathematized by name.[4] This denunciation of the Vicar of Christ was formally communicated by Leo the Second, who had succeeded to the Papacy ere the council closed, to the bishops of Spain;[5] and, in a letter to the Emperor Constantine, he speaks of Honorius as one, "qui hanc apostolicam ecclesiam non apostolicæ traditionis doctrinâ lustravit, sed profanâ proditione immaculatam subvertere conatus est."[6] Yet Leo and Honorius were both infallible, and represented on earth the unbroken unity of divine truth.

The questions of sin and grace, in which the genius of Augustine and the moral strength of Pelagius came into conflict, had the effect, no less than the early Christology, of entangling the Church in contradictory decisions. Two African synods — held in A.D. 416 at Carthage and at Mileve, under the overshadowing influence of the Bishop of Hippo — decided that Pelagius, by allowing to man free power to do the will of God, infringed upon the province of divine grace, and rendered infant baptism superfluous; and they memorialized Rome to put down such errors.[7] Innocent the First at once acceded to their request, and, in virtue of his apostolic authority, excommunicated Pelagius, his friend Cælestius, and all adherents to their doctrine.[8] This was one of the last acts of a pope who eminently represented the spirit of the Western Church. His successor, Zosimus, was a Greek; and when, in A.D. 417, the well-reasoned counter-statement of the accused came up for examination, it impressed him so favorably, and so distinctly disdained the consequences fastened upon their teaching, that he declared himself satisfied, reported to the African Church in favor of their orthodoxy, and added a warning against giving ear to the calumnies of ill-disposed

[1] Ibid., tom. xiv., p. 564; xv., p. 152.
[2] Ibid., tom. xiv., p. 569. *seqq.* epist. 2.
[3] Ibid., tom. xv., p. 260. *seqq.*
[4] Ibid., tom. xvi., p. 509.
[5] Ibid., tom. xvii., p. 6.
[6] Ibid., tom. xvi., p. 586.
[7] Ibid., tom. iv., pp. 357, 364, 375.
[8] Ibid., tom. iv., pp. 60, 65.

men.[1] It was not to be expected that a keenly-agitated question should be set at rest by two conflicting Papal verdicts delivered within a few months of each other. The African party convened a new synod at Carthage, in 418, and carried nine articles of condemnation against their opponents; and, not disdaining a more effective weapon, drew from the joint emperors, Honorius and Theodosius, an edict, visiting with exile and confiscation of goods all adherents of the Pelagian heresy. Zosimus recoiled before this display of determination. He not only ceased to shield the accused; he cut them off from the communion of the Church, anathematized their doctrines, and addressed a circular letter to all bishops, visiting Pelagianism with an express condemnation, which they were required to sign.[2] Perhaps, however, though at the cost of temporary inconsistency, the Church struggled into unity on this matter at last? On the contrary, eleven and twelve centuries later, the very same strife broke out anew in the University of Louvain, and so divided, first the Augustinians and the Molinists, next the Jansenists and the Jesuits, that repeated appeal had to be made to Rome, fresh heresies to be created, fresh subscription enforced, without, after all, setting the dispute at rest.

The history of ecclesiastical legislation with regard to the exercise of diabolical arts affords a striking practical refutation of the pretension to persistent unity. If it affords, indeed, an argument less formally complete than the contradictory edicts hitherto cited, this is only because no Papal decree, so far as I am aware, has yet frankly repudiated the old demonology; and though it has silently disappeared from the language of faith, and the processes which assumed it have passed into desuetude, the canons which treat of it are unrepealed; so that, judged by its statutes, the infallible Church may be taken as still upholding the reality of sorcery. But in effect it has outlived that monstrous superstition, and, through the lips of its scholars and intellectual guides, speaks, like the rest of the world, with shame and compassion of the miseries which so poor a delusion inflicted on mankind. This is an entirely new state of mind; and, if it be right, it condemns as wrong a series of church-edicts extending over seven hundred years. The "Old Catholics," indeed, would persuade us that this modern spirit is only a return to the early doctrine of their communion. "For many centuries," they say, "the popular notions about diabolical agency, nocturnal meetings with demons, enchantments, and witchcraft, were viewed and treated as a folly inconsistent with Christian belief. Many councils directed that penance should be imposed on women addicted to this delusion."[3] They appeal, in proof, to an old canon found in the collection of Regino, Abbot of Prüm, at the beginning of the tenth century, and known by the mistaken name of the canon of Ancyra.[4]

[1] Ibid., tom. iv., p. 394.

[2] Ibid., tom. iv., p. 418, with passages there referred to.

[3] The Pope and the Council. By Janus: authorized translation from the German. P. 249.

[4] Libri duo de causis synodalibus et disciplinis ecclesiasticis. C. 371. Wasserschieben; 1840. Bishop Burchard (who died in 1025) first gave the credit of this decree to the ante-Nicene synod held at Ancyra, in Galatia, A.D. 315, in his Magnum Decretorum Volumen, book x., where it is reproduced. The twenty-fourth canon of Ancyra, however, though on the same subject, is very different, simply enacting that "those who, in conformity with Gentile usages, resort to divination, or introduce persons into their houses with a view to devise incantations or means of expiation," are to incur certain penances; and entering in no way into the doctrinal grounds of this prohibition. See Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ, vol. iv., p. 126 for the

This document (which probably speaks the sentiment of the seventh century) certainly treats the popular belief in the arts of the magician and the diviner as a heathen superstition, which the servants of the Church are bound to root out from their dioceses; and requires them in their preaching to deliver the people from their delusion. But, unfortunately, this is not all. Far from teaching "the nonentity of witchcraft," the edict distinctly recognizes its reality and its supernatural character, only treats it as a devilish instrument of delusion, instead of a divine endowment of knowledge and power. Some women, it says, having turned to Satan, have been misled by his deceptions, and pretend to have ridden on certain animals by night, in company with Holda and a number of women, over a great part of the earth, and to have been called away to their service. Unhappily they have not been the only victims of superstition; but countless numbers have been led by them to accept this delusion as reality, and to fall into the Pagan error of supposing that there is some other divine nature besides God. The clergy, therefore, must emphatically preach to their parishioners that all this is a false show, put into men's minds not by a divine being, but by an evil spirit; viz., the Devil, who assumes the form of an angel of light. As soon as he has made himself master of some woman by the force of superstition, he changes himself into forms of disguise, and occupies the soul he has captured with visions or dreams — now bright, now sad — of persons known or unknown, causing all sorts of aberration; the victim believing that all this is material fact, instead of mental phantasm. Hence it is to be publicly proclaimed that whoever believes things of this kind loses the faith; and that whoever has not the right faith of God is none of his, but belongs to the Devil in whom he believes.[1]

We have here, not a denial of the sorcerer's phenomena, but simply a transference of them (1) from the objective to the subjective field; (2) from divine to diabolic power. The doctrine is in harmony with the idea traditional in the Church through all its previous centuries, — that the outside world of the unbaptized, the unconverted, the heathen, was under the dominion of Satan, from which the Christian theocracy alone afforded an ark of refuge. And, in the struggle between the two realms, the Pagan divinities and oracles and usages were regarded as the great hiding-places of disguise for the evil spirits, whence they put forth their superhuman power to beguile the souls of men. Against these snares there was no protection but the true faith, which enlisted omnipotence on the believer's side. "*Dæmones fides fugat*," it was said; and in every act of faith, like prayer to God, nay, in every symbol of it, like the sign of the cross, or the uttered name of Christ, there was power to drive the fiends away. Of every baptism, *exorcism* of evil spirits formed a part, the response to which, on the part of the baptized, the *abrenunciatio Diaboli* ("I renounce the Devil and all his works"), remains to this day. Inasmuch as the polemic against Pa-

original text. In the Acts of Pope Damasus, a decree of a Roman council (A.D. 382) is cited thus: "Omnes maleficos, sacrilegos, augures, aliisve superstitionibus vacantes, excommunicandos esse. Feminas illas, quæ a dæmone illusæ putant se noctu super animalia ferri, atque cum Herodiade circum vagari, eadem sententia plectendas esse."— Concil. omn. Coll., tom. iii., p. 421.

[1] Gratian: Decret., p. ii. Caus. xxvi. qu. v. c. 12.

ganism consisted, not in denying the preternatural facts, incantations, oracles, possessions, atmospheric changes, and anomalies of animal life, nor in claiming them for the providence of God, but in snatching them from the pretended divinities, and making them over to the Devil and his tribe, the effect of this enlargement of his domain inevitably was to intensify the popular belief in his agency, and horror at his manifestations.

It is no wonder, therefore, that, in the thirteenth century, we find this belief so extended and confirmed, as not only to render an ignorant population excitable to frenzy, but to corrupt the very fountains of authority, and fill even Papal edicts with contemptible hallucinations. Yielding to a report from his inquisitors in Germany, Gregory IX. describes in a bull of the year 1233 the ceremony of initiation practised by certain heretics, on whose speedy punishment he insists. With evident good faith he relates how the novice pays the homage of a kiss on the hind-quarters to the Devil in the shape of a toad as large as a goose, a duck, or an oven, or of a black tom-cat lifting his tail for the salutation; how, at certain stages of the proceeding, there appears, in place of these incarnations, a pallid man of mere skin and bone, with jet black eyes, whose kiss, cold as ice, drives the Catholic faith clear out of mind; and, again, a figure, shaggy below, but, above the hips, brilliant as the sun; how to this personage the disciple is introduced by the president, as a devotee, a shred of his coat being offered in pledge, and, being accepted, is handed back to the charge of the master; and how, by horrid rites, these miscreants carry out their doctrine that the Devil will prove in the end to be the true God, and change places with his rival.[1] The proceedings of the inquisitor, Conrad of Marburg, founded on this bull, bear witness to the terrible earnest in which these statements were made. To each of the accused the alternative was offered, — to confess his kiss to the toad, the cat, and the pale man, and save his life; or to protest his innocence, and be burned alive.[2]

Neither scruples of humanity, nor the dawning light of a returning intellectual civilization, disturbed the resolute persistency of the Church, in this superstition. Murmurs, indeed, were heard against the intrusion of Papal officers, selected from the regular orders, on the judicial functions of a foreign episcopacy, and on the national rights of French and German subjects; but the pope, who could bear down such constitutional resistance, had no theological contradiction to expect. This is evident from the celebrated bull of Innocent VIII., issued at the end of A.D. 1484, for the express purpose of ratifying the authority of his inquisitors over places not expressly named in their first credentials, and giving them paramount jurisdiction over every place in Germany where they chose to open their court. The whole tension of the edict is directed against a local and political obstacle; and, in its definition of the crime which the commission is appointed to try, there is still the quiet assumption of its reality, which could only be made in the face of its universal recognition. It complains of the extensive prevalence of diabolical

[1] Epist. Greg. IX. Th. Ripoll, Bullarium ord. Predicat. i. 52. The occasion of this letter is described by Labbé, Sacros. Concilia, tom. xi., pp. 478. 479.

[2] See the Letter of the Archbishop of Mainz to the Pope, in Alberici Chron. ann. 1233.

arts, which are employed to blight the fields and orchards, to prevent the increase of flocks and herds, and even the human race, to afflict life with strange maladies, to draw men into apostasy, and induce unheard of crimes; it attributes these to the direct agency of Satan; it empowers the bearers of the pope's apostolic letters to visit such offences with fine, imprisonment, and other punishment; and threatens all who obstruct them with the wrath of Almighty God and his blessed apostles Peter and Paul.[1] To aid in carrying out this edict, the inquisitors, Jacob Sprenger and Heinrich Krämer, published in 1487 their "Malleus Maleficarum," or "Witches' Hammer," under the patent of the Emperor Maximilian, and the sanction of the pope, — a complete handbook of sorcery, which for upwards of two centuries guided the proceedings in such cases, and had almost the force of law. It affirms the reality of magic, and the origin of its power in a personal compact with the Devil, of monstrous progeny from licentious relations with demons, of an influence of the heavenly bodies on the moral actions of men, of the magician's ability to bewitch people with preternatural hate or love. Betraying a singular scruple against the infliction of capital punishment without confession of the crime, it gives instructions for extorting confession on the rack; previous to which, however, it is desirable to get a holy angel to cancel the Devil's control over his victim, otherwise, he will make her insensible to pain; and no terror you can apply will make her speak. The decree which called this manual into existence, and appears as its preface, applied to Upper Germany alone; but succeeding popes, Julius II., Alexander VI., Leo X., Adrian V.,[2] by the issue of similar edicts, drew land after land within the "magic circle," with such effect, that, in the diocese of Como alone, there were, during the earlier part of the sixteenth century, no fewer, on an average, than a thousand trials, and a hundred executions at the stake.[3]

So far, it must be confessed, the Church, in its teaching and discipline on this matter, had not forfeited its unity; nor can we say that there is more than a difference of degree between the earliest doctrine of demoniacal possession, and the epidemic superstition which lighted up the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries with fires of human sacrifice. But how is it that no voice is longer raised on behalf of the infallible edicts which scattered over Europe the torches to kindle those fires? that the only plea for them now urged is, that the barbarism of the age, not the rule of the Church, is responsible for them, and created the same results in the communities born of the Reformation? Such a defence is simply an echo of the indictment, surrendering the Church to the pressure of barbarism, and the illusions of idolatry, within the very province which it claims for legislation, and so far waiving its pretensions to supernatural insight. Yet no higher ground of justification can be taken in consistency with recent history. Not only have the prosecutions for sorcery gradually disappeared, — a fact which might be explained by the resistance of princes,

[1] The bull, "Summis desiderantes affectibus," is given in Hauber's Bibliotheca, acta et scripta magica: 36 Stück 1739–1745. St. I., p. 1, *seqq.* See, also, Gustav Roskoff's Geschichte des Teufels: B. ii., p. 222.

[2] This last, a fair sample of the whole, may be seen in Concil. omn. Coll., tom. xxxiv., p. 588.

[3] Barthol. de Spina, de Strigibus, c. 12.

and the "usurpations" of the civil courts, — but from the Inquisition itself we have a memorable confession, bearing date 1657, that its commissioned judges had long been guilty of irregular procedure and unwarrantable use of the torture-chamber, to the sacrifice of many innocent lives. The murdered victims of the authority which cannot err were beyond the reach of this apology; but it introduced restraints and alleviations, which, enforced as they were by the altered spirit of the times, rapidly rendered harmless the tribunals so long the terror of Europe. Catholic theologians now speak, like other men, with habitual contempt of the belief in sorcery. The perplexing question is how this state of mind can be pieced on to the decrees of Gregory and Innocent, so as to leave unharmed the sublime "unity" of the faith in all ages?

In the year 1616 Pope Paul V., with the Congregation of the Index, condemned as "false, and totally opposed to the Divine Scriptures," the work of Copernicus, "De Revolutionibus Orbium," which achieved for all time the miracle of Joshua, "Sun, stand thou still!" In 1818 Pope Pius VII., in full consistory, repealed the condemnation. In the interval, the Holy Office prosecuted and sentenced Galileo in 1633, for suspected adherence to the Copernican heresy; and in 1741 the Catholic editors of Newton's "Principia" apologized for that work in these words: "Newton, in this book, assumes the hypothesis of the motion of the earth; and the author's system could not be expounded except on the same hypothesis. Hence we have been obliged to assume a character other than our own; but we declare our obedience to the decree of the supreme pontiffs against the motion of the earth." In the present day, Catholics are Copernicans, like other people; and what was heresy once is heresy no more. How to embrace both judgments within the limits of infallibility, and resolve the contradiction into a higher unity, might puzzle even a Hegelian, but has not proved, till very lately, beyond the resources of Ultramontane advocacy. The divine exemption from error affects only decisions *ex cathedra;* and though these are not necessarily bulls issued directly by the pope, but may be resolutions of a Roman "congregation," they must, in that case, fulfil two conditions, — they must receive the approval of the Holy Father; and they must be published by his express desire. Now, the second of these conditions, we are assured fails in the decrees of 1616 and 1633; and the latter cannot be shown to satisfy either condition.[1] Under permission of this ingenious but precarious argument, the condemnation of Galileo was set down in 1866 among the human mistakes of a pontifical congregation. But in 1867, fresh extracts from the minutes of Galileo's trial, preserved in the archives of the Inquisition, were published by M. Henri de l'Épinois, which distinctly show, both that the proceedings simply carried out the instructions of the pope, and that, by his direct command, copies of the sentence were forwarded, "that these things may become universally known" to all apostolic nuncios, and all inquisitors into heretical pravity, to be publicly read in solemn assembly, in presence of the principal professors of the mathematical art.[2]

[1] See the Authority of Doctrinal Decisions, which are not Definitions of Faith. By William George Ward, D. Ph. Essay viii., the Case of Galileo, 1866.

[2] See, for an interesting account of this recent and important discovery, Mr. Sedley Taylor's paper in Macmillan's Magazine, December, 1863: Galileo and Papal Infallibility. The statements in the text are from this essay.

Thus the human mistake is at once metamorphosed into a divine decree; and, treated as a pretender yesterday, is on the throne of supreme authority to-day. As the unity of the Church cannot be restored by sacrificing the inquisitors of Paul V., perhaps some flaw may be looked up in the repealing act of Pius VII.; and every thing may be set right by putting the sun in motion again, and re-enacting the Ptolemaic system.

Neither, then, in the stability of her doctrines, nor in the consistency of her tribunals, does the Church give evidence of any immunity from the laws of ordinary growth and change. Nor, even if we could shut our eyes to the fluctuations of opinion, and look only at the cluster of beliefs which her artificers have held together by screws and holdfasts, till little else but the rivets remain, should we see in this residuary orthodoxy any thing persuasively divine either in its source or in its character. How has it arisen? Have we here a real unity among minds free to act, and yet restrained from aberration by the inner strength of divine conviction? Or is it an illusory unity, produced by the simple process of expelling all variety? It is notorious that the whole history of Christendom is darkened by controversies, at once fierce and tedious, ending always in cutting off the outvoted minority as a withered branch, and proclaiming the triumphant majority, which was left in possession, to be the only true Church. Even, therefore, if this invariability held good (and no perversion of history can carry it back into the first two centuries), it would bear witness, not to the immanent action of the Divine Spirit, but to the oppressive weight of human tyranny. What, indeed, is it but that very attribute of *stationariness*, which, in all other historical fields, we treat as the sure mark of a kingdom of darkness, not of a realm of supernatural light? Everywhere else, in China, for example, or in ancient Egypt (as it has been erroneously imagined), the fact that centuries teach nothing, and change nothing; that thought and belief at the end of fifty generations are just where they were at the beginning; that they have no more to say to God or man in an old world than in a new, — is justly regarded as an opprobrium and sign of inward poverty; the poverty the proof of a dead conservatism, that wraps in a napkin the mere shrivelled form of a divine life, and confounds the perpetuity of its mummy with immortal being. Why should we attribute the highest divinity to a crystallized church, and the lowest humanity to a crystallized civilization?

[We are obliged to defer the remaining points of Dr. Martineau's discussion till our May number.

It is only to recent subscribers to OLD AND NEW that we need say that the beginning of this valuable series of discussions was published in our magazine two years since. The completion of the series has been deferred by Dr. Martineau's temporary illness, from which he has now happily recovered. — EDS. OLD AND NEW.]

THE MODERN CLEON.

Cleon still lives, a master in the game
To sink a nation, and insure its shame.
Still hoping through its ruin and decay
To mount to power, he winds his stealthy way
By paths insidious, secret corridors,
And every entrance but the open doors.
A merry-making, much-enduring man,
Observing still the Highlander's old plan;
A petrel from the battle's stormy days,
He suns his war-worn wings in Glory's blaze;
Still where the din of trouble storms the air,
Be sure his shrill cry and swift wings are there.
His mind oblique sees every thing amiss:
He bows his thanks if he but win a hiss;
Calls interest, duty; intrigue, common sense;
And varnishes his brow with impudence.
He knows the people, and he plays with them.
How can they, humbugged so, the man condemn?
Clever, unsparing, ready in reply,
His crimson spur makes many a feather fly;
His clarion vaunt and histrionic crow
Ring jubilant above a prostrate foe;
But, if well matched in Fortune's better hours,
His crest proclaims him dunghill, and he cowers.
Not these the nation's consular days, nor now
Finds office Cincinnatus at his plough:
Bold, unabashed, to all he shows his scars,
Gained, not in public, but in private wars;
Begs the slow vote, cajoles, and threatens too,
And hints the roguery he dare not do.
Repulsed, and still again repulsed, he eyes
The place withheld, and teaches to despise.
In power he may turn out King Stork or Log:
Or one or th' other, he's a demagogue.
The third time never fails, and we may see
Defeat well managed turn to victory.
Laugh not at him, nor count a puny foe:
The land its Evil Genius yet may know.
Our Agamemnon sees his laurels fade
In piping days of peace, by friends betrayed.

He and Achilles past the Scæan gate
See not great Hector whirled, the sport of fate:
But watch in hand, from spinning wheels they stare,
Count their two-forty pace with one to spare.
While blushing Loyalty at home is shown
Thersites laughing sly behind the throne.
Oh for one hour of him who foiled and broke
Rebellion, vanquished ere the cannon spoke,
His eye all lightning, thunder in his voice,
Traitors submissive while the good rejoice!
Some Webster-Hercules to wash to light
The Augean vermin and their nest of night!
As Greece by faction, Rome by luxury, gave
Eloquent lessons from their silent grave,
We yet may learn the nation's heart may sting
Till it expire in agony, — a Ring.
From that foul circle Truth and Honor fly,
And names once white are dark with falsehood's dye.
Submissive Freedom holds her wrists to bind,
As coils on coils more near and deadlier wind;
Till scared Prevision sees the jackal's brood
Litter where erst the nation's watch-towers stood,
And silence cover the dishonored stone
Once radiant with the name of Washington.

OUR SKETCHING-CLUB.

BY REV. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

NO. IV.

Letter 11*th*.

"TOMBINE, Oct. 20.

"MY DEAR FLORA, —

"I enclose Rip's paper on the 'Cinque Cento; or, Renaissance.' The little villain has made it very long; but, as he says, the word may mean any thing in the mental and spiritual history of Europe since Theodorus: so it might have been worse. How jolly Lady Ellen will be spelling out his periods in that cursive hand one never can read! It saves me writing any more now, except about what you call a 'study of eggs,' which you have just sent: at least, it has just come to hand. When you send that sort of thing by post this way, please don't write any thing extra on the cover. For some reason or other, 'Not to be forwarded' was written on your envelope; and the post-master here, who is a literal-minded man, never sent the packet up to the lodge accordingly; and only 'wondered,' as

he said when we blew up about it 'that it iver cam this far.' Now, about these eggs: it seems to me you ought all to remember the episcopal observation recorded by Sam Weller, that eggs is indisputably eggs, and that, consequently, a study of eggs ought to be a study of eggs, and have nothing to do with a nest. Two or three of you have sent pretty drawings of green nests, red berries, feathers, &c., and not studied the eggs at all, which altogether avoids the real intention of the subject. If I had given it, I should have said what sort of eggs, — a hen's and a duck's, with a plover's or rook's, I think. But here is a large gull-egg with strong black markings on it; and I like it very much, because the artist has kept the white very white indeed, with delicate shades of rounding, and has, moreover, gradated the black marks on Turner's system, mentioned in my first letter, as you may remember. I said there that Rembrandt or Leonardo would have made the shaded side of the white egg quite black, to secure its looking as round as possible, not caring to keep it as white as possible. They would have had the black marks all round it scarcely darker than the shade. Veronese would have had his white ever so bright, even in the shade; but his egg might have looked rather flat, and he would have painted his black marks quite black evenly all round. Turner would keep his white carefully up, but slightly gradate his *black* for the sake of roundness; and his is, after all, the truest way.

"One or two of you have odd notions of size. Here are some eggs specified as Brahma, very nice and clear in color; but it has apparently pleased Brahma to make his hens lay eggs no bigger than rooks, unless, indeed, the basket is intended to be the size of a clothes-basket. Then somebody puts some very good eggs in a pan with too much red reflection on their lower sides; and somebody else puts hers in a cabbage-leaf with no green reflection at all. What an odd arrangement, — all one upon another! Something must have excited the chicks, or the eggs are going cracked.

"My American friends have just sent me some autumn leaves from Vermont, of the most intense and wonderful colors. I shall have some of them mounted on cardboard, and send them round for studies. Respect this.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"C. C."

MR. RIPON ON THE RENAISSANCE.

I was once an Oxford tutor of what is now the old school; and I remember we used to say, when newer lights forced on our minds the fact that "Aldrich's Logic" was full of mistakes, that the book and its errors ought to be preserved, because they led to "necessary explanations." I can't say much for this defence; but I am inclined to think that the use of the words "cinque cento" can only be excused in the same way. As most of us know, it is an equivocal term. In the first place, one has to stipulate that it shall mean fifteen hundred instead of five hundred; then, when one has got leave to mean three times as much as one says, one is involved in the tiresome confusion which always results on our accurate habit of ticketing the ages by what human nature must forever consider the wrong figures. To us the fifteenth century means all the years from

1400 to 1499. To an Italian the C.C. means from 1500 to 1599, because all those years begin with fifteen, as they are written. We are right, of course; but the Italian way seems to me more pleasant somehow. It is the way of a painting nation, which thinks by eye and by symbol, not always by grammatical words. The visible symbol five has prevailed over thought and memory: it seems that the century which is distinguished by five must be the fifteenth, and not the sixteenth.

"Cinque cento," then, says the Imperial Dictionary, "literally five hundred, is used as a contraction for fifteen hundred, — the century in which the revival of the architecture of Vitruvius took place in Italy; and it is applied to distinguish the architecture of the Italo-Vitruvian school generally. In decorative art, a term applied to that attempt at purification of style, and reversion to classical forms, which was introduced towards the middle of the sixteenth century, elaborating the most conspicuous characteristics of Greek and Roman art, especially the acanthus scroll and grotesque arabesques. . . . The term is often loosely applied to ornament of the sixteenth century in general, properly included in the term 'renaissance.'"

So let us get rid of the term "cinque cento," and plunge into the various meanings of the term "renaissance," "renascence," "revival," "renewal," as we please to call it. The disputes about the word, and the ideas which are connected with it, have made it a thoroughly equivocal word. Everybody speaks of the *renaissance* of art according to his notion of what true art is. On that question, men are unhappily of many minds and of all shades of difference. For the present, the narrowest sense of the word must be the one we have had; that is to say, the Vitruvian revival. The word may be said to be used in that sense in Prof. Ruskin's works, especially the third volume of the "Stones of Venice." To the opinion of it there expressed, he and his followers, including myself, have always adhered, and still adhere; and I shall not go on about an architecture of entirely derivative nature and merits. In as far as the Vitruvian system deigns to use the round arch and the cupola vault, its best constructive features, they are derived from Rome; and the study of Roman architecture is open. Its beauties of proportion and decoration come from Greece; and it is better for English students to go to the British Museum, and look at the Elgin marbles, than to try to get up decoration from the works of gentlemen who consider acanthus scrolls and grotesque arabesques the especial and most conspicuous characteristics of Greek and Roman decorative art. In the definition we began with, sculpture is ignored, as if the Olympian Jupiter had been considered a necessary disfigurement to Elis, and the frieze of hate-filled Amazons, and heroic youths, and the knights of Athens rolling in their saddles, or without them, on those little horses every one of whom would have carried Attica, were, on the whole, not decorative, or the reverse of ornamental.

Then the next limitation of the Renaissance is that adopted by M. Taine among many others; though he limits his favorite period to the last twenty-five years of the fifteenth century, and the forty first years of the *cinque cento*, or sixteenth. It is the common idea, I presume; and the fact is, I should call it a period of maturity, not of fresh birth

or revival, as the latter years of the sixteenth century are time decadent, and not renascent. Of course, if the period of Michael Angelo and Rafael be a living period, that of Ghirlandajo and Perugino cannot be a dead one; and as Ghirlandajo certainly studied Masaccio, as everybody has done ever since, that takes the Revival back to his death, in 1429. Then one cannot say that art was dead, and wanted fresh life in the period of Angelico, who was born in 1387, nor in Orcagna's, nor Giotto's, nor that of the Pisani. In short, the *renaissance* of art had best be taken as beginning at Pisa, and with Nicola, worker in that city under certain Byzantine Greeks. Art revived in them, and grew to maturity in their successors for three hundred years.

This putting-back of the beginning of the great European movement called *renaissance*, agrees with the view taken by Mr. Bryce in his essay on the German Empire, and with that of the charming studies of Mr. Pater: it has just been announced again by Mr. Ruskin in his last course of lectures. These works are popular works; that is to say, they are very easy and pleasant to read; but all alike are formed on the strictest and hardest work, and on examination of all accessible documents, written or painted. It is not the same thing to say a man is a popular writer as to say he is a false or superficial writer; and this confusion seems to me purposely made in many cases by the duller part of the intellectual school. These views, however, are confirmed by the authority of Drs. Lübke and Woltmann, German art historians, to whom we are all deeply indebted. We must never forget, of course, that the Revival is the revival of all the activities of the many-sided mind; that it is literary, legal, musical, poetic, artistic, all together: all these writers are careful to point this out. And I say, that the true period is marked by the meeting of the classical and the mediæval mind. For art, that meeting or combination is marked by Niccola Pisano's beginning to study the great Chase of Meleager, a bas-relief brought from Greece in Pisan galleys, and placed in the Campo Santo. "It is not possible now," says Mr. Bryce, "to enter into the feeling with which the relics of antiquity were regarded by those who saw in them their only mental possession." He speaks for the *renaissance* of literature, but refers to art directly after: "With us, the old has been overlaid by the new till its origin is forgotten: to them, ancient books were the only standard of taste, the only vehicle of truth, the only stimulus to reflection." He insists greatly on the vast importance, to the Gothic mind, of collision with the Greek or Roman, especially with the former. "It is to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that we are accustomed to assign the new birth of the human spirit with which the modern time begins. The date is well chosen; for it was then first that the transcendent influence of Greece began to work upon the world in literature (in art, it had begun two centuries before). It had certainly begun before at Florence, in art," says Mr. Bryce; "and even in learning, and zeal for learning, what may be called the Roman Renaissance begun with the passionate study of the Institutes of Justinian." Mr. Pater, too, takes his earliest study from the passionate writing of "Aucassin and Nicolette," also a work of the latter twelfth century, as I understand him. The Troubadours studied

that; the graver Florentines took up the Institutes. Then Mr. Bryce puts the rise of the scholastic philosophy in the thirteenth century as its revival-period; and I have already said that art distinctly revives then by the Gothic Niccola's study of Greek. "In the fourteenth century arose in Italy the great masters of painting and of song;" or they began to arise.

Let us adopt this, and repeat it once more: there is a Roman *renaissance* in the twelfth century with the study of law, a philosophical or metaphysical *renaissance* in the thirteenth, soon to be set aside for Platonism in Italy; then thought breaks out into color and song in the next age; and the fifteenth century shows art matured, and the revival of Greek prepared.

There is no doubt that the Lombard or Etrurian ancestors of the Pisans and Florentines had done much bas-relief of great merit before Niccola. It was meritorious; and he found life in it: but, when he saw the Greek work, he saw beauty also, face to face, and joined the Greek interpretation of Nature to the Gothic. I may mention in passing, what most of us are aware of, that the Church of S. Zenone in Verona is the noblest and most complete example of this Lombard Romanesque work; that is to say, of the sculpture of the noblest race of Northern Barbarians instructed in the relics of Italo-Byzantine art and skill. Let us have no mistake about the difference between old Greek models and new Greek. Old Greek means Attic; New Greek means Byzantine; and Niccola began the *renaissance* of art when he left his Byzantine masters to study the older work. Till his day, the most artistic races in Italy were only instructed in fragments, and faint, faded traces of Latinized-Greek art. Old Rome had learnt from Old Greece (Attica) all she ever knew of art, except her great constructive gifts of the round arch, cupola, and wagon vault. Till the thirteenth century, the Lombards, who began by the eighth century to be the chief students among Northern races, were taught through old Rome in her ashes, and by new Greece or Byzantium as centre of the Christian empire and the Church, which preserved the sad relics of the graphic sciences. They were a Scandinavian, wood-carving, and iron-welding race, hammermen all; and as soon as they saw bas-relief carvings, and got access to the marbles of the Italian Alps, they went to work with hammer and chisel as naturally as with hammer and anvil of old.

Renaissance, then, means the spring of the Gothic mind into delighted life on getting fresh lessons from the Greek. I say, Gothic and Greek; if you like, let us say, classical and mediæval: and this holds good in literature and art alike. But let us just notice Prof. Lübke's division of the *renaissance* of architecture, which I think both illustrates and confirms what has been already said. This is from his history of Renaissance architecture. Now, the former word, as we saw at first, has a peculiar meaning in architecture; that is to say, the revival of Latino-Greek, or classical building as against Gothic. Yet here, also, it is a movement through Roman work, back to Greece; through the round arch and vault, back to the lintel. In Renaissance architecture, too, the effort is back to Greek work: the difference is, that the older Pisan Goth, so called, sympathized with the Greek in work-

ing from Nature; the *renaissance* man worked as a copyist from Rome or Greece, not seeking Nature. Dr. Lübke's division is into Early Renaissance, High Renaissance, and Rococo or Barogne Renaissance. And this not different from Mr. Ruskin's division of the classicized architecture of Venice, into Byzantine or Gothic Renaissance, Roman, and Grotesque. The third, and great part of the second, of these periods appear to him and to me to be decadent instead of renascent. It seems to me that the High Renaissance failed where old Roman architects failed, — in trying to combine Greek ornament of comparatively low lintel or flat architecture, and not the best part of it, with their own round-arched construction. The Roman round arch re-appears in Gothic work, you know, in the matchless piazza of Orcagna in Florence, before 1376. But it is agreed on all hands that Brunelleschi, the builder of the great Duomo Sta. Maria dei Fiore of Florence, is the great typical master of the first classical renascence in architecture (1377–1444). Study of old Roman work, with its gigantic power of scale and great constructive merits, taught him to combine the grand proportions and perfect finish of classical workmanship with the inventiveness and rich passion of the Gothic. And he, moreover, with the earlier and mightier architects of the Renaissance, had the sense to abide by the round arch. I repeat, that the modern classicism failed where the earlier Roman architecture failed, — in trying to adapt the Greek ornament of the low lintel to their own round-vaulted constructions. Had Rome clung faithfully to her arch, her buildings would have had far greater beauty; such as is possessed by the Casa Griman and the works of Sansovino in Venice. At all events, the modern or rococo, grotesque, or irregular derivative styles would have had something in them beside proportions and five orders, and our streets would have been something more than tiers of boxes with square holes. The Reform Club in Pall Mall is copied from the Farnese Palace: that is the model of our modern street architecture, regardless of expense. Harley Street is the economical type. Somehow, the classical renascence of architecture has brought us to that, and we are by no means sure whether we care to change it or not, even now.

Though I think it is far better for me to speak of the renascence in its graphic or artistic aspects than in others, it is impossible to separate the progress of the fine arts, in Italy or anywhere else, from the progress of the other activities of the human mind. And this is shown us with absolute conclusiveness as soon as we cross the Alps, and observe the development of the German mind. With England and Germany, the Renaissance means, first, the Reformation, then the Baconian method of experimental induction, and the study of Nature to the uttermost; the modern spirit, as Mr. Matthew Arnold calls it. One great name dominates all Northern art here: I mean Holbein's. Dürer is the last of mediæval Germans, and most German of great painters. Holbein is the greatest of German painters, perhaps of German men; and he and the Reformation, in which he took most serious and effective part, force upon us certain questions on what is called the religious or anti-religious character of the Renaissance. We are forced to understand that the new

birth of knowledge synchronizes with the decadence of a form or system of the faith. When knowledge has to contend, not with religious persecution, but irreligious, and that from the hands of the titular chiefs of the Christian faith; when Leo X. or Alexander VI. can declare, as pope, that he is the faith, as Louis XIV. said he was the State, — then the pursuit of truth will be non-religious, and, probably, become irreligious. The death of Savonarola in 1497, by command of Alexander VI., seems to me to mark one of the most distressing turning-points in the history of Italy and the world. At that date, Italy, divided against herself, and bereft of counsel, decided that reform in religion could not and should not be. In 1492, Rafael and M. Angelo are young, Lionardo in his prime, Lorenzo the Magnificent is dying, the Borgia is pope, the renascence is at its culminating point. Well, five years after this, the man most powerful to restore and renew the faith is slain by the titular head of the faith, who avowedly believes nothing. Italy gives up hope of divine rule on earth or anywhere. Well, the natural consequence is convulsive and reckless energy in all the brilliant pursuits of the Renaissance. Christian, Neo-Platonist, and Neo-Pagan try all together to make what they can of this world, since the other is closed to them. They go back to the time when art and song were religion in Greece, when the theatre was the temple of Dionysius, and the Parthenon contained the beauty of the world. Pope, or no pope, the sense of right, valor, truth, temperance, was yet left to all who would have it. Some cast all off, like Cellini or Giulio Romano: others tried to hold by morals according to rules of heathen philosophy, falling back, as heathen, on what God had taught heathen from of old. But even now, the greatest men held by the faith, and were all Christian men; but they were against the central religious system. Dante, Savonarola, Michael Angelo, Holbein, were all members and movers of this movement; but it would be profoundly unhistorical to try to give account of any of them without his Christianity. And to an artist historian, or, rather, a student of art and history, the Renaissance divides best at the Reformation; for that is the time when art lost her true and ancient alliance and service, and was set against religion in the minds of all earnest artists. In the early renascence it was considered that a man's religion — what he thought of the spiritual world, and his own share in it — was the chief, best, and highest subject for his mind to be employed on, whenever he could so employ it. Under that mediæval, and, perhaps, not entirely obsolete view of things, painters of high and passionate spirit, in the intervals of fierce life and sin, possibly cared most to work on the subjects of the spiritual life; rejoiced in imaginations of them with great joy; did in some sort, "within their heads," and with the inner eyes of the soul, see "angels whitening through the dim, that they might paint them." And when such men, like the Pisani, like Masaccio, like Botticelli, trained in all the inherited science of the Lombard race since Alboin, came in their strength to see what Greeks had done before them, adding the Hellenic love of beautiful humanity to their own delight in free fields and green leaves, they became the world's wonders, while their works last. And Michael Angelo is great among these, in spite of his gloom and jealousy,

and the science which spoils his life. At all events, he was born into the faith; he held it; he desired its reform and renewal; he died in it, confessing it with his last sonnet and last breath, seeming to find rest, at last, in turning his face to the wall, away from the arts he had followed so passionately. I could not name him or any other man as chief in the Renaissance: Pisani, Giotto, Botticelli, Rafael, Titian, and Tintoret, mightier than any, are only the centre of a great cycle of greatness. But I really wonder that there is such a conventional admiration of Michael Angelo. I suppose it is in fact surgical, and not artistic. "He does a figure of the Saviour of mankind with exquisite anatomical subtleties about the insertion of the shin-bones," as the Slade professor said the other day. I should say that the highest quality of his work was the least likely to be attractive in our own day; for it is awe. That is a spiritual influence, if there be any spirit. I am justified in saying that what we call awe is closely allied to the religious sentiment; that it is the chief effect of certain great works of his; and that these works — the Duke Lorenzo, Day and Night, and even the Moses — constitute Michael Angelo's chief title to be held so great in art. They give the world assurance of a man with a soul; and materialism, probably, will scorn them forever accordingly, or go on forever praising their thews and sinews, and wrinkles and calves.

It is a very loose employment of our native tongue to talk about the Renaissance as irreligious. Personification is a good enough trick of rhetoric; but it often gives people absurdly confused ideas. Really, there never was a beautiful, very learned, rather ill-conducted, sceptical live lady of the name of Renaissance, who never went to church or said her prayers, but taught everybody the religious principles of Leo X. We mean by this word, as we use it, not only the revival of art and literature, but all the men and women in and for whom they were revived. Now, these were not all, or a majority of them, unbelieving or even non-religious persons. Of course, their technical skill was technical, and their science was scientific. A great deal of every artist's life, and every other man's, has to do with things and facts which are secular, and not religious. If you want to learn art, you must study technical and natural facts; if you want to be a good critic, you must study history, literature, and technics; and they are not found in the Bible. Yet you cannot separate religion from the two former; and, if you be a Christian man, these studies will assuredly tell you of Christ.

But what account can be given of Sandro Botticelli, without mention of his picture of the Nativity, and his being a Piagnone, or follower of Savonarola? Would he have painted that picture, or done it so well, if he had been one of the Compagnacci, or Evil Companions, or Mohocks of Florence? Buonarotti, Bellini, Holbein, Dürer, Bacon, Milton, — if religion be nothing, it was nothing to them; if it be false, it was an element of falsehood in them: and on those suppositions only can you leave their faith out of account when you think about them. So, if you are to have an account of the Renaissance without Holbein, and an account of Holbein without the Reformation, why, both your accounts will be eminently imperfect.

On this matter, I think it should be observed, that the function of a

critic differs greatly from that of an artist. I think, certainly, that a man who writes a book to weaken the hold which others have on their creed, or lessen the restraint which the laws of chastity exercise over other men, is guilty of sin, and does a bad deed: he need not have chosen such a subject or manner. But, supposing his work to have qualities which cannot be passed over, you cannot blame his critics for giving account of him. They can but say what they find in him: the only question for them is, Shall they examine him at all? I certainly wish that "Aucassin and Nicolette" had never been written; but if it be really a Provençal tale of the twelfth century, of which Mr. Pater appears convinced, there is nothing to say against him for writing a charming essay upon it. The little hero's quaint outburst of blasphemy at the end is a curious repetition or parallel of a story in Gibbon, which Kingsley makes use of in describing old Wulf's refusal of baptism, in "Hypatia." Aucassin declares that he would much rather go to hell, because all the nice persons and things he knows — warriors, clerks, maidens, gold, jewels, "vair et gris"— go there, and Nicolette will go with him too. Gibbon's tale is somewhat less silly, at all events. Let Canon Kingsley tell the story of Wulf the Lombard-Goth: "The old warrior was stepping into the font, when he turned suddenly to the bishop, and asked where were the souls of his heathen ancestors. 'In hell,' answered the worthy prelate. Wulf drew back from the font, and threw his bear-skin cloak around him: he preferred, he said, if Adolph had no objection, to go to his own people." No doubt, as Mr. Pater says, sentiment in Provence appealed to but a small circle of *cognoscenti*; and their ideas were Antinomian. Scott tells us, in "Anne of Geierstein," that the Provençal tone of morality was lax. But I suspect that good knights and true ladies called this by worse names than Antinomianism at the time, in less privileged lands. The lay of Thiebault, the troubadour, about the lady who ate her paramour, or some portion of him, thoroughly scandalizes and disgusts Arthur, the young English knight, in "Anne of Geierstein." Corruption is corruption in all ages: it is not peculiar to the Renaissance or to Provence; but this Antinomian literature belongs to the decadence of mediæval life rather than to the revival of accurate scholarship, and skilful painting from Nature. At all times, passionate and unhappy people have been Antinomian, let us call it. That the south of France has had so much of this quality may account for the insignificance of the south of France in French history.

And we do not find, either, when we consider the scientific part of the renascence, that it was specially irreligious, or an element of irreligion. It was a new method of inquiry into truth; and, in so far as the faith is true, the results of the new inquiries could not but agree with it. This the inquirers of that day felt, and, for the most part, submitted to and accepted it, though this age is apt to think that they ought to have rushed at the conclusions of the French Encyclopédie. Men in that day could be real inquirers, and suspend negative conclusions, instead of anticipating them. Like St. Thomas, not knowing how to believe, they still remained with the brethren. And I really think Mr. Pater is simply right, when he says that it is the part of the æsthetic critic, and of all of us, I suppose, when we admire a thing, to

consider this alone concerning it, — what pleasure, of what kind and derivation, we are getting from it. He who is honest and keen with himself on this matter, if he make a bad choice, will, at least, have to own it to himself, and be led to examine what there is in himself which makes this or that, which others are perhaps ashamed of, pleasant to him. Mr. Pater does not mean that mere immediate gratification is the end of art or of life, but that the critic must speak with clearness and sincerity from his own interior, and distinguish what the true charm, to him, of this or that beautiful sight, sound, or thought, may be. The word "pleasure" has too often unpleasant associations; and I hardly think it can apply to the emotions caused by the Duke Lorenzo (Michael Angelo's greatest work) in the mind of a spectator competent to admire it. But I think Mr. Pater means, that every critic must be accurate and faithful in his analysis of what it is in a work of art which pleases him. If we all were so, there would be fewer to look at immoral work: they would have to own to themselves why they liked it; and there would be less self-delusion, and vain attempts to cheat the Devil.

In any case, the Reformation is a part of the Renaissance; and in any case, the Reformation was a religious movement; and Holbein's art was one of its motive-powers. You have heard of his great polemical woodcuts of "The Indulgence-Mongers," and "Christ the True Light." The latter is the German protest against the Aristotelian philosophy which governed the doctors, who governed the pope, who governed the world. Schoolmen have taken the place of Scripture, and Germany calls for the written word. The Pardon-shop is the practical protest that there is personal repentance of the man towards God, and that that is of avail. It is more necessary than ever, in these days, to be careful of the word "Protestantism." There is the Protestantism of personal religion, and of personal irreligion; of faith in Christ, and denial of Christ and of God. The former is the older meaning of the word, and the only one which I can recognize; and in this woodcut Holbein preached it to all Germany and all mankind. The cardinals and friars are selling God's forgiveness of sins to those who can pay for it, and denying it to those who cannot. The sting of the picture is not, that the rich sinner is fined, or that the monk gets the money, but that the beggar entreats the priesthood to consider his bodily misery, and let God have mercy on his soul, and can get no mercy because he has no money. Holbein and Luther, if the hand of the former did not fail him in Luther's portrait, were physically like each other: both seem to have been men who would be glad enough of a rich man's admission into heaven; but that a poor man should be shut out for not being rich was a notion they could not bear.

Let us have a slight sketch of Holbein's life, as representative artist of the Northern Renaissance. It extends from 1495 or 1498 to 1543, when he died in London, of the plague. He is a portrait-painter, the son of a portait-painter, digressing into metal work; not trained as a goldsmith, like Verrochio, or Dürer, or Lionardo, or Ghirlandajo. He learns character and expression from knights and ladies and burghers of Augsburg and of Ulm. He went to England first in 1527, — the year before Dü-

rer died; and Florence made her last effort for liberty, with Michael Angelo for her chief engineer. Garret and Clarke, and the poor "Christian brothers" from Cambridge, were in great danger of their lives about that time in Oxford. This is what Holbein had done up to this time, — portraits innumerable, notably that of Erasmus; the Praise of Folly and the great polemical woodcuts; he had illustrated a Bible marvellously, and done grand Old Testament wall-paintings at Basel; had painted or restored the Dance of Death (or one of them) on the cathedral cloister at Basel; and had issued his woodcut version of it, whereof more. In 1529 he returns to Basel to find bitter fruit of the Reformation. That was the great and grievous year of German Iconoclasm; when all the churches were stripped, not only of idolatry, but of beauty and the precious records of seven hundred years. He saw what he saw, and returned to England in 1532, only to leave it before his death for a short visit to Brussels and the Low Countries. James V. died of Solway Moss in 1432; and Holbein died of the plague in London next year. He is the great realist of the renascence, the first master of Northern Cinque Cento, the greatest Northern realist imagination in sacred history and allegory: he is master of grotesque, and prince of portraiture: the world has few greater names. And as the Dance of Death in woodcut is the work by which he is most generally known, and which, perhaps, contains most of his soul, we will speak of it now.

Most of us have read the third volume of the "Stones of Venice," and from that formed an idea of the way in which Renaissance sculptors treated the subject of death. There had been in Venice a system of sepulchral ornament, expressive of Christian hope in the simplest way. Its arrangement was this in the fifteenth century, — a sarcophagus with canopy above; on the canopy a small figure of the knight as he rode in arms, under it a full-size statue of him as he lay dead. He is dead; but he had valor and worth, and they and he are Christ's: that is all the sculptor says. This treatment is derived straight from the Catacombs, where the larger tombs are formed by the hollowed-out arcosolium, or half apse above the sarcophagus, or flat-topped tomb, on which celebration of holy Communion may take place, if the tenant be a martyr. This had given place, by this time, to heaven knows what pompous paganisms in Venice, described in the volume above mentioned. They expressed no Christian hope, and symbolized no Christian doctrine; they betrayed a threefold vanity of state, money, and science; they and their degenerate imitations in this country are the very petrifaction of undertaking. The overpowering fun of Charles Dickens prevents our understanding his intense irony. Do you remember Mr. Mould descanting on what wealth can really do to console a man in the presence of death? "It can give him the plumage of the ostrich; it can give him any number of mutes carrying *bâtons* tipped with brass," &c. This marks the decadence of art and religion together: the costly tomb, cut with contemptible skill, takes the place of all other consolation in death. It really is just like Mr. Bumble's notion of the gentleman in the white waistcoat, who went to heaven in an oak coffin with plated handles. The principle is just the same: he is well who is well buried.

Against all this, the rough German breaks in with his first moral of the great equality of death. O just, mighty, subtle, and searching one! welcome to the weary, the brave, and the faithful, to all who will fear God, and consider the end. It is this contented, open-eyed acceptance of the well-understood terrors and victory of the last enemy that is the brighter side of the Dance of Death. Holbein's mind is that of the North, both grave and reckless, excited by the sight of so great a thing as death. For the just, there is salvation; but there is a great shock to bear, and a dark way to go first. They know *what* is beyond; but they know it as in a glass, darkly, by symbol and figure, and they do not know what it is like. They are represented in the great frontispiece of the Judgment, rejoicing before God, and they only. "If you must fear," quoth the painter, "fear not too much: this cup passes not from us without drinking. Death has his day and his victory, then cometh the end." But then, again, he turns on the luxurious and careless, and yet more fiercely on the false and cruel: "The Lord hath seen that your day is coming. Are you beautiful?" says the Spectre, who is no respecter; "woe to you if you care for nothing but your beauty: lean arms shall clasp it like a bride's. Are you eloquent? look you be faithful and true in words; for I am with you, Death, the unquestionable, the sincerest thing on earth; come with me, and beware of the lie in your right hand. Are you kingly or noble? Such as you do cruel oppression from London to Byzantium, and elsewhere; come with me, and reap as you have sown. Are you rich? Come straightway, and we will see how you got your money, and what you have done with it." The call of death is harsh and heavy to all; but since he comes to all equally, and One has overcome him for us, anyhow, it is madness to forget him. Holbein's mood is not that of democratic envy. The poor are as frightened as the rich; the little child is led away weeping; and the women stay behind refusing to be comforted; the poor peddler has the greatest objection to be parted from his heavy pack; the fool makes foolish resistance to the assailant who violates his privileges, just as the old noble, the *edle Degen*, or good sword of many combats, does fierce battle once more, not for life, but because it is his way. "Each dies in his vocation; but for all this," saith Holbein, "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." And he rightly refuses to set forth any thing else in the Last Day, except their joy. This is the difference between different men's views of death in the Renaissance. One view is not religious, the other is roughly so; one has produced the later Renaissance tombs, which seem to me monstrous; the other, the Dance of Death, which seems to me grand. But if we are asked according to (what I hold to be) the wrong interpretation of Mr. Pater's canon of criticism; or if we are to ask ourselves what kind of pleasure we get from the Dance of Death, from the pictures of the Passion, from Michael Angelo's Thought of the Duke Lorenzo (or rather, Giuliano), — I think we must say, we do not and ought not to get any. The school called the Noble Grotesque requires some other word than pleasure to express the emotions obtained from its great works.

Let us recapitulate a little. The revival of art began when men began

to study, not Nature only, nor Greek models only, but Nature as Greeks had studied her before. Then along with art revived the study of law, twelfth century, the school-philosophy of the thirteenth, the poetry of the fourteenth; and the fifteenth and part of the sixteenth see their maturity and great glory. With all this revival comes that of Greek literature, which is the motive-power of the Reformation; and in the sixteenth century we have physical science, properly so called, and the modern processes of inquiry into natural facts. There is a new spirit of fresh seeking, new thought, new appeal to Nature. It is religion in men who hold the faith earnestly; in others, it is simply desire of fresh knowledge. In many painters, it is thirst for beauty only; and art, strangely, first debauches, then withers in their hands. In men of science, it is simply determination to turn the light of their reason faithfully on their study, and prove all things. Men rose up and said, We, and a number of things in which we will have truth, if God will, are not rightly explained by the Aristotelian categories. We will have new arrangements for new phenomena. Let us look at facts, — at the facts of antiquity and present nature, at the Greek language, and its literature and art, and at what God has given us to know on earth of earth. In an evil hour, theology was set, for base worldly reasons, against all this; and the quarrel has never been healed. But men are beginning to see that theology and science, as things of the many-sided mind, have their mutual limits; and their dispute is fast settling, I trust, into a general boundary question, so far adjusted, by this time, that rival professors will admit that physical experiment and spiritual experience are, after all, both real things; and, when that is granted, firm ground is reached.

For ourselves, the Greeks studied Nature faithfully: so let us do what they did, not only copying them, but imitating them. The real hope of English art now is the pure love of nature, observation, and imitation. Labor on that, and imaginative power will follow or be given you, and the spirit of wisdom and invention will be new born in you. We have models enough, and systematic teaching enough; we have learnt enough about learning; we have copies of pictures, and books about books: but nothing will help art, and the people through art, so much now as honest drawing of landscape and portrait. Let everybody try, with such teaching as he can get, to draw the scene or the person he loves best. That is art, however simple, the symbolic expression of our delight in some work of God which he has given us to be delighted with.

We have distinguished, and partly classified, the periods of the Renaissance. For its great artists, it will be found better, in order to have a connected memory of how they come, to take them in groups, ticketing each group with the name of its greatest men. Thus you have the Cathedral of Pisa, built by Buschetto with Byzantine decorations in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Niccola begins the Greek Renaissance in the thirteenth. You begin the fourteenth with the Arnolfo-Dante-Giotto-Orcagna group; and Van Eyck, the ultramontane. Brunelleschi, Angelico, Masaccio, begin the fifteenth. Botticelli's life is contained in it; and it ends with Angelo, Rafael, Columbus, Dürer, Holbein, and Bellini in Venice. Then art migrates to the Lagunes.

Remember Tintoret was Titian's pupil, and was born the year before Flodden 1512, and Veronese died in the Armada year 1588. In the Flodden year, moreover, Dürer published the Knight and Death; and Rafael finished the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican. Two years before (1510) he, Michael Angelo, and Luther had been in Rome together. Velasquez was born eleven years later; and Hogarth a hundred and two years after that. Blake may have seen Hogarth, Turner must have seen Blake. Reynolds was thirty years younger than Hogarth. It is a rough kind of chart, but may be useful.

For the architectural periods of the Renaissance, we compared Dr. Lübke's division, — Early Renaissance, High Renaissance, and Barogne Renaissance; take with these the names of Brunelleschi, Bramante, and, for the third, whoever you please. Agostino Busti is named in the architectural article which we began with. With these periods we compared those of Venetian architecture as given by Prof. Ruskin, — Byzantine Renaissance, Roman, and Grotesque. They answer exactly to each other, only that men so able as Sanmicheli and Sansovino rightly adhered to the round arch, and their work retains much grandeur and beauty.

Then we said the Renaissance was not to be called a religious or irreligious movement, because movements are not religious or irreligious things. Men are; and all through the ages, from Nicolas of Pisa to Ruskin of Oxford, their contest between faith, doubt, and denial, has gone on — with what fortune who knoweth save God only? This much seemed certain, that in Italy, at the time of the Reformation, which marks the High Renaissance period, the representatives of the Christian faith seemed to need great reformation; and, as they were able to tread it out on their side the Alps, the pursuit of knowledge took a less religious form there. North of the Alps, the Renaissance means the Reformation; that is to say, a distressing struggle on matters of faith. The scientific or modern method of inquiry into truth is religious or irreligious exactly according to the character of every individual person who pursues it. We chose Holbein as our representative artist for the Reformation period, as its greatest workman, an adopted Englishman, and the author of the Dance of Death, which has an archæological connection, through Orcagna's Triumph of Death in the Campo Santo at Pisa, with the mosaic work of the early, almost Primitive Church. But this is a matter which requires a whole course of lectures to itself.

Yet it is a part of the history of the art *renaissance* to consider how we ourselves, in our disputes between Gothicism and classicalism, have lost sight of the real continuity of art history. One man is given to the promotion of German or French Gothic architecture: he cannot bear to think of the instructions or the traditions of art as they were first communicated, to the ancestors of West Franks and East Franks alike, by Byzantium or by Italy. Another is devoted to modern utilities, — porticos, pediments, proportions, and square windows: he wants Capitols and Parthenons to look at, and Gower Street and Baker Street to live in. Both alike lose sight of the fact that Greece studied Nature in men and animals, and, ornamenting her architecture from that source of beauty, made it the world's example to this day; and that the great merit of Roman architecture has been to observe

and preserve Greek beauty with her own constructive power. Both forget that all that was right or beautiful in either comes from the delighted study of God's work, which we call Nature.

Again: the continuity of art history is lost sight of on the Christian side. We keep contending for Gothic architecture as ecclesiastical, and forget that it is also domestic, and that, in mediæval times, people lived in mediæval houses. We forget, also, that, in primitive Christian days of the Roman empire, people lived in Roman houses with Greco-Roman ornament. There was no Gothic in the early Church, and no Byzantine even for at least four hundred years of the Church. The earliest works of Christian art, alike in painting and in sculpture, are simply Greco-Roman. The martyrs and confessors of the first days seem gladly to have accepted the aid of heathen workmen in the decoration of their tombs and retired places of worship, and to have been willing enough to have ordinary subjects for ornament upon their walls, if they could only refer to them in their own minds as Christian symbols with Christian meaning. Hence the constant use of the vine. It was, of course, a common subject for Gentile decoration; and it attracted no special notice from the Gentile: to the Christian it was the Vine of souls, the Lord's chosen emblem of himself. Scenes of pastoral life delighted the middle-class Romans: the Christians would have such scenes, also, painted in their catacombs, if one figure bearing the sheep that is lost, the Shepherd of souls, would stand for them at the centres of their vaultings, expressing silently the Lord's other parable of himself. They used the myths of Hesione and Andromeda, substituting Jonah. Noah took the place of Deucalion on some of their walls. They seem, indeed, to have desired to Christianize such myths as these, and especially that of Orpheus, partly for the sake of indulging hope concerning their Gentile ancestors. If these tales were foreshadowings of the kingdom of God, then these our fathers may not have been far from the kingdom. Then for the original and scriptural subjects of Christian ornament, which ought to have been faithfully and jealously handed down to us from the second century, tradition and legend have obscured them, and the Renaissance has thrown utter oblivion over them. The subjects of church-decoration, symbolic or historical, were once both strictly and amply defined. Scriptural emblem and scriptural history were thought to give wide enough range for the painter or sculptor: all his mind and skill were to be given to show how the law and the prophets alike testified to the fulfilled and completed faith. It is not too much to say that there is a tradition of Christian teaching by painting and sculpture, illustrative of Holy Scripture, which begins with the catacomb frescoes and sarcophagi, and is carried on in the great mosaics of Rome, and more particularly those of Ravenna. It consists in scriptural records of the events of the Old and New Testament, of prophecies of our Lord and their fulfilment: it continues, in one shape or another, till Holbein; and with him it ends. It all but perished in the ninth century, except for the MSS. which still continued to be produced (or perhaps only preserved) in the scriptoria of such monasteries as escaped destruction by Goth or Lombard, and in the new Rome. But, before this, the iconoclasm of the eighth century drove the artists of Byzantium, with many

of their most precious works and relics, by sheer unreasoning, undistinguishing persecution, westwards and northwards. The embers of art, in short, were cherished in the monasteries till the great Teutonic migration had fairly settled in the redistributed provinces of the empire. They were preserved; but they were mingled with legend; and their centre is not the Lord's life on earth so much as his passion and death. Yet the picture-teaching of scriptural history was continued in St. Mark's, at Venice, and many French and German temples, till at last, with the Reformation, the Arts were made to break with the Faith. The senseless splendor of the decadent *renaissance* took the place of the passion and thought of Gothic; and Puritanism cast out form, color, and imagination from all sincere religion in the north of Europe.

What the new mediæval *renaissance* of our own day may bring forth, we know not: it seems, at present, more zealous of the minor matters of the laws of decorative beauty than of the greater, more anxious about robes than frescoes, and addicted to ceremonial rather than sculpture. Until history be followed back to the original examples and documents of the primitive faith, it seems to stand to reason that nothing like primitive decoration can ever be had; but its subjects are ascertainable and ascertained; and perhaps the truest *renaissance* of all, for us, will be the return of English painters to sacred work in sacred places. The great work of Mr. Holman Hunt is now open to the public, uniting in itself the two ideals of the form of our Lord, which have been preserved in the Christian mind from the third century. He is spoken of as the fairest of all men, also as possessing no form or comeliness in the ascetic sense; and the painter's great skill and singular happiness in the selection of his model have enabled him, in a great degree, to combine the ascetic and the beautiful ideal. The renascence of the highest and most spiritual, as well as the most powerful forms of art, is not to be despaired of in the nation, or at the time, which has produced such a picture as this.

THE RIGHTS OF TWEED AND OTHER CONVICTS.

Convicts have rights: so have the foreign kind of heathen. Even the Modocs have rights. No Christian soul will deny that it is the right of even the Modocs to have Christ preached to them; that is, to be made good. Well, "the Modocs are at our door;" indeed, they come inside of it, and steal our overcoat from the hat-tree in the hall, or the silver out of the closet in the dining-room.

The rights of convicts are to be made good citizens. It is the glory of Christianity to be competent to save any soul that will. The conclusion is direct from this, that a Christian nation can reform, or at least ought to endeavor to reform, any convict that will.

It is true that the assistance of the convict himself must be had; but is this a hopeless expectation? If a convict cannot be made to help reform

himself, it must be, that either we do not know how to apply the power of Christianity, or that Christianity cannot change a convict into a good citizen. Of these two conclusions, few will grant the latter: more will assent to the former.

But is the effort fairly made? Take a case. The convict Tweed, now in Sing-Sing Prison, will be the victim of a real and great injustice as such convict.

This is not a paradox, but only the most telling instance at hand, of one of the feeblest parts of our social organization, — namely, our treatment of criminals.

Mr. Tweed's being treated as a criminal is right enough: there is no injustice in that. The injustice is not in treating him as a criminal should be treated: it is in not treating all criminals, and him among them, as they have a right to be treated.

People say that Tweed has got what he deserves; that, probably, he will die before his term is ended; that he will manage to escape; that he will manage to be pardoned out; any thing that implies guilt, death, or evasion. Has any suggestion been made by any human being, that the poor old man can be cured? Has any minister preached the duty of Christians, or the power of Christianity, to make him a good man? Has any newspaper, either religious, secular, or sectarian, asserted it? Probably most people would — at first, at any rate — either laugh at the suggestion, or be displeased at it as frivolous.

But nobody thinks it frivolous to try the influences which ought to be efficacious on Tweed — and to try them under conditions not less discouraging — upon any elderly foreign heathen. And it is neither joking nor frivolity to ask the same kindness, the same solicitude, the same missionary effort, for this eminent New York heathen, that are thought so right and so hopeful as to be one of the greatest of Christian duties for heathens whose complexions, instead of white, are red, or yellow, or olive, or black; whose residence is anywhere not to exceed twelve thousand miles off; whose abodes are, very likely, as fleeting as the clouds, instead of being legally fixed; and who, instead of deliberately declaring themselves without any religion, have one that they fervently believe, and diligently practise. If it is a duty to make good Christian citizens out of the heathen, it is a duty to make one out of Tweed.

If the question whether it can be done is to be considered, there is no use in attempting any of the great tasks of the higher life. It is not in the domain of the spiritual powers that failure may be admitted. It is only in fleshly warfare that a retreat can be a greater achievement than a victory. In the Church militant the whole army is the forlorn hope. The soldier who does not advance fighting, and who does not fight till he dies, is by the very fact a deserter. It is not that you may die if you lose: you must die to win.

> "Ne'er think thy victory won,
> Nor lay thine armor down;
> Thy arduous work will not be done
> Till thou obtain thy crown."

This is the real perseverance of the saints; and it is one of the inexpressibly magnificent qualities which distinguish the Christian religion from any other motive, or set of motives, known to humanity, — a quality so strong, pure, high, noble, effica-

cious, that it must command the infinite and humble admiration of any intellect that is sane and large and good, no matter how wicked its owner's life. Must we give up Tweed?

But this is mere *a priori* reasoning. Experience is, however, to the same effect. "My experience leads me to say," testified Capt. Maconochie before a parliamentary committee in 1856, "that there is no man utterly incorrigible. . . . I conceive that none are incorrigible where there is sanity: there may be some proportion, but very small." The same is the opinion of a great array of other eminent witnesses.

To repeat: what the Christian religion (and therefore human nature, and social expediency along with it) gives the convict (Tweed, for instance) a right to receive from society, over and above the bare means of living, is this: —

That he shall be made a good citizen before being turned loose among other good citizens, and that he shall be kept so afterwards.

All who have followed the recent history of what the late Dr. Lieber named Penology — the theory and practice of the treatment of criminals — will see at once that this brief Italic sentence is the heart of the only good methods yet used or known for this purpose. Indeed, what else is it possible to try to do with him? Turn him loose without making a good citizen of him? Then we ourselves keep him a criminal.

A single objection likely to arise at this point has been referred to: "Suppose your criminal is irreclaimable?" *Answer:* Experience proves that no such case ought to be admitted possible; but if the utmost means should be exhausted upon a convict, and he still remains unfit to be let loose among good citizens, do not let him loose. So says common sense, and so says experience. And accordingly Recorder Hill, an eminent authority, says, "What are we to do with the incurable? We must face this question: we must not flinch from answering, that we propose to detain them in prison until they are released by death."

To show what sort of facts are on record about this point of reclaimability, two cases may be quoted. One, at least, has been printed more than once. Both are familiar to students of the subject; but they are probably new many who will read this paper. The first is abridged from "Meliora," a quarterly published in London, 1859-1865. It is a summary of the case of Charles Anderson. After a friendless childhood in the workhouse at Newcastle-on-Tyne, this Charles Anderson became a sailor, and was wounded at Navarino, remaining, in consequence, all his life liable to fits of furious excitement from drink or irritation; was tried for some violent conduct in a street-row where houses were broken into; was condemned to seven years' transportation; and at the age of eighteen was sent to New South Wales: —

> Doomed to a punishment involving the deepest degradation, for a crime of the committal of which he was not conscious, the bitterest hostility against his kind took possession of his heart. Utterly ignorant, both mentally and morally, he had little idea of patient submission, which, indeed, physical disease rendered impossible: no wonder, then, that violence created violence. His floggings were almost innumerable, but, sturdy and stanch for good or evil, punishment had no effect upon him. His was no spirit to give in to harshness; and kindness was never dreamt of.
>
> (After absconding twice, and committing innumerable minor offences, for which he received in all fourteen hundred lashes, besides having to wear irons), he was tried for the same offence, and was sentenced to a

hundred lashes more, and to be chained to a rock for two years, with barely a rag to cover him. He was fastened by his waist to the rock with a chain twenty-six feet long, and with trumpet irons on his legs. A hollow scooped out in the rock, large enough to admit his body, served for his bed; and his only shelter was a wooden lid perforated with holes, which was placed over him, and locked in that position at night, being removed in the morning. He was fed by means of a pole, with which the vessel containing his food was pushed towards him. None of his fellow-prisoners were permitted to approach or speak to him, under penalty of a hundred lashes, which his former messmate underwent in consequence of giving him a piece of tobacco. Regarded as a wild beast, people passing in boats would throw him bits of bread or biscuit. Exposed to all weathers, and without clothing on his back and shoulders, which were covered with sores from repeated floggings, the maggots (rapidly engendered in a hot climate) feeding upon his flesh, he was denied even water to bathe his wounds; such denial being not an unusual portion of the punishment to which he had been condemned. And when rain fell, or by any other means he could obtain liquid, he would lie and roll in it in agony.

Several weeks had thus been passed in torture, when Sir Richard Bourke, hearing of him, repaired at once to the spot. He asked Anderson if he would work; but he answered he would not; adding, that, if he worked, he would be punished, and, if he did not work, he would be punished the same. His Excellency then sent him to Macquarie for life. There he was set to labor in irons; his occupation being to carry lime in baskets on his back, from the kilns, to barges in the government service, lying off the settlement. His overseer, Anthony, a Frenchman, used to threaten that the lime and salt should burn the flesh off his back; and in effect it did burn off the skin, causing excruciating agony. (Absconding again, he joined the natives; was brought back; had two hundred lashes; murdered Anthony, his scoundrelly overseer; was seized by the soldiers, who stabbed him in five places; and sentenced to death, but, instead, sent to Norfolk Island to work in chains for life. There charges of misconduct accumulated,—ten violent assaults, three different plans to avoid labor, and various charges of insolence and insubordination.

These disciplines had thus utterly failed. Capt. Maconochie, who now took charge of Norfolk Island, forbade the others from teasing Anderson; first put him by himself, in charge of some unruly bullocks, which he managed with much instinctive skill. Then the poor fellow was given a decent sailor's dress, and appointed to keep a signal-station on the highest point of the island, still by himself.) His delight was extreme, for he now felt himself a man again; and, dressed in sailor-costume, he soon regained the bearing of a man-of-war's-man. The top of Mount Pitt was cleared, a hut built; and a flag-staff, provided with a code of signals, was raised. The smallest boat could there be seen; and the settlement at once knew if any thing was in sight. Anderson's patch of garden was his great delight; the gift of a new flower was highly prized; and the best potatoes on the island grew there. Of these it was his special pride to bring a freshly-dug basketful to be served at the captain's dinner-table.

Sir George Gipps visited the island three years after Capt. Maconochie's arrival; and, while driving through its beautiful scenery, Anderson was seen tripping along in his trim sailor-dress, full of importance, with his telescope under his arm. "What smart little fellow may that be?" asked Sir George. "Who do you suppose? That is the man who was chained to the rock in Sydney Harbor." — "Bless my soul, you do not mean to say so!" was the astonished rejoinder.

The poor fellow — after decent treatment had transformed him into a gay and sociable being, giving evidence of a noble and generous disposition — at last became insane by the development of the same physical trouble which had before made him irritable, intractable, and furious; but, when visited in hospital by one whom he had known as a friend of Capt. Maconochie, Anderson recognized him, and would talk of nothing but the captain and his family.

The other case is that, not of an Englishman, but of an Irishman, — a graduate not of Maconochie's training, but of Crofton's, who was his successor. It is quoted from an article in "The Cornhill Magazine," April, 1861.

He may be said to have had extensive connections in the criminal professions; and he was himself distinguished in his calling as a desperate burglar. With a fine figure, a manly aspect, and an agreeable counte-

nance, he has about him much that is considered to distinguish the gentleman. He had for some time been a "flash man;" and his ambition as a Don Juan in that sphere had been gratified by the most remarkable "success." A policeman said of this eminent burglar, that he "should know his chisel in any window in Dublin." The hero was so active and reckless, that it was impossible to capture him, even with the powerful force brought to bear against him, until two of his ribs had been fractured. Another policeman, a devoted servant of the Irish system, with full confidence in its efficacy, declared that the case of this man, so hardened in crime, and so reckless, must be regarded as an exception, in which the ticket-of-license (letting him out among good citizens) would be inapplicable and unsafe. The fact is, that the man had employed certain qualities which are not bad in themselves, amid adverse circumstances, and probably from childhood, under the influence of a perverse ambition. The thorough discipline of the Intermediate Prison, however, had bent these faculties back into the right direction, and had drawn forth his better faculties. When allusion was made in his presence to a brother who had also been convicted, he instantly defended the other's character; remarked that that other had been convicted for the only time in which he had gone astray; and that, since his discharge, the brother's character had stood higher than his own. In some sense, this is true. There was no evidence against the brother except with regard to the offence for which he was convicted; and, under his ticket-of-license, he got on so well, that he is now engaged in trade as an employer with a rising business. But the man with whom I conversed had also behaved unexceptionably during the three years, and more, in which he has been with his present employer, — so much so, that his position has been steadily improved, and he is now selected to sleep in his employer's house. Here he is surrounded by property ready for the market, and quite portable: he is also placed in the midst of a neighborhood thickly inhabited by men of the very worst character, who would but too gladly take part in any burglary. Yet this accomplished burglar, this man whom the policeman assumed to be incorrigible, whose chisel was (would be) known in any window in Dublin, sleeps on the inside of the window, and is trusted by the master without a moment's uneasiness.

These cases are only two from a great array of specifications quoted or referred to in Miss Carpenter's "Our Convicts,"[1] to the same general effect. They prove what agrees precisely with the claims of practical Christianity; namely, that convicts can be made and kept good citizens.

A letter hitherto not printed, written in the year 1846, by Capt. Maconochie himself to the Hon. Horace Mann, has been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Sanborn, secretary of the American Social Science Association, and himself known as a zealous and intelligent laborer in the cause of prison reform. Capt. Maconochie was the originator of what is known as the Irish system of prison management, — a system whose chief characteristic is, that it seeks precisely this thorough and lasting reform of convicts into good citizens, and which claims to have accomplished it. This claim is supported by a great array of evidence. The following table, which we take from the Official Blue Book of 1871, the latest published, shows the effect which the adoption of the system in Ireland has produced upon the business of the criminal courts there in ten years: —

Year.	In Prison, Jan. 1.	Convicted.	Discharg'd.
1854	3,933	710	658
1855	3,427	518	820
1856	3,209	389	1,107
1857	2,614	426	910
1858	2,277	358	946
1859	1,773	322	595
1860	1,631	331	524
1861	1,492	368	561
1862	1,314	592	317
1863	1,575	511	326
1864	1,768	407	391
1865	1,776	299	410
1866	1,637	265	439
1867	1,431	296	330
1868	1,335	246	245
1869	1,325	191	291
1870	1,230	245[2]	253
1871	1,228	——	——

[1] Our Convicts. By Mary Carpenter. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1864. 14s. (about $5.00 to import). A very able and impressive discussion of the Irish and English systems up to that date, and a reference-book of permanent value for the history of the subject. But it has no index.

[2] Four of these, military convicts. It is to be observed, that, since 1860, the population of Ireland has not undergone, from year to year, any considerable change.

The second and third columns show that the number of the imprisoned and of convictions much decreased until 1862, a year of great and widespread distress, such as always increases crime. The significance of this table depends greatly, however, upon a fact which it does not show; viz., that the discharged convicts under the Irish system are not shipped to foreign countries, nor lost out of sight, but are kept under a careful friendly supervision at home in Ireland; so that the authorities can tell where every convict is, and what he is doing.

The following is Capt. Maconochie's letter:—

BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE,

LONDON, 21st Sept., 1846.

The subject that you prescribe to me—an account both of the old convict system in New South Wales, and my innovations in it—is too vast to be treated of in detail in a letter; and what I can offer I fear that you will find superficial, yet I will make an attempt.

The first step in our old management was assignment, or the allotment of the prisoners to a state of domestic slavery in the service of different settlers. By no possibility could this be a *moral* system. In every form it is well known that slavery injures both master and servant; and, deteriorating thus the innocent, it could not recover the guilty. But the weight of its infliction was very differently felt by different men, partly in virtue of differences in their own character, partly through differences in the character of others. A man already much degraded does not very much feel a little more humiliation; and a very pliant temper readily accommodates itself to whatever position it is placed in. A deeply contrite spirit will also readily bow to chastening, and a helpless one will be thankful for any shelter. Masters, also, differed through every degree. Some attached value to moral observances in their servants; others cared for nothing but work. Some were mild; others harsh; others, at the best, tyrannical; and some few were positively brutal. The whole system was a lottery, in which the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but, on the contrary, abstractly the worst men were the most likely to get well off. The sneaking, crawling, deceptive scoundrel, who could put a good face on the worst actions, and by minute subservience flatter the weaknesses even of the worst masters, got through this stage well; while the steady, upright, obstinate, perhaps even sometimes contumacious but substantially far better man got punished beyond all reasonable measure, and, perhaps, never obtained any indulgence whatever. According to the degree of the original offence, or rather of the punishment awarded to it (seven, fourteen years, or life-transportation), a period was fixed,—four, six, and eight years respectively,—which men were required to pass in this stage. But, when this period expired, it by no means followed that they necessarily got the next step, the ticket-of-leave; this was scarcely even the rule. The exceptions were as many as the examples. If a man had served his whole assigned time with one master, this was a great recommendation. If he had never been flogged, this was another. If the master was so honest that he would recommend a good man, though he thereby lost his gratuitous services; or if the servant was so useless that no one cared to keep him,—these were respectively circumstances so favorable, that they went for much, notoriously and habitually, in determining a man's lot for life. The ticket-of-leave, when obtained, gave many privileges. It made a man almost a free laborer. He could choose his master, exact wages of him, make his own contracts, sue and be sued under them, &c. The great disadvantages under which he labored, were, that he could not change his residence without acquainting the police; he could not leave the district in which he held his ticket without specific permission from the highest authority; he could not thus follow the demands for his labor as they fluctuated over the country; and, worst of all, he could not be out of his house after eight o'clock at night, or appear, as it might be alleged, intoxicated, or be saucy to an inferior authority, however provoked, or, in a word, swerve from the strictest line of decorum and submission, without being liable to be taken up, summarily deprived of his ticket, and sent to a road-gang. This class of men were thus too weak in the possession of their privileges; and the arms of the weak are always corruption and demoralization. They were compelled to bribe highly the inferior authorities placed over them, to get let alone; and bribes, being once accepted to purchase tranquillity, are soon tendered, and accepted also, to purchase connivance. Much of the worst features in New South Wales society thus more or less directly proceeded from the want

of adequate protection being extended to the well-meaning. Many were driven into evil courses in self-defence; and it is almost unnecessary to add, that the police, and other inferior authorities, became, under this system, almost to a man, bad, very bad. They were nearly all convicts who had struggled through their own difficulties by similar means, and conceived that they had a right to secure the like advantages from others. I believe that from a very early period our higher convict authorities had the best intentions: but to the last very few inferiors had; and for a long time the most frightful oppression was the consequence.

After a man had held his ticket-of-leave a certain time, he became eligible to apply for his emancipation. He did not receive this either, as a matter of course: on the contrary, if, in the maintenance even of his just rights, he had at any time made a powerful enemy among the inferior convict officers, or given an unfavorable impression of himself to them, he might be long kept out of it; but there were fewer private interests likely to be now engaged against him, and his chance was a much better one. Once attained, emancipation was a well protected local freedom. The man holding it was still obliged to intimate to the police where he lived; but he did not require their consent to go where he pleased; and nothing short of a renewed conviction for felony could bring him again within what was called "Summary Law." He had always to struggle against considerable prejudice; and less proof against him would doubtless convince a jury of his guilt than of the guilt of a man who had been always free. I do not doubt but that injustice was thus sometimes done to this class; in fact, I have known instances in which I have been convinced of it, yet substantially it was very well off.

This, then, was the career of the *prosperous* prisoner. This was all that a life-man could obtain, except in the rare case of his being recommended home for a free pardon. This, when it did occur, was not a case of routine at all, but of special grace through recommendation, interest, or extraordinary service rendered. But the contrast even to this, of the lot of the *unfortunate*, the delinquent prisoner, was fearful; and, if you consider carefully the state of society necessarily created by the circumstances mentioned, you will easily see that the chances in it were greatly against originally the best men. The manly, energetic, somewhat proud, hasty, outspoken men had really no chance at all. Their feelings were wounded, their tempers irritated, their resolution directly challenged, at almost every turn; and the very points of their character which in better combined circumstances would have made them most recoverable were precisely those, which, in this slave system, made their deeper fall more and more certain. To curb them, there were four degrees of punishment, — flogging, working in a road-party without irons, working in a similar party in irons, and a penal settlement. Each marked a downward step: each was more brutalizing than the other. Before arriving at the last, a man had generally gone through all the preceding, probably several times. He was thoroughly trained to mischief, a veteran in crime, who piqued himself on defying punishment, and whose *status* among his companions depended essentially on this latter particular. A man who showed the white feather, as it was called; who, where mischief was proposed, exhibited apprehension of the consequences; or who, when these consequences appeared, sought to escape from them by concession, promised amendment unless as a joke, or by giving *true* evidence against his fellows, — was pronounced a sneak, and lost caste accordingly. If, indeed, he merely blarneyed, and so came over a good-tempered commandant; or if he passed absolutely false evidence on him, screening the really guilty, and compromising instead, perhaps, some poor fellow who had refused to become so, — then he rather rose in estimation by such skill. He became a leader whom others would trust again, and in whose glass, especially if he had on any occasion shown desperate courage, the younger prisoners were taught to dress themselves.

And the process is not difficult to be understood by which these fearful results were brought about. It was the sturdier men, first of all, who were thus trained. No effort being ever made to persuade them, but mere brute force being applied to restrain them, they naturally opposed their own brute force to such treatment. Resistance — active when possible, passive when it could in no other way be exhibited — became in their eyes the duty of their position. When it could not be exhibited without deception, then deception was welcome. Once this is indulged in, it becomes sweet for its own sake; and, in the vicious morality thus altogether engendered, it appears at length not less a duty to sacrifice, and thus punish, a man who has sought to resist the general tendency of the body, than, if possible, to bring those through harmless who go with it. I assure you that I do not exaggerate in the picture that I thus draw; and I do not doubt that the experience at Auburn or Sing-Sing will be found, on inquiry, much of the same

character. At these establishments, it is true, so far as I understand their arrangements, many elements of corruption are wanting which used to be rife in our Australian road and iron gangs, and still more in the penal settlements. The men are better in hand. They are separated at night. They are more prisoners, and less common laborers, in every way. They cannot so easily combine to work evil. There is less evil in their way that they can work. But still their sentences are for time, not to the execution of a task. They have thus no interest in their labor: their interest is to evade it. They are forbidden to communicate with each other; and it is their interest and pleasure to evade that too. Be assured that so wide a scope as is thus presented for deception is not unimproved; and the very faculties are thus cultivated, and continue to be misdirected, the excess and misdirection of which were probably the original causes of the man being a prisoner. However, such as I depict them was the old population of Norfolk Island when I landed there in March, 1840. They were about fourteen hundred in number; and six hundred new prisoners from England joined shortly afterwards. The total average number was from sixteen hundred to two thousand during the whole four years of my command. The garrison with me was a hundred and fifty strong. This was the number deemed sufficient under the old regulations; and though the number of prisoners was increased with me by almost a third, and it was a part of my intended system gradually to remit many of the accustomed precautions, yet I did not wish it larger. On the contrary, my purpose was progressively to withdraw the military from all direct charge of the prisoners, and with the exception of mounting a few sentries, chiefly at night, to keep them concentrated, without any direct charge. And in four years on this plan, I never once had occasion to call them out. They were known to be there if wanted, and they were never wanted. In dealing with the old prisoners, however, I was somewhat at a loss how to begin. They seemed armed at all points: they considered indulgence weakness; and severity was just what they were accustomed, and almost liked, to contend with. I was forced to go on somewhat slowly with them. I carefully explained the principle of the marks, or wages, that I wished to introduce among them. I showed them that its purpose was to put every man's fate in his own hands. If he earned his tale of marks, he would get away; if he did not earn them, or, having earned, forfeited them through misconduct, he would not get away. This was easily understood, and by the better men it was much relished. The skulks did not like it so well; but they could not grumble at what was so fair, or, if they did grumble, they could get no sympathy with complaints which could only be based on a loss of the means of skulking. I next came to the mutual responsibility principle. This was not so intelligible; and there seemed even a degree of injustice in it, which I had great difficulty in explaining away. "If I commit myself, why should so and so suffer?" This was the usual form of remonstrance: scarcely at all did it appear in the more selfish aspect, "If so and so commit himself, why should I suffer?" Whether it was chance so to put it, or another phase of that *esprit de corps* among them which will make them do any thing to screen a chosen comrade, and deem it the greatest reproach not to do so, I will not authoritatively say; but I thought it the last, and was the more confirmed by it in my original theory. I explained that I did not wish any of them to suffer, but that, being certain that they would do far more for each other than as yet for me, thus I willed to have it; and only on these terms could they have the other advantages that I wished to confer on them. They acquiesced. I believe that at length the greater number were even convinced of the benefit. Yet to the last I had more difficulty about this than any other part of the system; and though I never was one jot moved from my own attachment to it, yet in my then inexperience, having no precedent to guide me, and feeling my way to experience with all becoming doubt of my premises till I should find them verified, I made some injudicious relaxation in the application of this principle, which, I think, considerably damaged my trial of it.

My objects in this portion of my apparatus are chiefly three,—1. Viewing prisoners as patients to be recovered, if possible, from the moral malady under which they labor, I wish much to overcome in particular the intense selfishness which usually characterizes them, and to which, in very many cases, may be attributed their early evil courses (and my objection to separation, except at night, in dealing with them, is, that whether enforced by a separate cell, or by silence, it tends to nourish this selfishness, and its philosophy is thus of a low character); 2. I wish to make offence unpopular in the community by making its effects injurious to others, — his chosen comrades, as well as the offender himself; and, 3. I want the assistance of the men themselves in thus supporting each his neighbor against offence. If I can get a strong *esprit de corps* directed to good in-

stead of to evil among them, I should reverse at once nearly all the worst existing features in their character. And it is another advantage that the *combining* principle which I advocate has over the *separating* one for which so many others contend, that it is much easier to sway a body than influence one individual. A few leaders gained, and a body of men will obey blindly almost any impulse. It is very different when each corrupt mind is taken by itself. It is thus early reduced to fawn and cant; but it has not even scope for virtue, were it ever so virtuously inclined, while kept in seclusion. We are created social; and scarcely any virtue except devotion (so easily simulated, and so deceptive at the same time in its own character) can be exhibited alone.

I do not pretend, then, that I gained all three objects on Norfolk Island. Partly I relaxed this portion of my apparatus by allowing some parties to expel very troublesome partners; and partly it relaxed itself by the general discredit cast on the marks, when it was ascertained that the hopes connected with them would not be realized. But I approached more or less closely to every one of them: they were all in sight. I could not be mistaken in the tendencies indicated. Far more appeared than could reasonably be expected, considering all circumstances.

My next great object was to give reasonable confidence in the administration of public justice. The year preceding my arrival, eight hundred and eleven men were tried on the island for local offences, of whom only four were acquitted; and I tried to give men brought before me a somewhat fairer chance. For this purpose, after a little time for selection, I appointed an intelligent overseer, himself a prisoner, defender-general of all alleged culprits. He was forbidden, under pain of risking his place, ever to allege what he knew to be false; but he was authorized to make the best of whatever exculpatory circumstances might exist, and adduce evidence of character, &c. By this means, I derived many important advantages. What this man would not say, I naturally regarded with the more suspicion. The most stupid fellow got a fair statement made of his case: the cleverest could get little more; and a great protection was extended to all against false evidence. The man's own character much improved under his task. Both his principles and intelligence were developed. I ultimately got him his free pardon, and never saw occasion to regret the confidence I placed in him. Besides this, I admitted prisoners generally into the court-room: they had been previously rigorously excluded. I did not think that it would be wise formally to select a jury from them, at least at an early period; but I frequently appealed to individuals among them as to their opinion when conflicting evidence was tendered; and I thus gradually interested them in the administration of justice, instead of being to a man leagued against it. As a remarkable proof of my success in this, I may state that in the whole history of Norfolk Island, before my time, as a penal settlement, though unnatural offence was known to be the rule rather than the exception, there was not a conviction of it recorded even among the summary trials, not very choice, as already noticed in admitting evidence; and, during my term, I convicted three couple of wretches, capitally on the evidence of their companions. None were executed,—I did not wish this,—but all were convicted.

My next great object was to thin out the barracks. Before my arrival, with the exception of about thirty men in charge of the stock, every prisoner slept in ill-contrived barracks, distributed into large rooms, holding from fifty to a hundred and twenty men each, without lights, partitions, or any other precaution against the grossest indecency; and I could only palliate this evil by drawing out the best men, and hutting them on the several farms, nearer their work. But how trust them? And it was here that my previous observation of the working of our system in the colonies, and my principle of mutual responsibility, stood me in most stead. I sought out the men who were themselves leaders, and influential among the people: I inquired minutely into their previous history. I did not mind though they had been guilty of acts of violence: I knew, that, *under our system*, they were the best, the most manly men, who were most likely to be guilty of these. I then spoke to them together, and separately: I explained to them why I wished the barracks thinned. I asked them whether they thought I might safely bring out a proportion of the men. As they warmed to the thought, I asked if they would themselves be responsible for the good conduct of the others. If permitted to object to what they considered doubtful individuals, they would. Would they undertake that there should be no robberies, or other nightly irregularities? At least they would undertake that there would be very few? Could I trust them to act as a police to prevent any? I might unhesitatingly. And thus, by degrees, I got above six hundred men distributed at different stations on the island. Not a lock, not a bar, over one of them;

yet every road, every house, as secure as in England. I distributed flower and vegetable seeds among these men, gave them pigs and poultry to breed from: made them thus cotters with property themselves, and prepared thus to respect it in others. The result was positively marvellous. The free on the island, who had previously thought themselves only safe on the settlement beside the soldiers, without hesitation lived two and three miles from it, and took there their families and property. And while my predecessors never rode out without armed and mounted orderlies, and never approached a working gang without making them throw down their tools, and move a certain number of paces from them, I and my sons, lads under sixteen, rode and walked all over the island at all times without the least apprehension, or apparent ground for it.

These, then, were the general principles on which I acted. I sought to form the men into a community, instead of keeping them like wild beasts, penned in a fold. I gave them common interests in well doing, and endeavored thus to create a common impulse towards well doing. I sought to inspire confidence, and to show it; to engender thus kindly feelings between myself and the men; to revive their self-respect; to reconcile them, as it were, again to themselves and the authorities of their country. I desired no particular means of isolation, or sequestering one from another. The virtue that can only be supported by physical restraints in a jail, will not stand the buffets of the world out of it. So much separation as may be requisite to give a first start, and afterwards to preserve rigorous decency, is well: beyond this, I feel assured that its philosophy is mistaken. It commands certain immediate results, which flatter both the benevolence and self-love of the immediate keepers, and are thus highly estimated by them. But we are born *social* beings, not solitary, nor yet gregarious. Our hearts crave for community of interest and pursuit. No form of ascetic treatment has ever been found permanently beneficial to us. "*Divide et impera*" is the tyrant's motto. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is the sacred commandment of our law, the measure by which to estimate our compliance with the first; and how are we to love him if we see him only in the guise of turnkey or teacher? It is in the society of equals *alone* that the affections can be made naturally to flow, the sympathies to expand, the virtues of self-denial to become habitual, the vices of selfishness to disappear. Separate treatment, unduly prolonged, nourishes, instead of checking, these last under the severe lesson imposed by it. Cautiousness may be so developed as to change the after character of their exhibitions; and in this way society may attain its most ostensible end through this means; but it is at the sacrifice of all the most manly attributes of the individual. As a moral agent, I would almost venture to say that the worst man I left behind me on Norfolk Island stood higher than the best that ever left the Pennsylvania jail: he was a more natural plant, a sturdier, a fitter to transplant into difficult circumstances, habitually under the influence of more kindly and improving feelings. And, as regards my best men, I believe there was no comparison.

I had great difficulty all through with my officers. They had nearly all been many years on the island, and could neither understand nor appreciate my proceedings. The pure fabrications which several of them were in the habit of writing to Sydney were almost incredible, and led to my recall. I was also unlucky in the chief authorities at Sydney being equally opposed, and thus greedily receiving these tales. My impression is, however, that all has been for the best. Had my difficulties been fewer, I should not have been led, perhaps, to regard my scheme in so many aspects. And, had I not been recalled, it might have died a natural death in Australia, instead of living, as I hope and trust it now may do, to become a recognized system.

SCROPE; OR, THE LOST LIBRARY.

BY FREDERIC B. PERKINS.

PART XI.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

With women, love is a business; with men, business is a love. This does not mean that women are mercenary in love or that men deal in the spirit of love in their ordinary business. It means that love is to women, yet more than to men, an occupation, absorbing, that fills and uses much of life; that to men, business fills and uses much of their life in much the same way. As human life is at present ordered, this apportionment of activities is unavoidable and appropriate.

Thus it happened that Adrian, rejected both by the lady to whom he had been betrothed and whom he loved in what may be called a conventional sense, and by the lady whom he loved really, to whom he had offered himself as it were unconsciously, from the impulse of a genuine, intuitive and profound love, was yet not disabled in any sense by his grief. It is true that his own fortunate instinctive good sense and native self-command enabled him to do what many a man has died for not doing; to drive out his sorrow by filling the place of it with incessant activity. It hardly occurred to him to mope, and if it did, he set himself resolutely to get out of moping; and as to suicide, there was in his healthy active mental constitution no idiotic — or lunatic — vacancy to receive the idea.

None the less however did his longing return upon him when an hour of leisure came. He rode back home from the old paper-mill without adventure; returned the lively mare to the charge of the livery-stable man, who complimented him upon the good judgment with which she had been used; went home to the old house, and told his aunt, during tea-time, all about his trip and his discoveries, and above all, he showed her the Scrope Genealogy, at which she was properly amazed and delighted.

After tea he still sat talking a while with the old lady, whose questions were many about his experiences in New York. To some of these inquiries Adrian replied with freedom and fulness; but the answers which bore upon his own personal relations to people in New York he found himself measuring and considering, so as to avoid telling any thing about Civille or Ann. Their interests, however, were so combined with those of other people, and therefore kept him watching and shaping his replies to such an extent that the shrewd old lady suddenly exclaimed,

"What's the matter with you, Adrian? You hitch and boggle as if you were afraid I should find out that you've been committing murder!"

"Why," said he, not liking to confess the facts, "I don't know of any murder; but I'm pretty tired. I think very likely I can tell a straighter story to-morrow."

This excuse was readily accepted; and Adrian went rather earlier than usual to his own room, with full intention of going straight to bed. Having however shut his door, and sitting

down before the fire for a few moments of quiet solitary thought, his mind reverted with magnetic promptness to Civille, and he unresistingly permitted himself to float away into a long deep love-revery.

Perhaps such a state is a real communication. Not every one is capable of it. As man is made in the image of God, so the love of man should be in the image of the love of God. Perhaps not many in this life can enter into the fulness of either. Perhaps not many can love with absolute wholeness of being — "with all thy heart (body) and with all thy mind (soul) and with all thy strength (giving one's self totally and all together)." Nothing else is full love. But it absorbs the whole being. When we become seraphim, we can do nothing else, perhaps: but while we are human, we must do many things else, and as human, must cast ourselves whole into them one after another, but must from time to time come wholly (so far as consciousness is concerned) out of each.

For the time, however, Adrian neither knew nor felt any thing but a longing passionate love for Civille. He had repeatedly been vividly conscious of her personal charms. He had had less consciousness of the far higher and rarer charm that dwelt around her and radiated from her — the charm of her sweet controlling spirituality. Yet it was exactly this that had most attracted him. Neither at any other time, nor now, however, did he analyze or reason about her. He surrendered himself to an emotion, an impulse, powerful, profound, lovely, beyond any thing he had ever known. His heart beat, his cheeks flushed, he felt tears almost coming into his eyes; he sighed, he said half aloud, "Oh, Civille!" and held out his arms as if his prayer could have reached her and drawn her close upon his heart. — But the spoken word and the movement awaked him: and man-like, he blushed to be capable of such sweet and deep emotion. Yet the longing wish to commune with the inaccessible one still thrilled throughout him; and turning to his desk, he wrote:

DEAR CIVILLE: This is not to beg nor to annoy. — As long as I don't hunt you and try to make you do or say what you don't wish, you will let me tell you my thoughts, won't you? You are kind. I am sure you will.

— Now, dear, I don't get you out of my mind at all. And (please not to be displeased) I don't feel as if you had refused me. What I mean is — I think — that I know it was not out of dislike. And I know we need not be shy of each other on account of it. You would ask me to serve you if there was a chance, just as soon as before — wouldn't you? You ought to, sooner. — I don't feel as if I were setting down words to you. Nor did I ever feel as if I were talking to you, exactly. — I want to say what some people would think very irreverent and wicked, but I can't show you what I mean any other way. — The feeling I always had with you was *a sense of oneness with a higher existence.* And yet this has never been a consciousness while it was happening — it was always a remembrance after I had left you. How can I express the depth, the force, of such recollections? Will details do it? They add lifelikeness to a picture. Let me try:

About four minutes ago, that is, ten minutes before eleven, which means, you know, fifteen minutes and seven seconds before eleven, where you are, and just before I began this letter, I was sitting still before the fire in my own room. I have had a long and fatiguing day, but I know now that a consciousness of you had been underlying all my riding and hurrying, like a level vein of gold under rough hills. When I came and sat down here alone all the upper strata vanished and the gold-bearing one appeared. So it was as if you were by me, I think; and I held out my arms and called you, and my voice, instead of calling you to me, recalled me to myself, and I awoke, and wished you were here.

So you have not made me dislike you. — I had some entertaining talk with Mr. Stanley and Mr. Welles on the boat coming home. This morning I thought I had a chance to find some of *the* books at the pa-

per mill where Mr. Welles works — went and hunted — did not find them, but did find something else — two somethings. One was a volume of Hartford town records that has been lost for a hundred years. Another was an old account book of Phineas Button, *our* Mr. Button's father. There is a record of births and deaths in it which shows something that I will tell you, in confidence — *Mr. Button is no relative of ours* — he is of the Lebanon family, not the Bozrah family. Now, you will see on considering that if he should find this out it might cause you and your father some inconvenience; and if that should happen, and my aunt or I could be of use — or if we could for any other matter, and you will give us the refusal of serving you, then I will forgive you every thing! If you should ever prefer anybody else to us in such a case, I don't think I will ever forgive you! N.B. my dear cousin, you must figure to yourself that you saw my face while I was saying these last things; or else you will take the threats for true as well as the good will. Tones can't be written any more than printed.

But I shall not tell Mr. Button, and very likely there's no harm after all. You may tell your father if you think best; for you are a discreet person; I have great faith in you. My writing to you in this way proves the faith, doesn't it? Perhaps you will answer that your treating me in *that* way proved the discretion?

Dear Civille; you wouldn't guess it, but (in a proper, cousinly, harmless, inoffensive way,) I love you. ADRIAN.

"Aunty," said Adrian, next morning at breakfast, looking up suddenly from his paper, "they are going to pull down the old parsonage at the foot of Prospect Street."

"Are they?" said the old lady. "Well — it used to be a mighty fine house — I can remember when old Madam Woodbridge used to live there. She was old Parson Woodbridge's grand-daughter, and nobody but ministers or their folks had ever occupied it. It was built for the Reverend Thomas Hooker, you know."

"The beginning of it was," said Adrian, who was a more accurate local antiquarian than his aunt; "but only the first floor of half the ground plan. You know it was determined long ago that the great chimney had been partly rebuilt. It was at one side of the house first, and had to be enlarged when they built round it, so as to make room for fireplaces and ovens on the other side."

"Well," said Miss Chester, "the odor of sanctity was drowned out by the smell of rum and tobacco a good while ago, and I'd just as lief the old house should come down."

"But I thought," suggested Adrian slyly, "that the smells of rum and tobacco were of the most sanctified sort amongst the old fashioned Connecticut clergy?"

"Oh, very well, — there's been plenty of Germans there too; say lager and sour krout, if you like."

"Yes," said the young man, "it has been a tenement house this long time. But I must go and stand guard while they pull it down. Stanley got his Higley copper in the underpinning of the old Webster place, and they found a perfect pine-tree shilling on one of the sills."

"How do you know it is to be pulled down to-day?" said the old lady.

"I'll tell you," said Adrian; and he read out a local item from the Daily Courant:

"ANOTHER OLD LANDMARK GONE. The devastating hand of improvement will to-day erase from our midst one of the very few remaining monuments of the days of the Pilgrims. The former parsonage of the First Church in Hartford, long hallowed as the abode of Thomas Hooker and his successors in the ministry, after having been desecrated for half a century as a boarding-house and tenement-house, is to be pulled down, this very day, to make room for the new brick block to be erected by the enterprising firm of Bobson and Bull. The designs were drawn by that accomplished architect English Bond Esq.; and the con-

tract for the whole building has been taken by the energetic firm of Wood and Stone. We trust that the spectacle of prosperity which the new edifice will offer, may propitiate the venerable ghosts of the departed. The building is to be embellished, we understand, with a handsome white marble memorial slab in the centre of the front, upon which will be carved the appropriate and honored name of 'Hooker Block.' *Tempora mutantur.*"

"Well," mused Miss Chester, "I never thought I should outlive that old house. I s'pose this one of ours will go next. The common council's tried to get rid of it often enough. They seem to be as set against an old house as they are against an old tree. They've cut down all the old elms and poplars on Main Street. Here goes the oldest house in town. Ours'll come next, I guess. They'll have an ordinance shortly, I expect, to kill all the old folks. Now I wonder what can be the reason that an alderman naterally hates a tree?"

"Because," answered Adrian, "an alderman is afraid of a tree. He's a wooden headed rascal himself, and wants to get the raw material out of the way, for fear the carpenter should hew a better one out of a tree-trunk."

"Well: they might perhaps have cause to be afraid of a poplar candidate," said the old lady slyly; "but elm-wood is for coffins; they'd better keep that growing."

"I wish an alderman had been hung in State House Square for every elm cut down!" said Adrian, hotly. "Then it would be some small consolation to bury each of the beasts in the very tree he had murdered."

"Look into the garret, Adrian; don't forget that," said Miss Chester.

"Well, I will," was the reply;—"but what can there be there now?"

"Never mind," said the old lady; "the way to find things is to look in the unlikeliest places first. I don't expect the Scrope books are there, but look, at any rate. You know old Miss Woodbridge used to say she believed the Scrope Chest was there when she was a girl."

"I've heard you say so," answered Adrian; "but I guess it was only her fancy. The chest and books seem to have disappeared together from the time of the will,—in 1727, though Stanley says the chest was there seventy years later." Miss Woodbridge couldn't remember so far back as that.

"She remembered her grandfather, though—unless she imagined him from that stiff wooden looking old portrait in her keeping-room, She used to tell me of things he said, and things he did; but all that may have been told her too. But there's that other old story of one of the three regicide judges being kept hid in that very house—they seem to have been into every town in New England!—still if it was so it would be very natural for Adrian Scroope and his goods to be there too."

"Well," repeated Adrian, "I'll watch every splinter and scrap of the old place; but I must run,—they may have it half down already for what I know."

And springing up, he seized hat and coat and hastened out.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Adrian crossed over at the east end of the State House Square, and walked swiftly southward down Prospect Street. The distance was not great; it was but a few minutes before he was descending that rather positive incline at whose foot Prospect Street turns into Arch Street. The ancient mansion in question stood just at the confluence of these streets, upon the farther or south side of Arch

Street, on the narrow space between that street and the steep high rocky bank of Little River, that tributary to the mighty Connecticut which meanders so charmingly through the very middle of the wealthy old city. There is a horrid tradition that this stream is properly — improperly would be the right term — called Hog River; but the vile story is only alluded to here that it may be abhorred — as they nail up a crow on the barn door.

As he came out upon the upper part of the slope towards the river, Adrian was startled to see the destroyers already at their fiendish work. Several men, with axes and crowbars, were pounding and ripping away at the roof with that species of inhuman delight that attends all destructions; while clouds of dry dust arose in the clear cold air, and shingles, timber and bricks rattled and crashed down into the street below. And just crossing the street to enter the old house, was Mr. Philetus Stanley of East Hartford. Assuredly! Not cart-ropes could have kept that keen and tireless hunter from such a quarry. Can any New England mansion of the better class, and two hundred years or more of age, be pulled down without the bringing to light of some treasure? It may be manuscripts or pamphlets or books or coins or furniture or utensils or what not — but something ancient and curious there is sure to be. And Hartford is within sixteen years as old as any town in New England, and was from the first one of those substantial and intelligent communities who have things worth keeping, and therefore worth losing and worth finding again two centuries afterwards. And many a prize had Mr. Stanley gathered from the ruins of such old houses, to be borne into that mysterious treasure-chamber in his own old house — a room whose fame was known to every antiquarian in New England, but whose interior had never been beheld by one mortal of them all except its owner.

However, here he was, all the keener for what he had already amassed, as is the wont of misers. Adrian gave one groan at seeing his rival, but truly it is to be feared the young man was not quite envious and miserly enough for an ideal collector. So he appended a laugh to the groan, and only sped onward faster than before, dislocating and misapplying a very respectable quotation as he did so, as if to justify himself: "On, Stanley, on!" said Mr. Adrian; "Chester is charging after you!" Moreover, he charged to such purpose that he was close at Stanley's heels before that gentleman had ascended the steep huddled flight of stairs that turned three square corners within the little entry before reaching the second floor.

"Good morning, Mr. Stanley!" he cried out cheerfully — "I follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor!"

"Good morning," said Stanley, very grimly, for he was enraged; but there was no help for it, and they went on together. The house had been emptied, stripped to nakedness. Even the last old shoes and bonnet-frames and skirt-skeletons were lying out in the street waiting for the more solid rubbish. The bald nakedness of the rooms was inexpressibly dreary. The two men had not looked into the lower ones, and only hurried through the upper ones to get into the garret, which they both knew perfectly well was the first place to search. But even in two seconds Adrian's quick eye took in a squalid gloomy vision of battered plaster, soiled cheap wall

paper, grease-spots at head-rest height around the wall, and smoke-marks upon the ceiling. In another moment they were in the garret, in a dust of old lime and dirt so thick that they could hardly see, with a rain of shingles, and bits of wood, seasoned with brick-bats, falling around them, and the prodigious banging of the workmen resounding on the hollow roof and thundering in their very ears.

The garret had been partitioned off into small rooms. As they made their way alone through these, the chief workman met them, all powdered white with lime-dust. In reply to an inquiry, he bawled out through the racket that there wasn't a relic in the whole house, from ridge-pole to cellar bottom, but he made them welcome to hunt as much as they liked; only recommending them to wear buckets on their heads against brickbats.

"Now, what is there in here, for instance?" shouted Adrian, rapping on an old partition of perpendicular oak planks that extended from one corner of the great square shaft of the chimney, across to the eaves.

"Oh, nothing; only another room," said the chief Apollyon. Adrian walked back round the chimney to see. The others followed.

"There's a room," said Adrian, "no doubt; but that's a double partition, and there's more than two feet between them," he added, pointing out the facts to the carpenter.

"Yes," admitted the workman; "it's a closet; there's the door, close to the chimney; that single board hung on leather."

Adrian opened it and put in his head.

"Pitch dark, and smells very rank of old shoes," he observed. "Hold on a moment." He struck a light with a match, and then added, "This closet don't go clear out to the eaves. There's a cross partition. May I get an axe?" he asked eagerly. Good-natured — and inquisitive — Mr. Carpenter ran off himself after one.

"Halves, now," said Adrian, "if we find any thing, — honor bright?"

Mr. Stanley, a little reluctantly, agreed. The axe was quickly brought, and a crowbar too; and the vigorous and skilful enginery of the athletic workman quickly started a plank or two from the neighborhood of the cross partition which Adrian had noticed. The carpenter thrust in his head. "Nothing in there, I reckon," he said.

"Let me see," said Adrian. — "Yes there is — come, let's have the rest of these planks down. There's an old box."

Bang, rip, crash, down came half a dozen more of the ancient oak boards; and the small triangular recess close under the eaves was laid open. An old fashioned chest, of dark colored wood, panelled and carved, stood within. Adrian and Stanley looked at each other. The workman, creeping in under the sloping roof, seized hold of the chest and heaved at it.

"Pretty solid, that!" he exclaimed, finding it much more heavy than he had expected. Adrian crawled in also, and the two men hoisted the box out into plain sight.

"The Scrope Chest!" said Stanley, and he pointed to the escutcheon carved in the oaken front, with the well known bearings, Azure a bend or, properly indicated by dots and lines, and the word "Scroope," in old English letters, beneath it.

Just as one gazes at the outside of a letter, wondering whether it brings good news or bad, or who the writer may be, so the two zealots stood gazing for a moment at the outside of this

old chest. Each was saying, That is the Lost Library! Each was preferring the room of the other to his company, with a silent fervency that if translated into act might, it is to be feared, have extinguished a valuable life. Here, in the middle and very heart of the region, even in the very house, no doubt, where Adrian Scroope had sojourned, this treasure had lain in silence and darkness all these years, as if mocking their eager search! And now, both the gentlemen and scholars were cursing each other most heartily in their silence, and longing for some means of appropriating the whole of the discovery. Still, there is no commandment against coveting what doesn't yet belong to your neighbor; and the two men coveted with all their hearts.

"Confound you," at last exclaimed Adrian, though with a laugh at his own fury. "Confound you, Mr. Stanley, I wish you were in heaven, where you belong!"

"Oh, well, go there yourself!" said the other, in the same tone.

All these eager immoralities, however, had drifted across their minds in a moment or two; and Mr. Carpenter, a direct and practical person, having looked from one to the other of them a couple of times with some wonder, said,

"Wal, you look as if you thought there was a corpse into it. Here goes!" With a queer impulse of hesitating reluctance, — a sweet reluctant amorous delay, — each of them cried "Hold on!" but even as they spoke, the workman gave a pull, an old lock cracked and yielded, the two spectators turned white with intense expectancy and doubt, and up came the lid. The box was crammed full to the very brim with unbound printed sheets. Stanley, Adrian and the carpenter each seized a handful.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Stanley, — "a lot of copies of Stiles' History of the Judges."

"Let's see if that's all," said Adrian, and they quickly emptied the old chest; but it was all. They repacked the whole; handed the workman a proper fee; and one of the contractors who had bought the building having by this time come to supervise his men, Mr. Stanley, acting for himself and Adrian, easily purchased the chest and contents, at a cheap rate.

"See here," said Adrian, when the bargain was concluded, "I want the chest, Mr. Stanley."

"So do I," curtly answered the other.

"Well; you want that edition of Stiles too, don't you? Scarce book, — brings from $2.00 to $5.00 at auction — here's some two hundred uncut perfect copies: — splendid chance for exchanges, if you carry 'em home and keep the facts to yourself."

Stanley grinned. "Well," pursued Adrian, "now, see here: — You just buy of Mr. Wood the refusal of every thing else on the premises that's in your line: take the sheets, give me the chest, and I'll retire; who knows but you'll find all the treasures of the Egyptians?"

Stanley, after brief consideration, agreed to this proposal, and even added the liberal gift of one of the copies of the book. Adrian hurried away for packing paper and twine; tied up the books, handed them over to Stanley's charge, and getting a dray, drove home in triumph with the Scrope Chest. Nor did he regret his bargain, notwithstanding the well known result. As all New England antiquaries are aware, the demolition of the old home yielded to the eager hands of the happy Stanley,

not only divers coins and other small matters of interest, but a very considerable mass of the sermons and private papers of the Reverend Thomas Hooker himself, the same being found in the walls of the house, stuffed in between the outer weather-boards and the inner lining. How or when or why they should have been thus secreted, nobody has ever explained: there is no tradition of Mr. Hooker's having hidden or destroyed these or any other papers, as some men have done in their last days; nor is any thing known of any risks or dangers of any kind which could have occasioned the concealment. There at any rate they were, yellow and stained, a few of them wasted away by dampness and nibbled by vermin, but enough of them left legible to form a valuable addition to Mr. Stanley's hid treasures. It will not do to say to the historical treasures of New England, until the death of Mr. Stanley shall release them.

As for the copies of President Stiles' well-known and well reputed but not particularly valuable work, it is too late now to seek to trace their transfer from the printing office of Elisha Babcock in 1794 to the Scrope Chest in that old garret. There certainly was some mismanagement or other in the publishing of the book, perhaps in consequence of the death of the author, not many months after it appeared. The high reputation of the writer and the local interest of the subject would naturally have caused the printer to strike off a good number of copies, whereas the work has always been rather uncommon, and is now quite scarce.

But whatever the facts might be about these ancient matters, the Woodbridge reminiscence was substantiated. The Chest, doubtless with its cargo of printed sheets, must have been stored in the old house about 1794; and the partition which had protected it so effectually being put in not long afterwards, books, chest and all had quietly faded out of remembrance, as deaths, removals, changes of ownership and occupancy, and the other vicissitudes of so many years had arisen one after another, as additional veils between present and past.

The discovery of the chest and books was not kept so quiet as was intended. Such things never are. Good Messrs. Carpenter and Contractor, although they readily agreed not to mention the little circumstance, must have communicated it, of course under the same condition, until everybody in Hartford knew all about it, on condition of not mentioning it to anybody. Then the newspapers — which are what Goethe called Nature, "the Open Secret" — had a paragraph or two, and then quite a number more, on the chest, on the Scrope Will, and in particular on the Scrope Library.

The general conclusion about the latter was the same to which Adrian himself, and his aunt, had come at once; that as their depository was here, they themselves must be in the neighborhood. The notion that they were probably to be sought for in the old town of Bozrah, or in Windsor, where lived Adrian's ancestor John Chester, was definitely surrendered, and the only question suggested as remaining for discussion was, Where in Hartford can the old books be?

CHAPTER XXX.

Civille answered Adrian by return mail, kindly enough, but in a note so brief as to be little more than

a mere acknowledgment of receipt. Indeed, she apologized for this brevity, but with such generalized specifications about health, employments &c., that Adrian, reading the neat little document over and over, and pondering upon it, could not help concluding, Either she don't care at all, or she cares so much that she is afraid. He now, moreover, resumed his post as assistant librarian at the Young Men's Institute, and betook himself to his regular avocation of covering, stamping, marking and shelving books, of running to get novels for little boys, of first informing young ladies what books they wanted and then handing them out, of comparing his own critical estimates of great writers with those of middle-aged single ladies, and of doing all other those acts and things which are proper to the office of assistant librarian. He had overstaid his vacation by a number of days, but a proper acknowledgment to the cantankerous members of the Board of Directors served to adjust that; the accommodating members remembered all the extra hours and days and labor that the young man had so often bestowed upon the institution, without talking about it. And he flung himself into his work harder than ever, in part purposely, to make up for lost time, in part without any conscious purpose, but as the result of a necessity to escape from useless wishes and mere lamenting reveries. In whatever time he had to spare from work and sleep, he did however devote himself to a thorough re-examination of the question of the Scroope books; inquiring of all the living authorities (except Mr. Philetus Stanley of East Hartford) that he could reach, and searching records in every direction. It was however all in vain; he could not find the least hint of the books subsequent to their disposition in the Will, nor any of the chest itself, whose presence in his own room was proof enough of its own existence now; but he used sometimes to think of the old witchcraft notions, and to wish he could extort a revelation from the hard and blackened oak timber, like Canidia, who used to make the moon dance and bow, or as Khawla in the Domdaniel extorted speech from the dead Teraph.

But one day about a month afterward, at noon, a telegram reached him at the library to the following effect:

"Come at once. Van Braams are in trouble. C. Verrol."

"I must go to New York by next train," said Adrian promptly to his principal. "Some near relations are in trouble there."

"Very well," said that gentleman, quite courteously, "I can't say a word against that; but will you please notify the Board?"

"Certainly," said Adrian, — "instantly; but I can't wait." So he wrote a brief note to the President; as he began he remembered the cantankerous minority; and with a decision that was to him easy because it was natural, but which is more admired than practised by prudent people, he shaped the note into a short statement of his departure and its reasons, with a resignation of his post, should the Board under the circumstances think it best to accept the same.

To show a board of young men, — or old men either, — that their subordinate feels independent of them, is a tolerably sure and short road to a dismissal. The opposition seized on the chance; Adrian's lukewarm friends permitted themselves to be

displeased or indifferent; his strong friends felt themselves at a disadvantage; and after some debate over the imputed brusqueness of the present action and the alleged carelessness of the interests of the library in his recent vacation, the resignation was accepted by a decisive vote.

Having sent his message at once to the President of the Board, and having answered Dr. Veroil that he would reach New York that night, he went straight home, notified his aunt, and made ready. The stout-hearted old lady instantly offered to go with him, but this he declined, promising however to send for her if necessary.

The journey was without adventures. Reaching that city, Adrian went at once to Dr. Veroil's. That hospitable and genial gentleman was at dinner, and he made Adrian sit down and eat, although the young man felt no great appetite. But the doctor, in his own jolly forceful way, simply constrained him.

"You must," he said, "for probably you'll have to be up all night; and a hearty meal is indispensable in preparing to sit up all night. So come in!"

And he haled him forth of the office into the comfortable dining room, and presented him to Mrs. Veroil, a comfortable smiling dame, and to his two plump children; and while he prescribed and administered abundant and succulent viands he told him whatever was to be told.

This was, in short, that Mr. Button had all of a sudden and without visible cause, warned Mr. Van Braam to quit the house where he was living, in consequence of alleged intended improvements; and at the same time the insurance secretaryship from which the old gentleman had drawn his support, had also been taken away from him, undoubtedly by Mr. Button's means. These misfortunes, amounting to instantaneous ruin for a man so old, so poor and so nearly friendless, had come upon him when if not ill, he was somewhat indisposed, and had aggravated his complaint into something so much like a typhoid fever that it might be a question whether his ailment was not really such a fever, produced by the unhealthy air of his house. If he had a place to go to, the doctor concluded, it would be the best thing that could happen to him to be driven neck and crop out of that old shanty.

As Dr. Veroil thus recounted, it flashed across Adrian's mind that Mr. Stanley must after all have sent Mr. Button the information in the old account-book. Stanley's rather mischievous disposition, and his bitter contemptuous dislike of Mr. Button had, if this was the case, prevailed over his love of keeping a secret; there was no reason to suppose that he had thought that any evil would enure to any third parties.

As Dr. Veroil made no allusion to that other matter which had been expressly left in charge of himself and Mr. Bird the police reporter, Adrian also refrained in like manner. He did indeed, as the doctor's narrative closed, give one inquiring look, which however the physician answered by an almost imperceptible shake of the head and contraction of the eyebrows. Adrian therefore inquired only about Mr. Button's prosperity in general. His business, the doctor answered, went on as usual; his political prospects were understood to be beginning to brighten, as he was to have a nomination for member of Congress at an election about to take place to fill a vacancy in his district.

When dinner was over, the doctor summoned Adrian into his office and gave him final directions about Mr. Van Braam, their substance being that as the old man was in a very weak state, it was for the immediate present critically important that his tonics should be frequently and punctually administered. He (the doctor) was to look in, if possible, before bedtime, and at any rate in good season in the morning, and hoped to find every thing going on well. He wanted Civille to rest well for a few nights, he added, or else she would be down sick too. And then he said that as to the other matter, Mr. Bird had told him that the thefts at several of the largest retail dry-goods houses had begun again a week or two ago, and that measures were concerted to detect the criminals, though so far nobody had been caught except a few of the ordinary shop-lifters. And he added, that of course considerations connected with these affairs had had their influence upon Mr. Van Braam; affairs about which, of course, nothing whatever was to be said unless in case of absolute necessity.

Well fortified, therefore, as to his physical man, but not so comfortable in his mind, Adrian left the abode of the genial doctor. For, no matter how ready one may be to assist those who need, it is depressing to feel all at once that it is upon us that the helpless person is to be laden.

It was that same bitter-tempered Katy, who opened Mr. Van Braam's door.

"What, you here again?" exclaimed Adrian, not at all pleased.

"Yis, what I'm here agin, sur!" said the woman, in the same sharp ill-natured manner; but she seemed to relent a little as she added,

"But it's glad of ye Miss Civille will be, faith! Walk in sur, till I tell her."

He entered the parlor, where there was a fire and a light; and in a moment Civille came in. He rose to meet her, and had hardly time to see how thin, and white and weary her face looked. Involuntarily the tears came into his eyes, and involuntarily he held out his arms. The poor girl, as if upheld so long only by the iron necessity of her lonely situation, gave way at once. She burst into tears and almost fell. He caught her and supported her to the sofa, and soothed and comforted her, stroking her soft hair as one comforts a baby, and letting her cry, as one comforts a woman.

"I knew you would come," she said at last.

"I would have come before," said he; "you ought to have sent."

"Until yesterday I hoped we could fight it through alone," said she; "but father is worse, and I got so frightened!"

Poor child! She had never had wealth, but her father's solicitous care had hitherto kept her in comfort. Her wealthy friends had always treated her with that kind of civility which we confer upon agreeable inferiors who don't ask us for any thing; and this, her sweet nature took it for granted, was affection. She felt a real affection for them; and the most genuine affection is the first to believe in the genuineness of a response. Now, all at once a great distress came, as if an earthquake were shaking the very ground away from under her feet, and it was as if everybody ran away on purpose to leave her to fall into the pit.

"I did not think Ann would have treated me so," said she, crying quietly. "I loved her; and I love her now. It was not just because they

were all cousins. I don't see how they could do so. But Ann actually refused to recognize me in the street, and so did her mother. Oh, if I had become suddenly infamous, and good people had cast me out, I know how it would have felt!"

"Well, dear," said Adrian, "Doctor Veroil will stand by us. He's a man! And as long as my aunt and I own that little old house in Hartford, we shall all have a roof over our heads at at any rate. And Civille, — I don't think it would even make my hand tremble in smoothing your hair — how silky and fine it is — if you should become suddenly infamous, as you call it. You can't be any thing to me except what I know you to be, Civille. I defy you to change."

"I don't want to, Adrian," she said, simply; "and I feel better to have you pet me a little," she added, contentedly, and almost nestling to his side; "I am not to be afraid of you, you know, and you are to help me now that I need it."

"Yes," he said — he could not well have said less — or more. — "And now, dear, you must show me about the nocturnal affairs, and then you must go to bed and sleep all night."

"I begin to feel sleepy already, Adrian; you can put me asleep, you know.— But that is not very complimentary."

"I think it is, very," said he, — and indeed the perfect trust that was implied by the fact, and that thrilled through the soft heartfelt voice, all the more touchingly because it was veiled and languid with weariness and sorrow, filled him with a happiness such as he had never known before — the happiness of satisfying one beloved.

They went up stairs to the sick room. Mr. Van Braam lay quietly in bed, asleep; his bloodless complexion and thin high features, sharpened by illness, giving him a deathly appearance that was only removed on watching the faint slow respiration. The rubric for the night was brief; Give the draughts punctually every half hour. Katy, who sat silently by the fire, was dismissed; Civille went away, receiving quietly a kiss on the forehead from Adrian, "for good-night;" and Adrian stood on the hearth-rug a few moments, observing the economical appointments of the room; then turned to the shelf, where he found a few books, from which he selected a volume of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries;* and he sat himself down to read, to think, and to make notes.

The half hour soon came round, and he waked the patient and gave him his dose. Although the old gentleman recognized Adrian, he was too weak, apparently, to ask or even to consider, how he came to be there; he opened his eyes, smiled faintly, swallowed the draught, made a feeble grimace of discomfort, lay down again and relapsed into his immovable condition. Adrian wrote down passages quoted or written by the accomplished French critic, somewhat in the following style.

JOUBERT. "Looked like a soul that had met a body somewhere by mere accident, and had taken up with it and was doing the best he could with it."

IMPERFECTION. Le Sage says, "The best people are those that have the fewest vices." Chester compares the military observation that the question between two opposing generals is, not which shall make no mistakes, but only which shall make the fewest."

And so on: translating, paraphrasing or commenting, as the case may be: then laying down his book and looking at the fire; then listening (so to speak) to the utter stillness in the house. He had never tried his hand

at nursing before, and he smiled as he said to himself, after about an hour, "I guess I was made for a nurse." The smile was first at the idea, and then at the insufficiency of the experience from which he was deducing it.

At the second dosing of the patient, he murmured something about its being "nasty," and a wish that they'd "let him alone." Who has not entertained similar views about medicines of the more plentiful and frequent sort?

Ah? What is this light?

Adrian sprang up, terrified at once into springing up and into a faintness that almost let him fall down again. Gleams, a glow almost, of white light were in the room. Amazed, he looked hither and thither, and choked down, as it were, a shout of "FIRE!" But he sniffed after a smell of smoke. There was none. He went to the window and looked out. The gray pale light of sunrise was rising over the city.

He looked at his watch — he looked more than once — he compared it with Civille's, that was hung up over the shelf; and as his senses clarified themselves and settled into daylight order after about two minutes of terror and confusion, his reflection upon his eminent capabilities for the nursing business came into his mind with a queer mixture of shame and fright, along with the recognition of its ironic if not direct justness.

But the patient?

With feelings not entirely unlike those which may be supposed to have occupied the late William Tell on finding that abilities of his own have brought upon him the risk of killing his son, Adrian looked across the room at Mr. Van Braam. He could not see him distinctly from where he stood; and it required a strong effort before he could bring himself to walk across to the bed. The old man had turned over and lay flat on his face. "The last struggle" thought Adrian — "and I to confess to Civille!" — But the necessity of the case was supreme, and with a thrill of horror he laid his hand on the — No, not the corpse!

At the touch, the old man moved in the bed. Still less is it possible to express the relief, than the horror, of this so gifted guardian of the sick. Turning his haggard and bony old countenance out sideways, Mr. Van Braam asked,

"What, again?"

Adrian cried and laughed.

"I'm better," said the old gentleman. "I must have slept."

He was really so much refreshed that Adrian ventured to confess his unfaithfulness. Mr. Van Braam would have laughed outright, had he been strong enough. As it was, he could only smile; but his next words showed that his wits were not enfeebled, though his body might be. He still spoke very low and but few words at a time.

"Don't tell a soul. — Veroil would kill you. — Good nurse, Adrian! — Just what I wanted. — Pour the stuff behind the fire. — Don't scare Civille — Poor child!"

So Adrian carefully poured a proper quantity of the tonic mixture amongst the ashes, freshened up the decaying fire; put out the expiring lamp; replaced the volume of M. Sainte-Beuve upon the mantle-piece; made a hasty toilet; and assisted his patient to do the same.

With his face washed and his hair nicely brushed, Mr. Van Braam looked

quite comfortable, and asked how Adrian came to be there; and Adrian had just answered that Dr. Veroil had summoned him, when there was a soft knock at the door, and Adrian admitted Civille. As things were, he felt at liberty to admire her morning dress, a loose gown of soft shimmering dark gray stuff, with a narrow white lace about the neck, and confined at the waist by a pretty belt. She looked at her father:

"Why!" — and she bent over the dear old man with a graceful gesture, and caressing his white head with both hands, she kissed his forehead again and again, and then looked at Adrian with such a solemn loving brightness in the deep lucid gray eyes!

Then she sat down and cried a little.

[To be continued.]

CAPT. DORR AND MR. MUIR.

In the last number of Old and New, Mr. Drew gave the curious narrative of the exile, and escape from exile, of Thomas Muir, the Scotch patriot. From a near relative of Capt. Ebenezer Dorr, the resolute American captain to whom Muir owed his escape from New Holland, we have some more precise particulars, which are interesting.

It was not Capt. Dawes of New York, but Capt. Ebenezer Dorr of Boston, who commanded "The Otter." Our correspondent, who knew Capt. Dorr well, says, —

"Having often heard the story of Muir's escape in Capt. Dorr's vessel, and knowing that an incorrect account of the matter had been published in England, in which it was stated that the United States Government sent out the vessel which rescued Muir, I asked Capt. Dorr to give me a correct account of the matter. Mr. Dorr was at that time far advanced in life; but his mind was bright, and his memory clear and distinct. He recollected all the circumstances of Muir's escape perfectly, and said that he was not sent to rescue Muir by the United States Government, or by anybody else; that his presence in the port had nothing to do with Muir, but that, while his vessel lay there, he was asked, if, when he got out to sea he should find on board his vessel a person who was not condemned for any crime, but sent out for political offences, he should feel it his duty to put back, and deliver him up.

"Capt. Dorr said that he should not feel it his duty to deliver a man up under such circumstances; and nothing more was said on the subject. In due time, the vessel sailed; and, after she had got well out to sea, Muir appeared on the quarter-deck. He was, of course, destitute; and Capt. Dorr immediately took him into his cabin, placed his wardrobe at his disposal, and did every thing in his power to make him comfortable while they were together.

"So far, my recollection of Capt. Dorr's statement is clear, positive, and precise; as to some minor points, for instance, whether Muir escaped alone, or with others, it is less so. The article quoted from Mackenzie, written apparently in 1868, stated that Capt. Dawes was sent to Botany

Bay by President Washington for the purpose of rescuing Muir. Now, I think that Washington was too wise a man to do such a thing openly, and too honest a man to do it secretly; but, whether he was or not, most certainly he had nothing to do with it."

With reference to the shipwreck in Nootka Sound, our correspondent says, —

"So far our version agrees with yours; but it says nothing of Muir's having been wrecked at Nootka Sound: on the contrary, our version always had it that Muir was, at his own request, transferred by Capt. Dorr to a foreign ship bound to Europe; and, that ship being attacked by an English man-of-war when near harbor, Muir was wounded as above stated.

"I will not say that Capt. Dorr told me he transferred Muir to a ship going to Europe; for, after more than thirty years, I cannot recollect that he said any thing about it; but I do recollect that his statement corresponded in all material points with the tradition as I had often heard it told; and I think if he had said that Muir went up to Nootka Sound in 'The Otter,' and was wrecked there, that I should certainly have recollected a version of the story so entirely different from the one I was accustomed to hear."

CHARLES SUMNER.

As this sheet passes the press, the telegraph announces the death of CHARLES SUMNER, the senior senator of Massachusetts in the Senate of the United States. He had served the State in the Senate for more than a quarter of a century, and had held his seat in that body many years longer than any other senator. He had the unwavering confidence of the great majority of the people of the State, and, after his first election, was always sure of a re-election to his high position.

The personal relations of Mr. Sumner to individuals about him often made them dislike him; and the strength of his convictions was such, that many men who disliked him hated him. But the great body of the people of Massachusetts knew that they had in him a representative absolutely faithful to the Idea, which they thought all important: for them, his fidelity to that idea was enough to outweigh any charges of infelicity of manner.

He was, indeed, in his public and in his private life, conspicuously an idealist. His confidence in the ultimate victory of ideas led him into movements and measures which even rash men thought preposterous. And then he would live on and work on, till his prophecies would be accomplished; and people would be astonished that he was not surprised at his own victories. It may even be said that his conviction that this or that measure would succeed, because it was right, made him intolerant to those people who saw the difficulties in the way. If he saw them, he did not care for them, and did not take count of them. To a certain extent, this is the reason why, in the Senate, many men around him feared him more than they loved him, and called him arrogant and dictatorial.

He lost four or five years of efficient public service from the results of the cowardly assault of the assassin Brooks; and it is to be supposed that his death, when he should have been in his prime, is due to the blow of that savage. But he regained his health so far as to render those signal services through the war, which will always be remembered, and to witness the triumph of the cause to which he gave himself without hesitation, when it was weak, and seemed unpopular. Persons who regard him as most men in the country do, suppose that such services on the large field of politics were the only services he cared to render; but those who had to deal with him personally, know, that, among other ideas, the idea of duty was central with him,

and that no member of Congress ever fulfilled with more assiduous care even the petty details which devolve on the representative of the people or of a State. You might call him a transcendentalist; but no man was more thoroughly trained to business, nor more prompt in obeying its requisitions.

The blacks throughout the country knew what they owed to him. They were and will be eager to show their gratitude. So long as he lived, however laborious the duties which were imposed upon him by their devotion or by their needs, he was always ready to fulfil them.

Mr. Sumner is known widely as a student and scholar. His speeches were invariably injured by his too faithful memory. Indeed, he was not unfrequently carried away by the aptness of some analogy which he recollected in some bit of recondite history; and you had the contrast, fairly droll, of the work of an extreme idealist and that of a dry antiquarian. The Senate detested his historical and classical allusions. Men said they were dragged in by way of presumptuous boast of his superior attainments; while, in truth, he could as easily have spoken without vowels as without quotations. His memory was too good for the balance of his other intellectual qualities; and his citations, whether apt or not, only weakened the positions for which he introduced them.

We are well aware that this hasty allusion to a man who has been a chief mover in the history of a quarter-century is wholly insufficient. But Mr. Sumner took the most hearty interest in every object to which this journal is devoted. In his earlier days of literary leisure, he was a frequent contributor to the pages of "The Examiner," which we represent; and he has always given to us his full encouragement and assistance. We shall have other opportunities to speak at more length of his share in the history of his time: we owe it now to a true friend of his country and of mankind, that we take the earliest moment to acknowledge his great services.

In the broken condition of parties, it is, of course, impossible to say who will be sent to the Senate as his successor. History will find it hard to explain why there should be any hesitation in selecting for that post the only great man who was as willing as he to be unpopular, and who has rendered service to the country equal to his own. If this were a period of emergency and of gloom, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts would certainly send CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS to the Senate. A pity she should not do so in days of mere intrigue and indecision.

E. E. H.

The Examiner.

THE same elderly person, who, a few months ago, discoursed to the editor reminiscences about several eminent persons deceased, took occasion to do the like again a few days ago, upon the news of two deaths, — one of a famous person, and one of a person who aspired to be famous, and both concerned more or less directly in literature. What he said was nearly as follows: —

Mr. Charles Sumner I never met but once, and, personally, I found him, at first, cold and haughty, according to the general opinion of him; but the words that passed between us, brief and trifling as they were, showed how thoroughly and readily he was just. Several persons of some consideration were present; and there was question of some trait suggested as belonging to the people of the United States. I, not being a person of consideration, took the liberty to propose what I thought a more correct view. Mr. Sumner turned and looked at me, I remember, — I shall not soon forget, — with the same sort of surprise as if a large dog had taken the liberty. But the moment I had stated my point, which happened to be right,—that is, the moment I had shown that I was worth attending to, — the proud and almost contemptuous look changed into one of courteous, considerate attention and appreciation; and, with a slight bow he said, "Yes, yes. You are perfectly right." The incident, trifling as it is, shows with exactness Mr. Sumner's chief strength and chief weakness, so far as popular success is concerned. For the widest and quickest popularity, a proud reserve is as certain a preventive as any other one quality; and the expression afterwards of even the fullest and most hearty kindness will not remedy the effects of that reserve, and will, moreover, instead of being credited to a natural goodness or justice, be charged to a mere interested desire to avoid retribution. To honor and to be honored by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the grave and lofty and severe moral dignity of Charles Sumner fitted him well; to be a successful candidate for the presidency of the United States, they disabled him perfectly. No man whose most

prominent trait is dignified and severe virtue can be elected president; for that quality destroys political popularity. If anybody feels inclined to contest this statement, let him first set down in a row the qualities which have decided the selection of candidates for the presidency, beginning with the nominations of 1828; and let him see whether the caption "Availability" is not the proper head and sum of the array. Many a man would have been glad to have Mr. Sumner nominated at Cincinnati in 1872; but few indeed can have believed he would have been elected. He would have been a noble standard-bearer for one of those victories of truth which look like defeats to a worldly eye. Many such victory-defeats marked the growth of the great ethical political party to which he belonged, and whose power to longer survive outward success was being terribly questioned around the great abolitionist senator's deathbed, and nowhere more terribly than in his own State. He was a stately and heroic man, full of nobility and purity, and of high and strong ambition, for whose gratification he never sacrificed the smallest particle of right, truth, or honor. Doubtless he was disappointed in life as to the complete attainment of his objects; doubtless he considered himself, if not entitled to be president, at least an eminently proper person for president, — a worthy ambition, for it would have been a high honor; but the fact that it brought no shadow of a stain upon him is a higher honor. Of his laborious and useful services as a statesman, of his oratory, his scholarship, his accomplishments, much might be and will be said. His character is worth a great deal more than all of them as possession and as example. That such a character should prohibit the highest political success is one of our national shames.

The other person that I want to speak of is almost as distant and different from Mr. Sumner as the conditions of humanity permit. Instead of a large and powerfully-made man, this was a noticeably slender, very delicately made, singularly snow-white woman, Jane McIlhenny, who assumed the name of Ada Clare; was known at one time in New York as "The Queen of Bohemia;" and became afterwards Mrs. Ada Clare Noyes. Her I remember to have seen for the first time either at Miss Lynch's, or at Prof. Robinson's; and I noticed the strange flaming contrasts of color that "swore at each other," to use a French phrase, in her dress, and the peculiar willowy flexibility of her motions, even in the movements of her features while speaking. Soon after that time, she was socially removed into a certain thing, or place, or set, called "Bohemia," or "Bohemians," — a strange, transitory, artificial, unhealthy, and almost absurd phe-

nomenon, the misplaced and feeble New-York imitation of one of the feeblest and foolishest phases of bad Parisian life. Among the mostly undesirable personages of this fantastic and short-lived company, Ada Clare experienced a melancholy and singular phase of life, which you may, perhaps, in some measure imagine, by supposing the lady in Comus to accept the manners and morals of her company, and to assume a sort of leadership among them, but under the impression that the manners and morals were excellent and noble. She had some money, and good natural abilities, but was hopelessly limited by the Southern type of the feminine sort of the American kind of literary defect; to wit, defect of thorough mental training and of adequate acquirements in knowledge, together with absolute unconsciousness of the defect. She wrote book-notices, which were not ill done, "considering." She wrote two novels, which were of just that same merit. She used to talk the mistiest and most futile and aqueous kind of metaphysics. She thought she did them all well: she was conspicuously incompetent for either; and she could not understand why she did not become famous. She persisted in becoming an actress, with a resolute courage and pertinacity of effort very wonderful, and with a still more wonderful ignorance of the fact that her delicate type of beauty, small features, slender form, want of voice, and frail physique, defined her as exactly the sort of person who ought not to be an actress. Whatever success she had was in this profession, and in spite of this conspicuous unfitness. She had, also, noble qualities, — kindness, generosity, and an immense fearless independence, which, uncontrolled by such knowledge and wisdom as might have enabled her to form sound estimates of the intrinsic good and evil of persons and things, led her into great misfortunes. Some analogy or other exists between two images in my mind: one is the recollection of this delicate, snow-white lady sitting in the thick, rank fumes of a German beer-cellar, under the sidewalk in Broadway, with half a dozen young fellows, drinking beer, beclouded in tobacco-smoke, babbling of whatever does not exist — or might just as well not: the other is a translucent white flower silently blossoming all by itself in the black mud of a dark swamp in the woods. They suggest inexpressible sadnesses.

STEPHEN'S LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY.[1]

MR. STEPHEN endeavors to show the weakness of Mr. Mill's later works, by pointing out in them an absence of proof and a paucity of reasoning. He then leaves the reader to commit the dead tenets of a dying philosopher to the cemetery of defunct dogmas, where Gabriel's trump and the day of resurrection are unknown. Mr. Stephen is the mouthpiece of a large class of persons both in England and America, who would remedy and prevent the manifold evils that beset mankind, even to gout and baldness (spiritual, of course), by an appeal to legislation. He has no faith in what he denominates the "Religion of Humanity," whose creed furnishes the title of his book; and he proposes to examine and refute the doctrines of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," as elaborated by Mr. Mill, the ablest exponent of the liberal school. "Up to a certain point," he is proud to be regarded as one of Mr. Mill's disciples. He approves of the "Logic" and the "Political Economy," in the main; while the essays on "Liberty," "Utilitarianism," and the "Subjection of Women," are as repulsive to him as the former works are attractive.

1. LIBERTY. — Mr. Stephen begins the discussion of liberty with an abstract of Mill's essay on the subject, the point of which is, that "the sole end for which mankind are warranted in interfering with the liberty of any one of their number is self-protection." In other words, coercion is a bad thing, and should be employed only to prevent one man from injuring others. Mr. Stephen thinks that this doctrine could have been proved if it was true, and says it was not proved because it was not true.

"There is hardly any thing in the whole essay which can properly be called proof, as distinguished from enunciation or assertion of the general principle quoted." Again: he says, "Returning, then, to the three kinds of coercion mentioned, I say that it was Mr. Mill's business to show not only that they had had bad effects, — it would be as superfluous to show that surgical operations have bad effects, — but that the bad effects arose from the coercion itself, irrespectively of the object for which it was employed and of the mistakes and excesses of those who employed it."

No doubt Mr. Stephen is a shrewd critic; but he does not appear to the best advantage just at this point. Mill saw very clearly what he ought to prove; namely, that "coercion itself," that is, forced from without, tends to choke self-determination, which is simply development from within. Mr. Stephen sees this when it is not to his purpose, but is naively oblivious to it when it is.

Mr. Stephen attempts to spike the enemy's guns after his laborious efforts to show that they are loaded with blank cartridges. He refers to certain exceptions about children and savages, which Mill allows, and enlarges them to an almost ridiculous magnitude. He alleges, in effect, that the race is a gigantic barbarian, and will probably always remain such; a huge baby that has come to beard and full-grown physique, but will never ripen to judgment and self-control. He regards these exceptions as equivalent to suicide on the part of Mill and his principle.

Mr. Stephen thinks that liberty has no inherent character. "The question whether liberty is a good thing or a bad thing is as irrational as the question whether fire is a good thing or a bad thing. It is both good and

[1] Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. By J. F. Stephen, Q. C. Holt and Williams: New York, 1873.

bad according to time, place, and circumstance." He makes nothing of the distinction between persuasion and compulsion. He regards religion and morality as worthless without the element of fear, to which they appeal far more than to hope. Coercion may be employed to establish religion, to maintain morality, and to make alterations in government and social institutions. Coercion is bad when the object for which it is used is bad; when the object is good, but the means inadequate; and when the object is good, the means adequate, but the cost too great: e.g., compelling men not to trespass by shooting them with spring guns. Law is simply such "inconveniences" as Mill admits to be "strictly inseparable from the unfavorable judgments of others;" simply such inconveniences "organized, defined, and inflicted upon proof that the circumstances which call for their infliction exist." The distinction between the spiritual and the temporal powers is also skilfully denied by our author. The State and the Church cannot be divorced. The attempt in America is only a temporary solution of the question.

"You can no more evade in politics the question, What is true in religion? than you can do sums right without prejudice to a difference of opinion upon the multiplication-table. The only road to peace leads through truth; and when a powerful and energetic minority, sufficiently vigorous to impose their will on their neighbors, have made up their minds as to what is truth, they will no more tolerate error for the sake of abstract principles about freedom than any one of us tolerates a nest of wasps in his garden."

There would seem to be one grand defect in Mr. Stephen's discussion of liberty. He does not even attempt to refute Mill's doctrine of liberty as a means of education, save by statements or assumptions which he scarcely can even himself believe. It is not inconceivable that one who favors the most despotic government might agree with Mill in so far as he recommends liberty simply as a method. As we permit the children to learn the quality of fire by experience, such a person would say, "Give them full swing, and they will drive each other back into the warm and comfortable domain of arbitrary power in a very few weeks or years."

2. EQUALITY. — Mr. Stephen has no less scorn for the doctrine of equality. He thinks it has no basis in nature. Men are not equal as a matter of fact; and this fact ought to be recognized in legislation. He maintains that the word "just" cannot strictly be applied to a law; or, if it is, it can mean no more than expedient: it is not just (expedient) that all persons should live in society as equals. Ability, sex, age, &c., must determine the place and function of individuals. The law of force is not becoming obsolete, as Mill supposes: it has only changed its mode of operation. Man is stronger than woman in every way. Her only safety lies in obedience. If she becomes his equal, marriage will be a mere partnership, dissoluble like another. Women would become the slaves and drudges of men. "Submission and protection are correlative. Withdraw the one, and the other is lost, and force will assert itself a hundred times more harshly through the law of contract than ever it did through the law of status." Political equality does not arouse Mr. Stephen's enthusiasm. To him, equality, like liberty, is simply a big name for a small thing. The word has gone forth conquering and to conquer. He drifts with the current, because he cannot help himself.

3. FRATERNITY. — Mr. Stephen has

as little sympathy with the doctrine of "fraternity" as with the rest of the new democratic creed. We do not want love from the great mass of mankind, but respect and justice. Mill's statement, that "the standard of utilitarianism is not the agent's own happiness, but the greatest amount of happiness altogether," should be thus amended: —

"The utilitarian standard is not the greatest amount of happiness altogether (as might be the case if happiness were as distinct an idea as bodily health), but the widest possible extension of the ideal of life formed by the person who sets up the standard. His doctrine, that the happiness of one man ought to count for exactly as much as another's, according to utilitarian morality, also requires qualification. Law and moral rules must, from the nature of the case, be indiscriminate, and must in that sense treat those who are subject to them as equals; but in no other sense than this is it the case that every one's happiness either is or ought to be regarded either by moralists or legislators, or by any one else, as of equal importance."

Mr. Stephen thinks he and Mill agree, that all human affections flow from self-love, and that it is the ultimate basis of philanthropy; but he dissents from the belief of the latter, "that this natural feeling for one's self and one's friends, gradually changing its character, is sublimated into a general love for the human race, and in that shape is capable of forming a new religion of which we need only fear that it may be too strong for human liberty and individuality." Mr. Stephen believes that Mill has too much faith in men, and states his own thus: "I believe that many men are bad, a vast majority of men indifferent, many good, and that the great mass of indifferent people sway this way or that, according to circumstances, one of the most important of which circumstances is the predominance, for the time being, of the bad or good." He thinks that morality depends upon religion, and particularly upon the belief in God and a future state of existence as matters of fact. Fraternity, mere love for humanity, is not fitted in itself to be a religion. Those who feel this love indulge in much self-deception.

"Love for humanity generally means zeal for MY notions as to what men should be, and how they should live. It frequently means distaste for the present. He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen is peculiarly apt to suppose that he loves his distant cousin whom he hath not seen, and never will see."

Love for humanity is usually devotion to some theory about progress. Mill and his school deceive themselves not only as to the nature and importance of this feeling for humanity, but also in supposing that it will increase as civilization advances. Mr. Stephen thinks the reverse is more probable. "The whole tendency of modern civilization is to enable each man to stand alone, and take care of his own interests."

This chapter closes with a discussion about God and a future life, and the relation of Mr. Stephen's views to Christianity. God, he thinks, is not a purely benevolent being; that is, provided he exists at all. This opinion is the key to his whole system and the presupposition of all that has gone before. Christ was not teaching an ethical system when he uttered the parables and the Sermon on the Mount. They are over-statements of duties peculiarly liable to be neglected; and no considerable body of men ever did or ever will make them the rule of life.

He concludes by re-asserting the two propositions with which he began; First, that even those who use the words "liberty, equality, and frater-

nity" the most rationally, have a great disposition to exaggerate their advantages, and to deny the existence, or underrate the importance, of their disadvantages; and, second, that whatever signification be attached to them, these words are ill adapted to be the creed of a religion; that the things which they mean are not ends in themselves; and that, when used collectively, the words do not typify, however vaguely, any state of society which a reasonable man ought to regard with enthusiasm or self-devotion.

In his "conclusion" Mr. Stephen sums up the doctrines for which he has been contending, as follows: —

"1. The whole management and direction of human life depends upon the question whether or not there is a God and a future state of human existence. If there is a God, but no future state, God is nothing to us. If there is a future state, but no God, we can form no rational guess about the future state.

"2. If there is no God and no future state, reasonable men will regulate their conduct either by inclination or by common utilitarianism.

"3. If there is a God and a future state, reasonable men will regulate their conduct by a wider kind of utilitarianism.

"4. By whatever rule they regulate their conduct, no room is left for any rational enthusiasm for the order of ideas hinted at by the phrase, liberty, equality, and fraternity; for, whichever rule is applied, there are a vast number of matters in respect of which men ought not to be free. They are fundamentally unequal, and they are not brothers at all, or only under qualifications which make the assertion of their fraternity unimportant."

Mr. Stephen's scepticism stands out in bold relief in this final chapter; but our space admits of only the following quotation: —

"We stand on a mountain-pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses now and then of paths which may be deceptive. If we stand still, we shall be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road, we shall be dashed to pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right one. What must we do? Be strong and of good courage. Act for the best, hope for the best, and take what comes; above all, let us dream no dreams, and tell no lies, but go our way, wherever it may lead, with our eyes open and our heads erect. If death ends all, we cannot meet it better; if not, let us enter whatever may be the next scene like honest men, with no sophistry in our mouths, and no masks on our faces."

J. H. Temple.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

In our February number we were able to publish Mr. Hawkins's admirable report on "Compulsory Education," from an early copy. It is now published for general distribution, and can be obtained for circulation of H. N. Beers, secretary of the New York Council of Political Reform.

THE SAN JUAN BOUNDARY.

A careful digest of the curious discussion relating to this boundary, which was ended in favor of the United States so honorably by the award of the King of Prussia, is in the last Law Review. We have it in a separate pamphlet, and are glad to refer geographers and publicists to it.